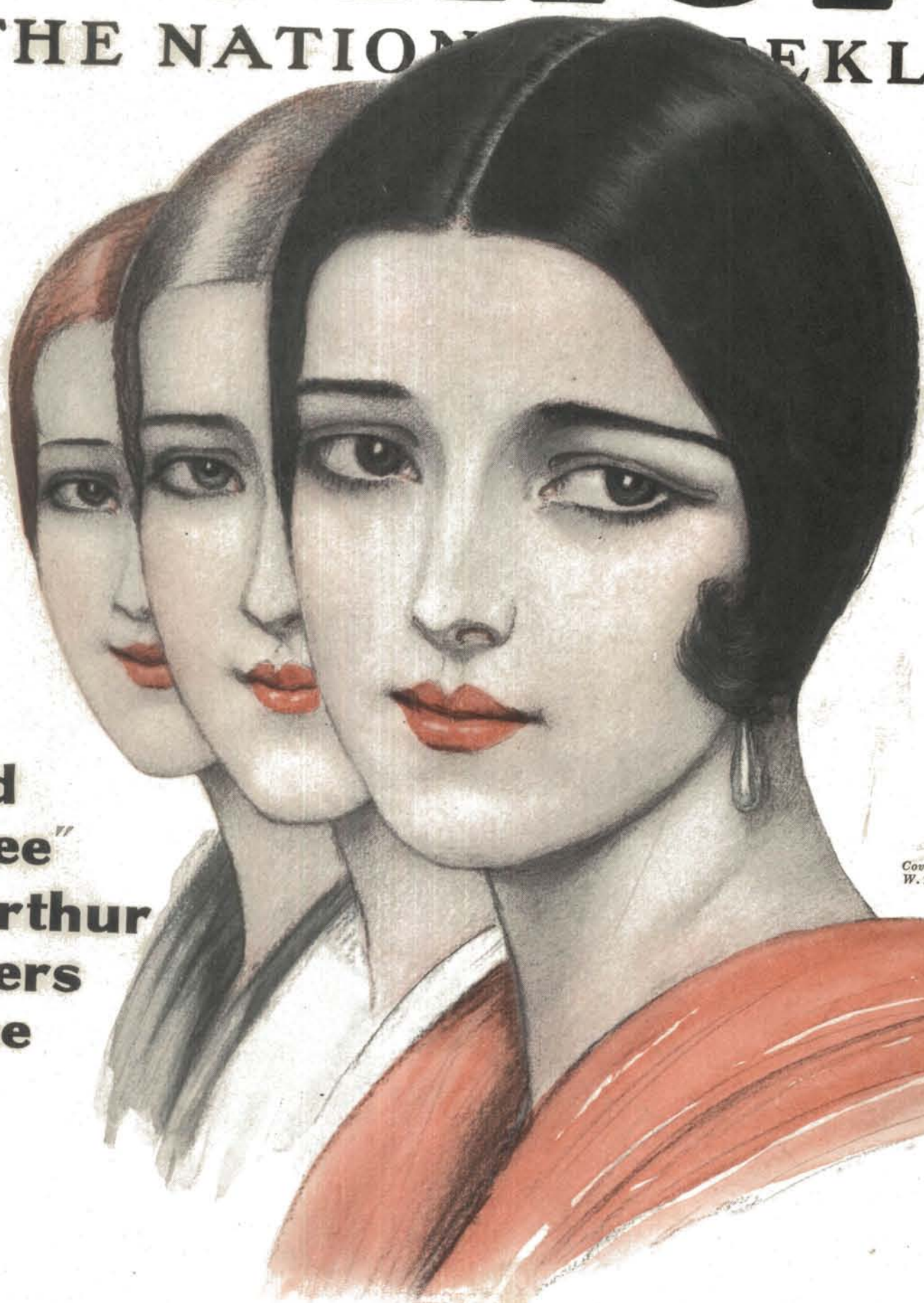
Collier's

5¢ a copy

December 8, 1928

LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Cover by
W. T. Benda

"The Third Degree"
By Arthur Somers Roche

&

"The Kid's Clever"
The Story of the Star Maker, GUS ED

DEC. 8, 1928

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DUNCAN
SOUTH ST
6JY29
12B
3614
C
2
2Y
1.

Best part of the party— it's Eskimo Pie time!

Stop the games . . . take your partners . . . gather 'round for the big treat of the party—Eskimo Pie!

Here's a treat worth stopping for. Rich, wholesome ice cream enrobed in crisp, pure chocolate—a magic mingling of two flavors that everybody loves.

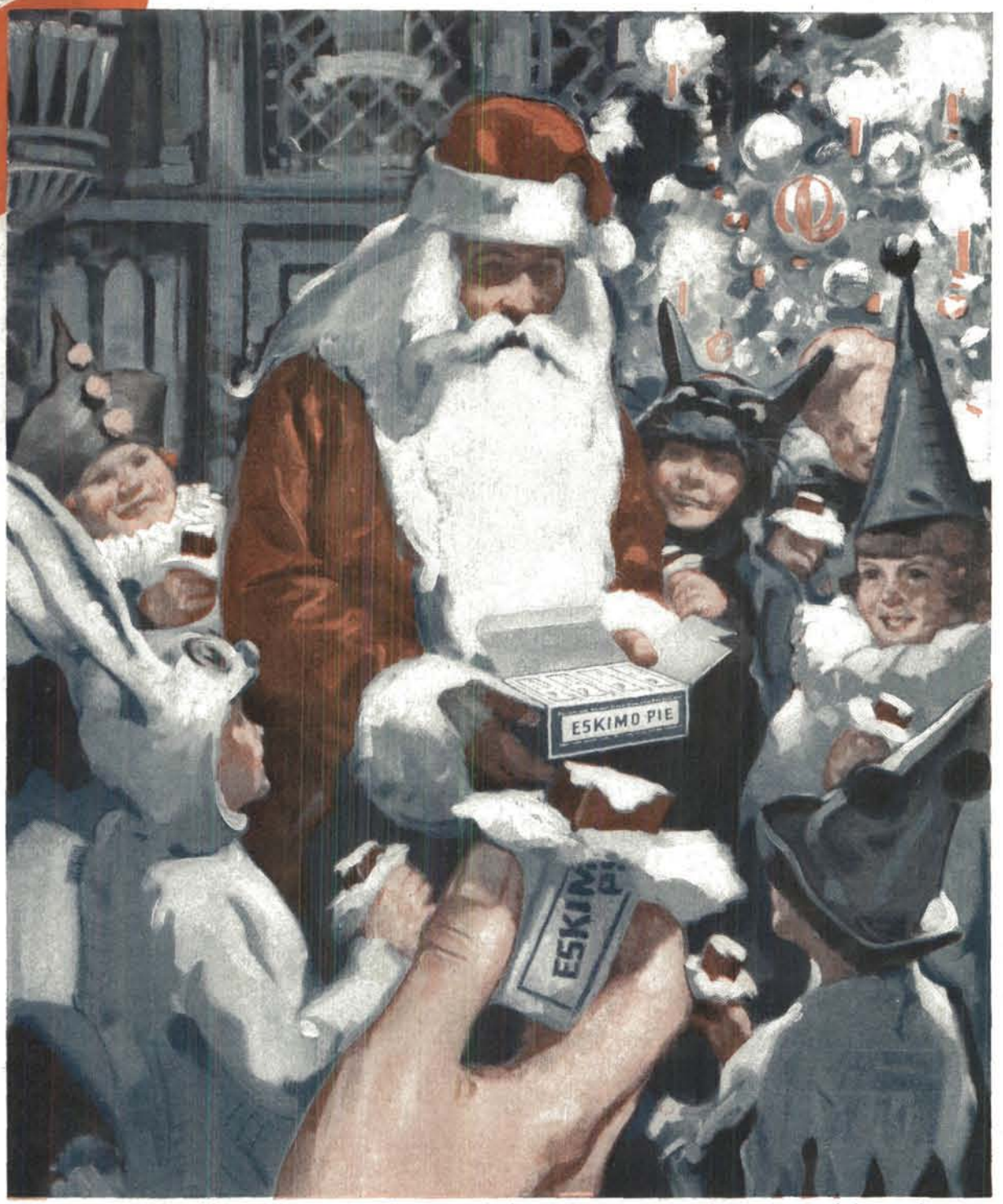
As good for the health as it is good to eat . . . no wonder mothers are glad that Eskimo Pie's the favorite sweet of boys and girls.

Women serve it at luncheons, bridge parties, club meetings, church affairs, entertainments. Business men like it as an afternoon "bracer."

Start today to make Eskimo Pie a daily custom. See why it's so popular with millions. Ask for it at your nearest druggist's or confectioner's.

WARNING

All good things are imitated. The Genuine is always the best. Refuse a substitute when you ask for Eskimo Pie. Unless the wrapper bears this name and trademark, it is not Eskimo Pie.



An enticing bar of firm, delicious ice cream, enrobed in crisp, pure chocolate, protected by a gleaming, sanitary foil wrapper. That is the magic product—the patented trade-marked product—*Eskimo Pie*. Obtainable throughout the United States, Canada, and in many foreign countries.

Over three hundred million sold yearly

NOTE TO RETAIL DEALERS: *If your ice cream manufacturer is unable to supply you with Eskimo Pie advise us immediately.*

ESKIMO PIE CORPORATION

ICE CREAM for health

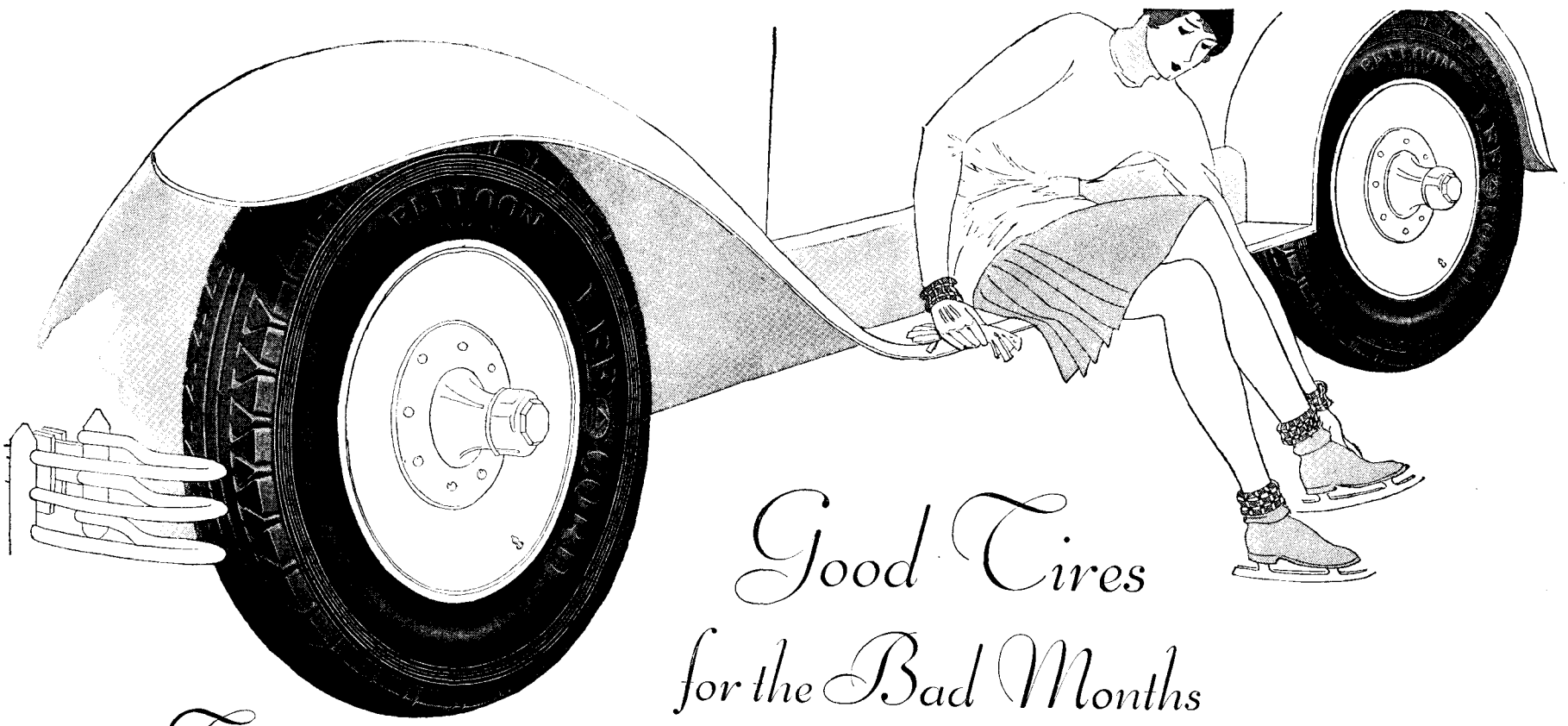
ESKIMO PIE MANUFACTURERS: *Our retail selling plans and point-of-purchase advertising are ready for you. Write us for full information.*

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Copyrighted 1928 by Eskimo Pie Corp.

BUY THEM BY THE BOX—SERVE THEM ON ALL OCCASIONS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Good Tires for the Bad Months

The people from whom we buy rubber, cotton, wire, chemicals—in fact everything that goes into a tire, often think we are a hard, merciless lot.

We are told we reject more shipments of raw material than any other tire company.

We *do* refuse to accept anything which doesn't fully measure up to our specifications in every detail.

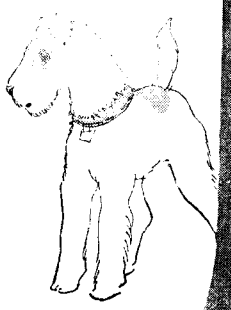
LEE *of Conshohocken Shoulderbilts* combine the best of materials with a degree of craftsmanship unequalled, we feel sure, in the tire world.

Put LEE *Shoulderbilts*, our Heavy Duty Masterpiece, on your car now, and minimize tire troubles thru the hard winter months.

Look for the name "LEE" in your telephone directory.

For Buses and Trucks
the LEE *of Conshohocken*
Twin Bead, High Speed
Pneumatics
are incomparable tires

LEE of Conshohocken



GENERAL OFFICES: CONSHOHOCKEN, PA. FACTORIES: CONSHOHOCKEN, PA. *and* YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Radiotron for every purpose

RADIOTRON UX-201-A
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON UV-199
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON UX-199
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON WD-11
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON WX-12
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON UX-200-A
Detector Only

RADIOTRON UX-120
Power Amplifier Last Audio Stage Only

RADIOTRON UX-222
Screen Grid Radio Frequency Amplifier

RADIOTRON UX-112-A
Power Amplifier

RADIOTRON UX-171-A
Power Amplifier Last Audio Stage Only

RADIOTRON UX-210
Power Amplifier Oscillator

RADIOTRON UX-240
Detector Amplifier for Resistance-coupled Amplification

RADIOTRON UX-250
Power Amplifier

RADIOTRON UX-226
A.C. Filament

RADIOTRON UY-227
A.C. Heater

RADIOTRON UX-280
Full-Wave Rectifier

RADIOTRON UX-281
Half-Wave Rectifier

RADIOTRON UX-874
Voltage Regulator Tube

RADIOTRON UV-876
Ballast Tube

RADIOTRON UV-886
Ballast Tube

The standard by which other vacuum tubes are rated

A radio set that was a Christmas gift last year now needs a Christmas gift of a brand new set of RCA Radiotrons.

Look for this mark on every Radiotron

To maintain fine performance in a radio receiver, the manufacturers recommend a complete change of vacuum tubes after a year of average daily use. And the engineers advise that all tubes be changed at one time. Old tubes left in mar the performance of new ones.

RCA Radiotron

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOLA

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Volume 82
Number 23

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
December 8, 1928

Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio. Executive and Editorial Offices at 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Copyright, 1928, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.

$2 a year United States and Canada;
$4 a year foreign countries

Everybody lied, but the Captain got the truth. For the Captain was a wise old bird.

The Third Degree

By Arthur Somers Roche

He jumped before I guessed what it was about. Both hands got my throat. "Come clean," he yelled

Table of contents appears on page 57

THEN they brought in Whitey Johns. "Now, listen, Whitey," said the Captain. "Every single word you say the stenog is taking down. Get that through your cocaine-filled nut, will ya? And that ain't so bad, neither, what, boys? Cocaine nut coconut? What the hell," he says, "am I doing being a captain of police when I might be writing Broadway shows with lines like that? What do you know about that?" he says.

I bust right into the laugh they gave him. The station sergeant, the plain-clothes bulls, and the rest of the yes-men.

"If you ask me," I said, "it's phoney, like everything else you coppers do."

"Yeah, we were pretty phoney when we pinched you, eh, Smiley?" he said. "Whyn't you fetch us a coupla smiles right now and live up to your name, kid?"

"I'd smile all right if the light was better in this cell," I said, "so's I could see your funny mug better. Say," I said, "what's it all about? Yankee's dead, ain't he? And I'm here, ain't I? And I admit I cooled him, don't I? Well," I said, "what the hell?"

"Ain't you the cute li'l murderer?" he said. "Nobody ever told you that if you can't prove motive it's second degree, eh? So you want to take a plea and shut us off, eh? Well, listen, Smiley, you're gonna fry."

"All right, lemme fry," I said. "Only lemme alone now."

He don't answer me, but turns to Whitey.

"Is this the guy that croaked Yankee?" he asked.

"Why, sure he is. Didn't I see him do it myself?" said Whitey.

"Lemme ask the questions," said the Captain. "You saw him, did you?" he asks Whitey.

"Like I'm seeing you now, Captain," said Whitey.

"Well, how'd it happen?" asked the Captain.

"Why, Cap, it's like this," said Whitey. "We're all sitting in Dago Red's, me and Yankee and Bull Mitchell and Corney Pop—just the four of us, Cap—sort of waiting, and—"

"Waiting for what?" asked the Captain. Nobody's sucker, that guy.

"Aw, just waiting," said Whitey, and he isn't anybody's sucker, either.

"What were you talking about?"

"Aw, you know, Cap," said Whitey, 'this and that and what all. The big fight and the Giants and all."

"Just a bunch of good-natured business men," said the Cap. "Well, what happened?"

"Well, it's like this," said Whitey. "In comes Smiley here and outs with his gat—"

"And cools Yankee," said I. "If it's gonna be finished, lemme do it."

"You'll get your turn again, Smiley," said the Cap. He looks at Whitey. "Well, wasn't there nothing said?"

"Sure, there was," said Whitey. "Smiley, when he pulls his gat, says to Yankee, 'Well, rat,' he says, 'will you take it lying down or have you got the guts to shoot it out?' "

"AND then what?" asked the Captain.

"Why," said Whitey, "Smiley, here, he croaks Yankee."

"And what's Yankee doing?" asked the Cap.

"Why, he don't do nothing," said Whitey. "He don't have a chance. He's dead before he knows what time it is."

"Then Smiley don't give him any chance at all, eh?" said the Captain.

"No, he don't give him any chance at all," said Whitey.

"And the rest of you boys? I suppose you just sit there, eh?" said the Cap.

"Well, what else can we do? Unarmed—"

"Not a gat on the four of you, eh?" said the Captain.

"Well, you searched us all, didn't you? Even Yankee's body," said Whitey.

"Yes, we searched you all," said the Captain. "Well," he said, "don'tYankee suspect that Smiley has it in for him?"

"Why should he?" asked Whitey.

"I'm asking you," said the Captain.

"Sure he don't," said Whitey.

"Never any argument between the two of them?" asked the Captain.

"Why," said Whitey, "just before Smiley *come in*, Yankee is telling us what a grand guy Smiley is."

"Oh," said the Captain, "then you *was* talking about something else besides the Giants and the fight and what all?"

"Well, that's all," said Whitey.

"Take him out and toss him in a cell," said the Captain. "I've known them cells to help a lad's memory wonderful."

HE GETS his laugh again from his yes-men, and they take Whitey out.

"Bring in Corney Papopoulos," said the Captain.

"Aw," said I, "this killing a guy makes a man sleepy. Lemme rest. What the hell?" I said. "Why bring in that greasy Greek?"

"You'll get plenty of sleep when they strap you in that chair, Smiley," said the Captain.

So they brought in Corney Pop.

"Sure, that's Smiley," he said, "and I saw him croak Yankee Glotz."

"Why did he croak him?"

"Now you can take me right outside and frisk me and you won't find the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

answer to that," said Corney. "I thought they was like that."

And he holds up two fingers close together to show what he meant.

"Just went out of his nut, eh?" said the Captain. "Sort of went coo-koo, eh?"

"Coo-koo? Now what do you mean by that?" asked Corney. "Him coo-koo? Say, Captain, you're too fly a guy to let that baby pull any nut defense, now, ain't you? Certainly he don't go off his nut. He's calm like he is now, just a cold-blooded murderer, bumping off his best friend for nothing."

"And where was you all this time while your pal is being cooled?" asked the Captain.

"Where am I? Why, I'm under the table, that's where I am," said Corney, "me without even a toothpick on me to hit Smiley with! Why, I'm under the table," he said.

"Take him to a cell, and let his memory cool, too," said the Captain. "And bring in Bull Mitchell," he said.

So they brought in the Bull.

"Well, Bull," said the Captain, "suppose you tell us all about it."

"Why," said the Bull, "it's like this. Four of us are sitting in the Dago's joint and in comes Smiley, hollers that Yankee is a rat, pulls his cannon and Yankee's cooled. Just plain murder."

"Dreadful," said the Captain. "Shocking, wasn't it? A nice young lad like Yankee, that never did anything worse than peddle hop or do a bit of white slaving, or kill guys that needed killing, or stick up a pay roll, and out he goes."

"Aw," said the Bull, "Yankee wasn't so bad. Anyway, just because a lad does a bit of this and that, it ain't no cause for him to be bumped off cold-blooded, like Smiley done to him."

"Friends, too, wasn't they?" asked the Captain.

"Why, sure they was," said the Bull.

"Never heard of any quarrel between them, did you?" asked the Captain.

"Quarrel? Now what would they quarrel about, Cap?" asked the Bull.

"That's just what I'm asking you, Bull," said the Captain.

"Why, they was pals, Cap," said the Bull.

"Well, wasn't that sweet, them being pals and all," said the Captain. "Well," he said, "put the Bull in *his* corral. And say," he said, "the rest of you birds blow, too. I wanna talk to Smiley alone."

SO THEY took the Bull away, and left me alone with the Captain. He gave me that fishy stare of his, and I didn't like it. One tough baby, Captain Corcoran.

"Well," he said, "come clean, Smiley."

"Aw, take a walk," I said.

"The only walk I'm gonna take is when we parade down to the chair," he said.

"Well, you ain't heard me crabbing about it," I said. "Go on out of here and let a good man be."

"You ain't asked for any lawyer."

"No," I said, "I ain't asked for a lawyer."

"Where'd you get the gun you croaked Yankee with?" he asked.

"I bought it," I said.

"Where'd you buy it?" he asked.

"Oh, in America," I said. "Or maybe it was in Europe," I said.

"Just ain't gonna talk, are you, Smiley?" he asked.

"No, I ain't gonna talk," I told him.

"There's ways of making a lad talk," he said.

"Now, is that so?" I said. "You don't tell me, Captain Corcoran. Now, ain't that interesting?" I said.

"What did you and Yankee quarrel about?" he asked.

"She's a girl that can understand a man, broke and nutty in love—she's a saint"

"What did me and Yankee quarrel about?" I asked.

"Sure, that's what I said," he said.

"Well, lemme think," I said. "You run along out of here, Captain, and I'll sort of struggle with this memory of mine—"

"I'd rather stick around with you and watch your mind operate," he said. "Ever heard of the third degree, Smiley?"

"The third degree?" I said.

"Yes, the third degree," he said.

"Oh," I said, "that's what you bulls do to a prisoner that you can scare, isn't it? But how the hell you gonna scare a guy that's asking for the chair, Captain?"

He don't pay any attention to that.

"Where did you sleep last night, Smiley?" he asked.

"On my back," said I.

"Your back, eh?" he said.

"Yes," I said, "leastwise until about dawn when I turned over on my side."

"And when did you get up, Smiley?" he asked.

"Just as soon as I got through sleeping," I told him.

"And then where did you go?" he asked.

"Out," I told him.

"Yes, it's a lot nicer out than in, on a pleasant fall day," said the Captain. "I suppose," he said, "that you got tired of Yankee's bossing you around?"

"What else do you suppose, Captain?" I asked him.

"You killed Yankee Glotz at about five-forty this afternoon," he said.

"Yes," I said, "I was several years late."

He's calm like he is now—just comes in and calls Yankee a rat or something like that and, wham! out go Yankee's lights

"Why didn't you kill him when you had lunch with him?" he asked.

"When I had lunch with him?" I said.

"Yes, when you had lunch with him," he said. "You and he were laughing and kidding in Randall's lunch-cart like a coupla buddies."

"You can't kill a guy on a full stomach, Captain," I said.

"Where did you go after you left Yankee?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "that's a tough one. There was Mrs. Astor's tea, and that musical afternoon at the Biltmore—"

He laughed. "Smiley, you're living up to your nickname, all right. Have a cigarette, lad?"

"Sure, I'll have a cigarette," I said.

He handed me one, and I like to died when I saw the case.

"Where did you get that case?" I asked.

"This case?" he said.

"Yes, that case," I said.

He laughed again. "Well, say, Smiley," he said, "me being a married man and all—but you ain't never going to see my Missus, so I guess—where did I get that case?"

"Yes, where did you get that case?" I said.

"Well," he said, "a li'l gal that's stuck on me—"

"You're a lying rat," I said.

"Well, say, Smiley," he said, "I dunno how you get that way, but if I happen to be keeping a li'l gal—"

I WENT for him like a bat out of hell, but he's six feet one and he stopped me dead with an uppercut, and as I go against the wall he fetches me a couple more that put me on the floor.

"By God," I said, "if I had a gat—"

He stands right over me.

"Why, you cheap yegg," he said, "why didn't you pick *my* gat out of my pocket the way you did Yankee's? Then I'd be unarmed like he was—"

"He was not," I said, "he had another gun—"

He walks across the cell and sits down.

I got up and dusted off my clothes.

"Why did Yankee give you a gun?" he asked.

"Because they don't serve toothpicks in Randall's lunch-cart, and I needed something for a tooth that ought to be filled," I said.

He grinned at me. "You're sure full of wise-cracks, Smiley. I don't blame this li'l gal of mine for falling for you."

"What gal?" I asked.

"The one that give me this cigarette case," he said.

"Oh, that one," I said.

"Yes, that one. A sweet li'l lady, too. A-course, double-crossing me with you ain't nice, but what can you expect of a girl brought up like her? But I never would have taken the case if I'd thought some lad gave it to her."

"No," I said, "I don't suppose you would."

"And I certainly wouldn't have pulled it out if I'd known you was the boy that bought it for her."

"No, I know you wouldn't," I said.

"I knew she was playing some extra dates with you," he said, "but how did I know this was your case?"

"Yes, how did you?" I said.

"Where did you go after you left Yankee in the lunch-room?" he asked.

I looked at him. "Well, if you gotta have it," I said, "I'll give it to you. I kept a date with your wife."

He leans back on the bunk where he's sitting and laughs out loud.

"Well, Smiley," he said, "I guess I had that one coming to me."

"Yes," I said, "and more besides."

"Because," he said, "she seems a nice li'l gal."

"Who does?" I asked.

"Mamie Manning," he said.

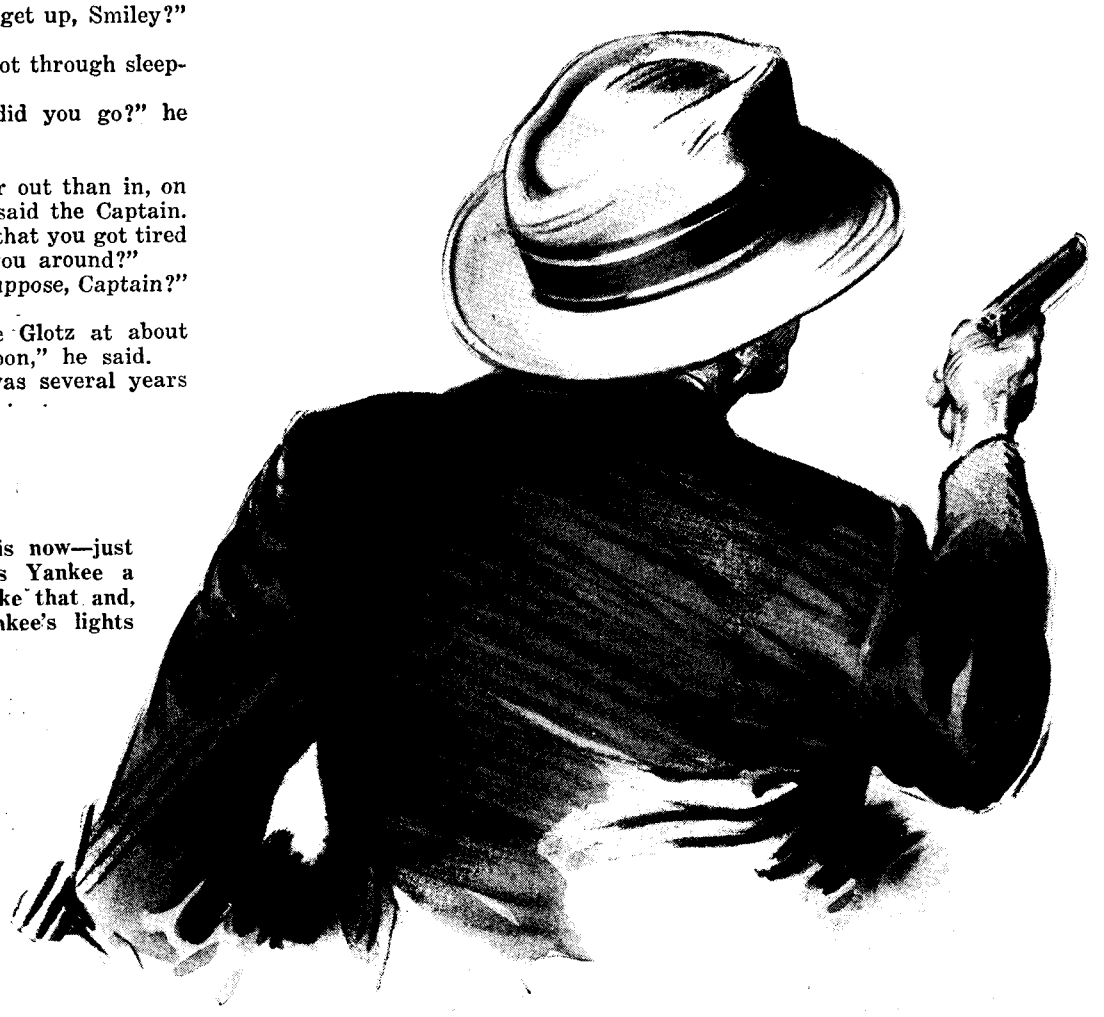
"Mamie Manning?" I said.

"Yes, Mamie Manning. The girl that helped you bump off Yankee Glotz," he said.

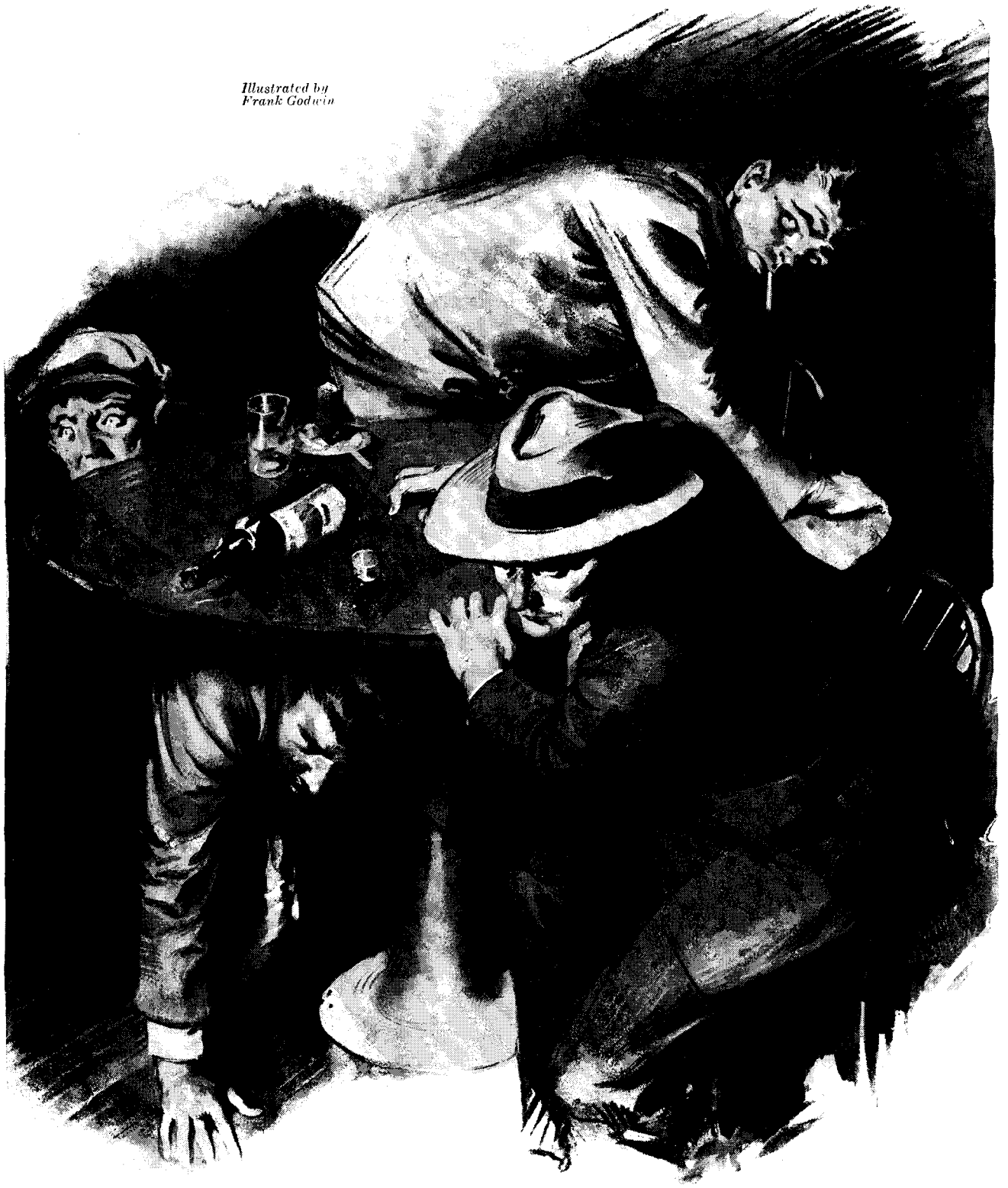
"You heard the Bull, and Corney, and Whitey," I said. "I didn't hear them mention any Mamie Manning."

"No, you didn't hear them. But you're hearing me," he said. "Pretty little floosey."

"Say, Captain Corcoran," I said, "get



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Illustrated by Frank Godwin

"Where am I? Why, I'm under the table, that's where I am, with not even a toothpick to hit him with"

your gat out, because you ain't going to stop me with any fist this time."

He's fast as lightning, for all his heft, and he dodges me. And this time he pins both my arms.

"Listen, Smiley," he said, "that's off. The little girl's decent, and I'll not crack otherwise. Now—will you be good?"

He lets me go and I lean against the wall again.

"All right," I said.

"You're stuck on her," he said.

"All right, I'm stuck on her," I said.

"She deserves better than a dirty murderer," he said.

"Yes, she deserves better than that," I said.

"But she's stuck on you," he said.

"Well, all right," I said.

"Where did you go after you left Randall's lunch-wagon?" he asked.

"Oh, I sort of walked around," I said.

"And you met Mamie Manning and between you you framed it to kill Yankee, eh?" he said.

"She didn't have a thing on earth to do with it," I said.

"Then why did she come all the way to Dago Red's with you?" he asked.

"Who says she did?" I asked.

"I say she did," he said.

"You lie," I said.

He got up off the bunk.

"Well, Smiley," he said, "I've given you every chance, but you won't come clean. You're a dirty rat, Smiley, and all that, but I thought you'd be man enough to grab an out for the girl."

"What do you mean, grab an out for the girl?" I asked.

"Why, you poor simp," he said, "I got her in a cell, too, and, being as she's a pretty girl, she may dodge the chair, but it's life, anyway. Well," he said, "sweet dreams, Smiley. Sure you don't want a lawyer."

I DID some fast thinking.

"Wait a minute, Cap," I said. "I've admitted killing Yankee. I did it all by myself. No one else was in it at all. What do you want?"

"I want the truth," he said. "I want to know why."

"Why?" I asked.

"Yes—why," he said.

"Well, what difference does it make?" I asked.

"None at all to you, but plenty to the girl," he said.

"Getting tender-hearted in your old age?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "you can take it or leave it, Smiley. I'll give you ten seconds—"

"Yankee wanted old man Manning out of the way," I said.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because Manning had something on him," I said.

"What?" he asked.

"I don't know," I said. "All I know is that Yankee said that Manning hated him like poison, that he'd been laying for Yankee for three or four years, and that now he was going to the coppers with the goods. So Yankee puts it up to me."

"But you ain't a killer, Smiley," said the Captain. "The worst we've ever had against you is that you hang around with a tough gang, but your name has never even been on a station blotter. You been a hard-working lad up until lately."

"Yes, I been hard-working," I said. "But what with the dockmen's strike and not having any dough, and seeing them lads all crumby with money and all—"

"So you decided to turn crooked, eh?" he asked.

"Yes, I decided to turn crooked," I said.

"But turning crooked and turning killer—there's a big difference," he said.

"Well," I said, "Yankee wouldn't let me in on anything unless I went the whole way, and—well, I figured that if I was going to turn, I might as well turn completely—well, I hadda have dough—plenty dough, Captain, and I wanted it soon—right away."

"The girl?" he asked.

"Say," I said, "if I come clean, she's out of it, ain't she? Not a word to her? Or about her? You just turn her loose from this station house and forget her?"

"I'll play square with you—and her—if you play square with me, Smiley," he said. "Go on."

"Well, I took on the job after a talk with Yankee in the lunch-wagon," I said. "So Yankee gives me his gun and describes Manning—"

"Describes him?" asked the Captain.

"Yes, describes him," I said.

"What the hell?" he said. "You mean to tell me you set out to kill a guy when you don't even know his name?"

"Well, what do you think?" I said, "Do you suppose if I'd known it was my girl's father I'd have taken the job on?"

"Well, why don't you ask the guy's name?" he asked.

"What do I care what his name is?" I said. "Yankee says to follow him. He says he's going to meet a guy, the guy that has it in for him. He'll be talking to him. When he leaves the man I'm to step up and let him have it. That's all."

"God, Smiley, when you turned, you *turned*, didn't you?" said the Captain.

"Say," I said, "I'll take the chair, but I won't take any lecture."

"All right," he said, "get on with it."

"WELL," I said, "I followed Yankee. I saw him meet a white-haired old gent—"

"Your girl's old man?" he asked.

"Yes, but I didn't know that," I said.

"You didn't know your girl's old man? Didn't even know him by sight? How do you get that way?" he asked.

"Can't you take my word for it?" I asked.

"I want *all* the truth," he said.

"Well, all right," I said. "You see—oh, hell, Cap, here's how it was: I meet Mamie—a friend of mine introduces me down to Coney last summer. I'm over my head the minute I see her. And—well, she don't hate me. I ride home with her, and—well, I come clean with her. I ain't got a job and damn' little dough. She says to me that her old man hates loafers. He hates the kinda people I know. She learns I'm a friend of Yankee Glotz and says her father hates him and all his gang. Says her old man is a hard-working man, even if he is poor, and won't have nothing to do with the kinda tripe I associate with. She tells me that she's stuck on me, right off the bat, but she won't have nothing to do with me, won't bring me around to her old man, until I got a job and some dough. That's why I don't know her old man."

"You had dough enough to give her this cigarette case," said the Captain.

"I had it before we met," I told him. "I just had her initials put on it—"

"Go on," he said.

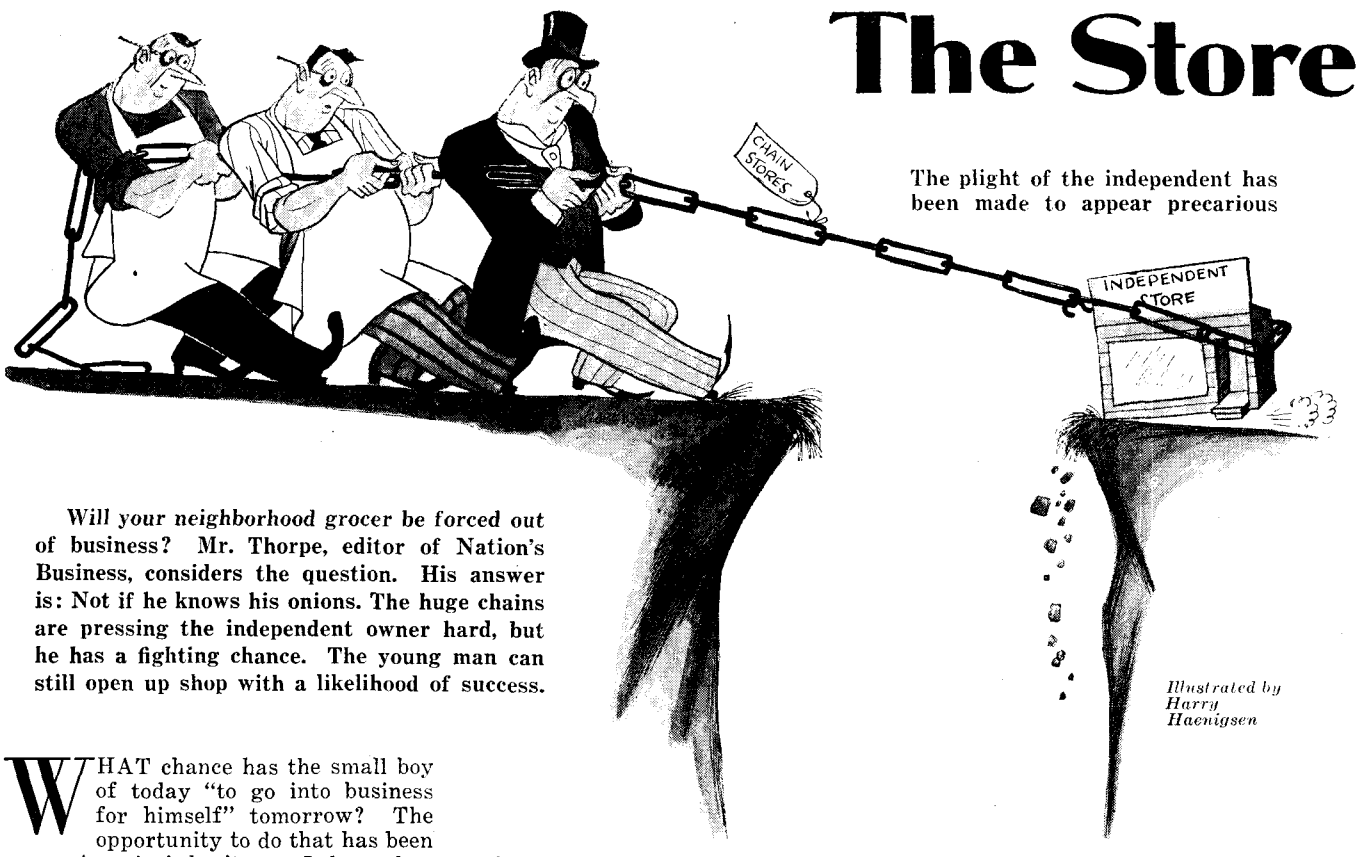
"Well, as I'm following old man Manning—"

"You were going to croak him?" asked the Captain.

"Ain't I telling you?" I said. "Well, someone speaks to me and it's Mamie. She was hurrying along after her father and she tells me she can't stop because she (*Continued on page 50*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Storekeeper's



The plight of the independent has been made to appear precarious

Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

Will your neighborhood grocer be forced out of business? Mr. Thorpe, editor of Nation's Business, considers the question. His answer is: Not if he knows his onions. The huge chains are pressing the independent owner hard, but he has a fighting chance. The young man can still open up shop with a likelihood of success.

WHAT chance has the small boy of today "to go into business for himself" tomorrow? The opportunity to do that has been young America's heritage. It has taken only ambition, an idea, energy and resourcefulness for a young man in this country to set up shop.

Will the coming generation be compelled to apply, hat in hand, to a corporation for a job?

And what of the small business man of today? Is he doomed? Will he slowly succumb to the encroachments of big and bigger business? Will the individual, independent of stockholders and unafraid of any boss, soon join the dodo in the museum?

It would seem so.

Newspaper headlines daily remind us of new mergers. Chrysler and Dodge; Studebaker and Pierce-Arrow; Postum, Swansdown Flour, Minute Tapioca and Jell-O; coal companies and ice companies and lumber companies. Nor is the urge to consolidate found alone among manufacturers. Merging is going on among banks, newspapers, hotels, public utilities, wholesalers, retailers and even among farmers.

Secretary Jardine of the U. S. Department of Agriculture told me recently that there are as many as 13,000 coöperative producing-marketing associations of farmers in the United States and that many of these are large-scale organizations. "In 1927," he said, "approximately 150 did a business exceeding one million dollars each. The annual business of several of these exceeds fifty million each."

Consolidation the New Order

Both political parties, leaders in Congress, farm leaders and business men, in fact everybody, is urging farmers to "coöperate;" that is, to combine resources and brains in producing, selling and financing. When units of the steel industry "coöperate" in producing, selling and financing, such operation is called a "trust." Regardless of nomenclature, the movement to get together in larger scale operation is under way in every branch of industry.

Such manifestations lead Dr. William B. Munro, professor of history at Harvard, to conclude that consolidation in all fields of small business, bringing greater efficiency, will continue. In the end, he predicts, all persons will be working for a half dozen men.

The idea of five or six giant corporations serving all our wants and buying the time and skill of all our children is startling. But before we act on the professor's crystal-gazing and sell small business short it might be well to look into the mirror and see just what is going on.

The first casual look shows man power and money power amalgamated in resources of such immensity that the vocabulary is beggared for superlatives. But do these heralded agglomerations of capital and labor and management spell oblivion for the individual business man, the independent, the neighborhood merchant?

We are passing through an industrial revolution in this country—as dramatic and as far reaching as the British industrial revolution of the late eighteenth century. Business and business relationships are changing with the swiftness of the kaleidoscope. An enterprise, born today, becomes overnight a national institution. By the same token a firm of three generations passes out of the picture.

It is an amazing decade.

Historians will call the first quarter of this century the Age of Mass Production. The struggle to produce in large quantities naturally and inevitably brought about concentration in single large units, or in collections of large units, for the purpose of gaining large production and its accompanying efficiencies. Or, as Chairman Sloan of General Motors puts it, "the opportunity to gain by more effective and intensive management," so that "the best talent is made available, and with unlimited capital also available, it is possible to gain the most effective general result."

The economies of mass production, however, did not of themselves bring along economies of mass distribution. Quite the contrary. They brought about an unbalancing of the consumer dollar until the welkin rang with charges that while mass production had reduced costs the cost of distributing had greatly increased. The Congressional Commission, headed by Sydney Anderson, found, after its extended investigation, that the cost of getting the goods to the consumer was greater than the original cost of manufacture.

What more natural, then, than changes in distribution? What more natural than for the selling and distributing arm of our economic system to take a leaf from mass production? That is what happened and is happening. On the horizon appeared mass distribution.

One manifestation, apparent to the most casual observer, is national advertising. More than one billion dollars is expended today through this one channel "to move goods," goods made in the mass.

The department store grew out of all proportion to other forms of selling. The mail-order house developed and is today extending its branches and establishing retail outlets. Came highly organized house-to-house selling and the chain stores.

The small manufacturer who could turn out 100 dozen pair of stockings daily suddenly found himself competing with the manufacturer who could turn out 1,000 dozen pair.

New and Menacing Competition

The neighborhood store owner found springing up across the street a chain-store competitor whose methods were systematized and whose manager was syndicated, and who was selling bulk goods like sugar, or advertised brands, at prices below the store owner's wholesale cost.

The wholesaler who supplied the independent found his position threatened by the new order. It looked for a time as if the mail-order house, the chain store, the department store had no need of him. They went direct to the manufacturer or, worse than that, they manufactured themselves.

While the neighborhood grocer was blinking at these changes, he saw his banker blinking at the branch of the big city bank which was opening across the way.

No wonder the little fellow felt that he was doomed. And he is doomed if he sees no farther than the nose on his face and tries to beat the big fellow at his own game. He is doomed if he depends on sentimental appeals "to patronize your old-time merchant friend who helped build the hitching-rack," and to demand of legislature and city council that laws be passed penalizing chain stores and house-to-house canvassing.

It is not surprising that the small business man should have become excited. Daily he could read his impending doom in statements of economists and business leaders; it was no pleasant after-dinner reading to learn of a new chain and to note the earnings of the old chains on the financial page. It was no tonic to his jumpy nerves to note from government figures that the business of the chains had increased 30 per cent last year while the independents had stood still.

When Studebaker and Pierce-Arrow merged, he learned from President Forbes of Pierce-Arrow that:

"It is a grave question in the minds of the directors whether the isolated automobile unit can compete successfully in the long run with companies like General Motors, Studebaker, Chrysler and others, whose volume of production, diversification and dealer organization give them stability, buying power and financial resources far beyond those which can be commanded by a company having only limited production."

This makes not only the small manufacturer ponder, but causes the small retailer to read into the picture his own isolation and the dreadful hippogriffs of retail volume, buying power, and financial resources of his competitors.

The End is Not in Sight

To the bedside now come two learned specialists. Mr. Bertram Work, president of the B. F. Goodrich Co., gives as his opinion that mail-order houses and chain stores will develop further "because they study and satisfy an economic need of proper distribution. They give convenience of purchase, and they tap markets having the greatest potential."

Mr. Ludwig Stein, president of the Kuppenheimer Company, adds his judgment that "the development and further exploitation of chain stores apparently is on the increase. They are both beneficial and menacing. Beneficial to the public due to giving better values and fresher merchandise than offered by the small dealer. Menacing, because they put the small dealer out of business, who is then forced to become an employee instead of an employer."

The fateful interplay of the present-day business revolution has no lack of observers. Mr. Edsel Ford sees "the

The small business man has been daily apprised of the disaster which impends

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chance

By Merle Thorpe

Editor Nation's Business

survival of the fittest." Mr. Walter P. Chrysler is alive to "the continual pressure of the modern and efficient producers to take business away from their less progressive competitors," and when established practices cannot stand the pace, he thinks, "it would seem absurd to hold a brief for older methods which are unable to maintain themselves in the face of modern competitive methods."

That many of the contestants for the consumer's dollar must fall out or be forced out, is the cold-blooded prophecy of many. Mr. Arthur Reis, well-known manufacturer of knitted wear, gives as his conclusion that "some manufacturers today are, either through choice or compulsion, attempting in many ways to take on the office of wholesaler and some lines of retailing as well. The large wholesaler is likewise turning to manufacturing, and in some cases operating retail establishments."

The modern and efficient producer exerts a continual pressure to take business away from the less progressive competitor

The national import of the question is raised by Mr. Edward Freschl, president of the Holeproof Hosiery Company. One of the obvious results of combination buying as practiced by the chain stores and syndicates is the incessant effort to force the manufacturer down to the lowest possible stratum of prices, and while Mr. Freschl concedes that the tendency may signify good merchandising economies, he asks "whether, if this method of buying is carried on without a good deal of resistance, it will not eventually put all but the strongest producers out of business."

Set this down as an axiom in business: No one likes to be under economic pressure, yet in every advance movement pressure is exerted upon someone. Prices and income are the governors that keep the business machine in equilibrium. A case in point is the reduction in farm population. Improved machinery and the application of scientific methods have enabled a smaller number of workers to supply the needed quantity of food. The consequence is the dislocation of the old status of agriculture and the gradual establishment of a new balance by the readjustment of population and prices.

Peering Through the Smoke

Likewise the coal industry. An excess of miners in the soft coal fields causes a maladjustment in which it is unprofitable for all concerned to have high-cost mines regularly operating with low-cost mines.

Again: The number of rail employees was reduced from 2,022,832 in 1920 to 1,764,000 in 1927, yet the aggregate of ton-miles increased in the same period from 410,306 million to 474,682 million.

These adjustments and maladjustments in no way argue overcapacity of all industry. Nor do they imply that the country has exhausted the opportunities for the further employment of capital. Witness the expansion of the rayon industry during the period of new textile mills in the South.

The small business man is clearly in this maelstrom of readjustment today. He is under economic pressure. His strategy is to shunt that pressure in some other direction. Before ways and means of doing this are discussed there ought to be thrown out at this point two or three grains of comfort to the small business man.

First grain: The fiscal glories of great corporations and mergers are too apparent to the naked eye, while the visibility of the up-and-coming "little business" is too low. The staying qualities of smaller concerns do not make headlines.

Mr. Alexander Alexander, president of the National Gum and Mica Company, studying the death rate of the small factory, concludes that "it is not easy to find out to what extent small business is disappearing, even though the daily papers and the trade press are filled with reports of combinations and mergers, and though our eyes are

The sophisticated customer of today wants style, even in kitchen utensils

continually dazzled by the reports of the earnings of such giants as U. S. Steel, General Motors, and the American Telephone and Telegraph."

There is no question that the regular exposure to these golden figures has induced a mirage, for we have the words of a student of the question, the late Mr. Charles W. Hoyt, a specialist in advertising, that "we think we have one company where two or three grew before. Yet somehow there seems to grow up a new crop for the one or the nine that have been replaced."

Mr. Hoyt seems to have more evidence on his side than Professor Munro, for the number of corporations reporting income or deficit in this country increased from 345,600 in 1920 to 430,000 in 1925. The figures are not yet available for the calendar year 1926, but they are expected to show a still further increase.

Mr. Hoyt's observation is confirmed by the figures of the National Industrial Conference Board, whose survey discloses that nearly three fourths of all manufacturing plants employed only 20 wage earners or less each, and produced goods not exceeding $100,000 in value each in 1925. And, despite the rapid growth of chain stores, department stores and mail-order houses, nearly 70 per cent of the total retail trade is handled by smaller units.

A similar condition prevails in banking, for it was found in June, 1926, that there were 28,146 commercial and savings banks in the United States with aggregate capital and surplus resources of $6,745,300,000, or an average of less than a quarter of a million dollars each.

Some Comforting Compensations

While public utility companies, by their very nature, represent large capital investments, steam railroads, the largest type of such enterprise, average only $5,250,000 in capital, electric railroads only a little more than $750,000, gas companies only about $1,500,000 and holding companies average a little more than $2,500,000.

Considering manufacturing, mining and trade combined the average number employed per concern was found to be 10 persons, the average in manufacturing to 44.7 persons, in the wholesale trade from 14 to 15, and in the retail trade from 5 to 6.

Grain two: The population of the United States is increasing annually at the rate of 1,500,000. Consider the 15,000,000 added to the home market in the past decade. It is a small nation in itself. Twenty million will doubtless be added in the next ten years. This is one of the factors which Mr. Charles M. Schwab probably had in mind when he said, in effect, "the man who is a bear on the United States of America is just plain foolish."

Such an increased market will take care of several thousand mergers and the natural growth of small industry as well.

Grain three: This is the most nutritive grain of all. Business revolutions are never ended. The turn of the wheel which brought about mass production now swings back and there is a definite national urge toward markets of distinction. From quantity-produced articles to quality. Call it higher standards of living, the period's craze for luxuries, the fad for color, call it what you will, it is here and in my judgment will dominate business during the next decade.

My guess is that just as the mass distributors have taken over the natural increase of our business in the past ten years, the small independents, both manufacturer and distributor, who capitalize this new market of distinction, will get the normal increase of the nation's business during the next ten years.

The individual manufacturer and retailer has his opportunity in the deep-seated desire of humanity to be "different." The frequency of the word in advertising copy attests this present-day urge and desire. It is the distinctive individualism of America, and indeed is reaching overseas. When Europeans got a taste of barley-fed bacon, those who could afford it would have nothing else. It materially affected the price our farmers received for their barley last year, according to Julius H. Barnes, grain merchant and former President of the United States Chamber of Commerce, who concludes:

A Fairly Obvious Solution

"Strike the fancy of enough individual buyers, and provide something of universal desire, more attractively than anyone else, and in this day of higher wages and adequate earnings the marketing field seems limitless." In the field of providing distinction there is marvelous opportunity for American business and American youth, "For," adds Mr. Barnes, "youth, equipped only with brains or an original idea, may carve his fortune against large aggregations of capital."

A great New York merchant, Samuel Reyburn, head of the firm of Lord & Taylor, had caught the underlying significance of this new evolution in the consumer markets as the decisive phase of "quality markets." "The momentum of education," he says, "has produced in recent decades a fourth necessity which has become a fourth fundamental of merchandising. This is the craving for distinction—call it love of luxury—which is now widespread and profound among the masses." (*Continued on page 48*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Around the Triangle

By Phyllis Duganne

The story of a woman who didn't know the strength of the old love when the new love came along

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

Perhaps he was sincere; perhaps he really thought they had met before

FOR exactly half her life Helen had been married to Sam Gilbert. Eighteen years of girlhood—eighteen years of marriage. And twice eighteen is thirty-six. "In two years," she had thought excitedly at the end of that first period, "I shall be twenty!" And in two years she had become twenty, wife of Sam Gilbert, mother of Anne. "In four years," she said to herself now, "I shall be forty!" And her deep brown eyes, looking out over the roofs of New York apartment houses, smoldered.

In itself, forty did not seem such a terrific age to Helen Gilbert. Sam was forty, and, sprawled on the couch as he was now, wrinkling his forehead over the Sunday newspaper puzzle page, he seemed sufficiently young for any contingency. Ever so many people—happy people, gay people, fascinating people—were forty. But to be forty herself! It was different, and her breath caught uncomfortably in her throat at the thought. She wasn't ready to be forty!

"Clara's having a tea this afternoon, Sam."

He looked up and grinned, disarmingly. "Aw, Helen, you know how I hate tea parties!"

She grinned back—somehow, one had to, at Sam. Even after eighteen years.

"But I wanted to go!"

He was still grinning as he answered her:

"Why don't you, then? You're a big girl now, Helen!"

She looked at him soberly. It was odd for him to say that now. A big girl! When in four years she would be forty!

"I think I will go," she said. "I feel—oh, I don't know."

SHE liked the excitement of a tea, the rise and fall of so many voices, the faces of so many people. Familiar faces above unfamiliar gowns, strange faces—

"Helen, you know Tony Ingalls." She shook her head, holding out her hand automatically as she looked up. "Well, he says he knows *you!*" Clara left them, and Helen stood before the window, tall apartment houses fading into a sunset sky behind her, smiling at a young man.

"I *do* know you, don't I?"

She smiled, looking into unfamiliar gray eyes, bright, below a mop of fair hair. "I don't think so."

"I'm sure—do you know the Orcutts?"

She shook her head.

"Or Sally Barnwell?"

"No. I'm sure we've never met."

"But I'm sure—not at Floyd Cooper's?"

She laughed. "Won't Clara's tea do? After all—we've met now!"

He continued to stare at her. "I'm certain — funny — will you have tea or a cocktail? Do sit here and I'll bring it. You look so nice with the window behind you, like that." The sunset light glowed through the glass, tinging the waves of brown hair that emerged from beneath her brown-and-gold hat to lie flat against smooth cheeks. She waited serenely until he returned with two glasses. "Do you know Mary Carrol?" he asked.

Helen laughed again, not answering. She'd heard Anne, her clear-eyed little Anne, discuss what she called methods of approach. How very flattering that this attractive young man should take the trouble! She met his steady gaze—she could not look up without meeting its insistence—and faltered before it. Perhaps he was sincere; perhaps he really thought that they had met before. How could one tell when people were sincere in this age of lines? Yet at thirty-six one should know!

"Oh, Helen!"

TONY INGALLS rose at Clara's approach. "You can't take her away until I remember where I've met her!" he objected.

Their hostess laughed. "This man does heavenly frescoes, Helen. Do you know them?"

"I'd like you to see them," he said quickly. "I'd be interested in what you thought."

Helen could have pinched herself for blushing. At her age! She felt deliciously uncomfortable, and she felt his eyes following her as she moved away.

Later she crossed to his side, held out her hand. "It's nice to have met you. And I do hope I'll see your work some time."

"I'm just going too," he answered. "Can't I take you home?"

The winter air was crisp and cool; it whipped color into her cheeks. Tony Ingalls strode at her side, looking down at her.

"I live here. Won't you come up and have a highball and meet my husband?" He straightened up sharply.

"Why should I meet your husband?" There was genuine irritation in his voice. "Look here, why don't you have tea with me tomorrow?"

"Why—" She hesitated, wondering why she shouldn't have tea with him tomorrow. There was certainly no reason. . . .

"I'll call for you. Around four." He took her hand, pressed it, and was off, striding with long steps up the street.

Bill Gilbert, her brother-in-law, and Sally, his wife, were in the living-room. She had forgotten that they were coming for dinner. Sally followed her into her bedroom, and perched on the bed while she dressed.

Helen considered her sister-in-law. Sally was forty—forty-one—trim of figure, chic, vivacious. She looked so little, so young, to have two tall sons at Harvard.

"How was Clara's tea?"

THEY chattered; Helen heard herself saying the name Tony Ignalls. Sally knew his work—nice things—rather modern. Carol Thorndike had had her dining-room done by him. . . .

Carol Thorndike. Both women were for an instant silenced by the name, and in Helen's mind there arose instantaneously a picture of Mrs. Thorndike. There, she thought, unconsciously pursuing the preoccupation which had held her all day, was a woman to whom age did not matter. A beautiful woman, a vibrant, brilliant woman, confident, superb. She couldn't imagine Carol Thorndike objecting to becoming forty. As though years mattered for her! She was—that was it—she was ready for any

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

age. Ready! What did Carol Thorndike know that she, Helen, was still waiting for?

Sally coughed abruptly. "Got any cigarettes in here?"

Helen picked up a porcelain box from her dressing table without speaking.

"Aren't you women nearly ready? Sam is driving me mad with a crossword puzzle. I want intellectual companionship!" Bill Gilbert, tall, red-headed, blue-eyed, like Sam, like Sam junior, appeared in the doorway. "What are you talking about, anyway?"

His wife handed him her cigarette. "Put this out, will you, Billy? We were talking about Carol Thorndike."

"What's she done now?" He snubbed the bright end of the cigarette in a blue tray, turned, without waiting for an answer, and smiled at his sister-in-law. "Good Lord, Helen, you get prettier every day of your life! Doesn't she, Sal?"

"Helen's the only woman in the world who can still flush like a girl," said Sally. "She can enter a room—how do you do it, Helen?"

Helen Gilbert demonstrated, confused, and her flush deepened, at the answering rise of their laughter. Her husband looked up inquiringly.

"Look at her, Sam!"

He surveyed her affectionately. "Bride of my bosom, comrade of my old age, wife, squaw, mate, girl-friend—what in heck is a word in eleven letters meaning arbitrary?"

"Helen was just talking about Tony Ingalls," Sally ignored him. "You remember Carol Thorndike's dining-room, Sam? Out at Great Neck? She—"

"Ingalls?" repeated Sam. "Who's he?"

"He's an artist," said Helen. "He—" She nodded shortly to the maid. "Dinner's ready. Anybody hungry?"

They were all laughing as they filed into the dining-room; Helen's eyes shone, and that evanescent flush blossomed and faded in her cheeks.

HE ARRIVED at a quarter before four, bringing into the warm living-room a frosty, exhilarating air of outdoors. He spoke rapidly, incisively:

"I know I'm early. Got through work ages ago. And, anyway—d'you like to walk? It's glorious out!"

Helen was glad that he wanted to walk; she swung along at his side, northward, toward the park, through the gates, listening, talking, laughing. It was nearly six o'clock when he looked down at her abruptly and as abruptly touched her cheek with his bare, warm hand.

"Good Lord! Now that you're thoroughly chilled, let's go get a drink! I'm sorry!"

"I'm not cold." She smiled, looking up at him, and was just about to prepare herself for the usual street-corner colloquy ("Well, where shall we go? Well, where do you say? No, that's closed") when a sweep of his long arm seemed to summon a taxi from nowhere, and he was helping her into it, murmuring an address to the chauffeur, climbing in beside her.

"D'you know Adolphe's? Nice place, rather. I'd like to paint you, you know. Don't do portraits often. Bet I could do a good one of you, though!" He scrutinized her face. "Here we are!"

He did things so quickly! The taxi was paid; they climbed a short flight of brownstone steps and he rang a door-bell. An eye peered through a small grating.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Ingalls!"

Helen blinked at the dimness after the white glare of outdoors.

A waiter brought them cocktails.

Helen had a sensation of excitement. How strange, how romantic New York was!

"You must come here for lunch with me some day," he said.

She smiled; if she had spoken the thought that rose in her mind, she would have said simply, "Why?" Why should he want to bring her here for lunch?

"You're such an amazingly serene person," he said abruptly. "It's—it's wonderful!"

"Serene?"

He was leaning toward her eagerly; a vague wave of his hand had summoned two more cocktails. "I don't believe I had met you before yesterday. You were right. It's just—your face—your expression—we *should* have met! Years ago."

"Perhaps you've met my daughter!" she told him. "We look rather alike. She's a freshman at Vassar," she finished.

"No, I haven't met her. I think—you'll probably laugh at this—I think you're a sort of—embodied form of things I've felt! That sounds silly—I'm expressing myself badly. I mean—"

She listened wonderingly as he explained what he meant. How easily, how carelessly, he had slipped over Anne, the freshman at Vassar! As though a grown daughter had no reality, no significance; as though— For a moment Helen Gilbert had a sensation like panic.

"There's nothing so thrilling in life to me," he was saying, "as meeting someone I ought always to have known. We're really so alone in life. Look here, you will let me try a portrait of you, won't you? Come to my studio tomorrow—I want to show you some things. And—"

"But why *should* you?"

His look was somewhat humorous. "Don't you want to come?" he demanded.

"Yes," she said. "But—" Again for no reason at all, that feeling of panic touched her and passed on.

AFTER dinner, in the apartment, she looked wonderingly at Sam as he sat reading—looked so often and so steadily that at last he became conscious of her scrutiny. (*Continued on page 51*)

She moved to his side and gazed at the unfinished portrait. "I wish I was half as lovely," she breathed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Kid's Clever By Gus Edwards

Lottie Gilson, you might say, discovered Gus Edwards. Not that she could have missed him very well when, quite uninvited, he joined her from the gallery in singing the chorus of one of her numbers. From then on he was in the show business. You know him as a producer of "kid" acts, the writer of such popular songs as "School Days," "Tammany" and "I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave," and the discoverer of Eddie Cantor, Elsie Janis, the Duncan Sisters and others.

Mr. and Mrs. Simon, mother and father of Gus Edwards

Gus Edwards began acting and producing at the age of six and kept it up

AT SIX I was an actor, stage manager and producer in Hohensallza in Germany, near the Russian border. There it was that I put on my first shows, performed a trapeze act every Saturday and was paid in pins, second-hand lead pencils, chalk or buttons.

I was born in 1881, the fourth in a family of eight children. The family name was Simon; I was christened Gustave Edward but in my first real year on the stage I dropped the last part and became "Gus Edwards."

When I was nine years old we all embarked on an emigrant train for Rotterdam and, arriving there, took passage in the steerage on the steamer Spaarndam for the United States.

On the third or fourth afternoon on that eleven-day trip I hung over the rail and sang, more to myself than any special person, several of the German folk songs that I had learned. I knew at least 40 then, taught by my mother or picked up in contact with my playmates in Prussia.

The songs ended and something hit the deck alongside of me. It was a coin. I didn't know its value, nor the country that issued it, but it was money, the first I ever had earned—and a few songs had earned it.

The next afternoon I picked out the same spot on deck. I sang again and that time several coins came down, some from the first-cabin, some from the second-cabin passengers. Each day thereafter I sang and each "concert" brought its reward. When I reached America I had a small glass jar almost full of coppers and silver, with two paper dollars to wad them down.

And so was born the idea of becoming an entertainer, of singing songs and getting paid for doing the thing I loved to do. But my father, at the outset, had different ideas.

As soon as the family had settled in a few rooms in Brooklyn, which my older brother had rented and fitted up for us, Father promptly proceeded to put all of us kids in school. I knew four languages then—German, French, Russian and Polish; I could speak them well and read and write them fairly well, but I didn't know a word of English. So to school I had to go.

From Meager Beginnings

Father hunted up a friend from the old country who was in the cigar business. The friend gave me a job in his factory—10 hours of work a day, sweeping out the place, running errands, stripping tobacco—or what else can you do?—all for the sum of $1.50 per week. At night I went to school.

I worked in that cigar factory for about six months and then I quit my $1.50 job and started working in another cigar factory. Stripping tobacco on the piecework basis made it possible for me to earn as high as $4.50 a week—and I was not yet 12 years of age.

During lunch hour I sometimes sang German folk songs for the entertainment of the workers. One day, one of them, Al Little, an actor who worked at the cigar trade in dull times, said to me: "Say, kid, you've got a voice and I think I can get you a job singing around at some of the lodges or meeting halls at night."

A week later Little told me he had found a spot for me. I skipped school the next night, turned up at the lodge, sang either parts or all of seventeen German songs to a roomful of Germans and was paid $2—my first wage as a professional actor, at the age of 12.

Apparently I had made something of a hit in my first appearance at that lodge meeting, for I began to be in what might be called demand. Once a week, sometimes twice a week, I got singing jobs. I never stinted in my songs; I always gave good measure. Often I'd be on stage for an hour and sometimes for nearly two hours. I'd be the whole show—generally—for $2 per performance.

With an Eye for Business

I found eventually that school was interfering with my singing business. Inasmuch as I had by that time picked up English speaking very rapidly—I was always good at languages—I quit school, so that my nights could be devoted to singing at the different halls.

But business wasn't so brisk as I had hoped. Two jobs a week were about as many as I could get. So I hit upon the idea of making business. I had noticed that in our neighborhood somebody or other had a party nearly every night. In those days, as the veterans will remember, the social gatherings almost always were in the homes and the big "kick" came in grouping around the piano with the whole party joining in the choruses. That gave me the big idea.

Each night I'd dress up in my "Sunday" suit, put a roll of music under my arm and saunter forth. When I'd get to a house where the parlor was lighted up, I'd ring the doorbell. If someone obviously Irish answered the bell, I'd ask: "Do the Cohens live here?"

"No," would come the rather annoyed reply—annoyed because I had mistaken the residence of a Gilhooley or an O'Brien for someone who was Jewish.

"I'm sorry, mister," I'd say, "I thought this was their place. They wanted me to do some singing."

"Oh, you can sing, eh?" was the almost invariable reply. "Well, you can come in here and sing for some good Irish people. They'll appreciate it more than the Cohens."

If it happened to be a Jewish home where I rang the bell (it was either Irish or Jewish in that neighborhood in those days) I'd ask if the O'Briens lived there. Of course, I'd be told "no." Then I would apologize and explain that the O'Briens had wanted me to sing. Whereupon the Cohens promptly would invite me to sing for the Cohens.

Of course, the roll of music was only a bluff. I couldn't read a note. But I'd open the sheet, when a certain song was called for, and play chords and sing. On several occasions my only reward was "thanks" from the people or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thanks plus a dish of ice cream and some cake. But generally I'd get a little cash reward. That ranged from 25 cents up to $2, with average pay about $1 for doing about an hour of enthusiastic chord playing and singing.

One night none of the Kelleys or the Cohens were tricked into inviting me in, even though I tried eight different houses. Discouraged, I started home. Passing a saloon I heard someone playing a piano. Peeking through the swinging door, I saw a group around a piano, but nobody was singing.

So I walked in, went to the piano and asked:

"Can I sing you a little song?"

"Sure," somebody said. The piano player got up. I sat down, sang a few folk songs and then, having mastered English fairly well by that time, played and sang one of the song hits of that day. I then passed the hat and the contribution of pennies, nickels and dimes totaled close to a dollar.

Thereafter, I sang nightly in saloons —when I got the chance. Sometimes bartenders would chase me out, or a policeman would come in and beat the bartender to it. But there were plenty of saloons and I usually managed to linger long enough in at least one to enable me to sing and pass the hat.

The money I earned as an entertainer was put each night into a big glass jar that was reserved for that exclusive purpose. Each Saturday night the money was dumped out, formally counted and then was turned over to my mother. My earnings in that were scaled between $7 and $12 per week, which isn't much if you look at it one way, but it was a huge lot of money in those days when our family was large and when three of the children were younger than I was.

One day a kid in the neighborhood told me that his father was going to a chowder party the following Sunday; an affair to be given at Whitestone Landing, Long Island, by a big Democratic organization. The boy told me all about the coming affair; how it would cost $5 and that the party would sail from a Brooklyn wharf and all about the games and contests that were to be played at the picnic grounds.

It struck me that the picnic crowd might like a little entertainment. So I nominated myself as entertainer. Knowing I couldn't get aboard the ship at sailing time because the $5 was collected at the moment of embarking, I got up at five that Sunday morning. By six I had slipped aboard the boat and had hidden away in the coal bunker.

An Impromptu Blackface

After the ship was a-sail, I got out of the bunker and went on deck. My clothes were black and grimy and my face and hands more so. But I didn't dare risk washing up before I had won an audience by singing. I was afraid if anybody saw me before I sang, I'd be arrested.

The moment I hit the deck I started to sing. For fifteen minutes or more I sang. By that time the crowd was with me. Then I went inside the cabin and washed. Coming back I resumed singing. One of the passengers recognized me—he was a patron of one of the saloons on my entertainment route.

"Why, it's the kid!" he exclaimed.

And for many years I was just "The Kid" in places where I gave impromptu entertainments. "The Kid" over in Brooklyn, or in various sporting centers, merely meant Gus Edwards.

Tony Pastor hired the kid when he was thirteen to sing in place of Maggie Cline, and paid him $2.50 with a velveteen coat thrown in

Lottie Gilson first let Gus Edwards sing choruses with her and then spoke a good word for him when Tony Pastor needed an extra performer

They treated me fine on that trip. I was given a free ride, a free meal and then, when I passed the hat, my reward scaled close to $5. Here was a really profitable business at last.

Despite my father's protests, I left the cigar business flat. I had learned that there were week-day picnics, too. So I made that circuit and although none ever rewarded me as well as political picnics on Sundays, I always earned far more each week than I had earned as a cigar stripper.

On days when there were no picnics, and no other events where it looked as if I might make a little money, I'd go to the music publishing house of Howley, Haviland and Dresser and practice on the piano. Oftentimes musicians would come in, find that I couldn't read notes and would try to teach me.

But though I could learn languages with what was called "amazing rapidity" and remember forever a tune that I had heard but once, the trick of learning notes then—and ever since then—was beyond me. So I quit trying after failure in many efforts.

After supper in the evenings, and before time came to make my rounds, I'd gather around in a vacant lot or on a street corner with the neighborhood kids—and we'd sing. The number of choristers ranged from 4 to 15, according to how many kids could break away from home and hang around with the gang.

Our earliest efforts were not so good. Sometimes the neighbors would chase us; often it was a policeman who gave us the "raus." But, in time, those kids learned harmony and, before the gang was broken up by the moving of this family or that, the evening entertainments we gave actually drew crowds.

A Discouraging Business

Out of that gang came a singing quartette and a negro dancer, which only a few years later was to make history on the stage because of the fact that it was a kid group of entertainers —perhaps the youngest group that ever played together on a "variety" circuit.

All the time that I was singing in social halls, in saloons, in homes, at picnics, at race tracks and elsewhere, my great ambition was to get on to the stage. There was no such thing then as a real vaudeville booking office, no one to encourage a kid, no place to go to find someone to give a kid a chance.

He had to make his own.

I haunted the stage doors, week after week, month after month, trying to get a chance. All I got was rebuffs. When I wasn't shoved out of places, and kicked at in making my exit, I was cussed by some stage hands and told to "git" in tones that left no doubt as to what would happen if I didn't do my "gitting" in a hurry.

I tried to get an audience with the theater owners, or with managers of

Pinch hitting for Maggie Cline, Edwards got his first real chance

shows, but I never got any farther than the front office. I was just a kid; there wasn't room for a kid.

One of the lodges in Brooklyn decided to put on a variety show in the Phillips Lyceum, in Brooklyn, for the benefit of the Widows' Pension Fund, or some such organization. It was a charity affair without pay for any of the performers and was supposed to include only the stars of the American stage. But I knew the man who was arranging the bill and pleaded with him for a chance to go on and sing some songs.

"All right," he said. "What shall I bill your act?"

This reference to what I was to do as "an act" was the most wonderful compliment ever paid to me up to that time. I floundered for a minute in my answer and then said:

"Call me the 'Volunteer Organist.'"

Just why I hit on that "Volunteer Organist" thing I don't know. I didn't have an organ and my act had nothing to do with an organ. I didn't know what a volunteer organist was supposed to look like. But a year before I had been an actor in a tramp's costume. I thought it great. So I rented a tramp's costume, rented and wore a beard, and on I went as a "Volunteer Organist."

Glimmerings of Success

Out I came, nervous before such a huge crowd. It broke into a wild laugh. Noting that I was supposed to be a "Volunteer Organist" it expected to see an organist. All it saw was an undersized kid in a tramp's costume four sizes too large. Eventually the laughter died down. And then I sang "Do, Do, My Huckleberry Do," a song that was quite the rage then. My voice was good in those days and, because there was probably an added waver in it that night due to my nervousness, it went over well.

I took three encores for that song—had the crowd singing with me in the third. They asked for more songs. I sang one in German, and it "hit." Then I sang two more in English, following with one in Polish.

Six encores in my first appearance on a stage. Is it any wonder that I went to bed the happiest kid in the world that night? I felt that success was just in front of me—was mine for the reaching.

But it wasn't. After all I was just a kid and maybe I was all right at benefits but as for getting a stage job and an entertainer's wage—well, that for a time was radically different.

My chance was to come, but only because of a fluke, or perhaps it better can be called a misunderstanding of theatrical ethics on my part.

Along about the middle of my thirteenth year I had an especially prosperous week as an entertainer in cafés. The hat-passing totaled beyond $20 due to the fact that one contributor had given me a $10 bill. (*Continued on page 47*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Barber Shop Blues

By Oscar Graeve

Connie Robinson, manicurist, might have gone into "The Follies." But you'll never see her name on Broadway

They sat down as usual for a little chat before beginning preparations for dinner

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

THE barber shop was in the basement of the Hotel Regal. Connie headed for it from the Subway across the turmoil of Herald Square, pushing her way through the surging crowd with the indifference with which an expert swimmer dives through the surf. At last, the ornate, old-fashioned lobby of the hotel, with its gilded ceiling, its marble walls, received her with quiet welcome like calm water beyond the waves.

A bright nod to the man at the counter where cigars, cigarettes, newspapers and magazines were sold. Another to the clerk at the desk. An answering grin for the grins of the bellhops. But only a faintly powdered, faintly rouged, supercilious mask for the inquiring smiles of the salesmen who lounged in the lobby preparatory to their raids upon their trade. These were Connie's prey, these men, as she was their slave. She despised them! No need to be conciliatory when one wasn't forced to be.

Down the twisting flight of steps to the basement, the trim heels of her patent-leather pumps sounding a smart tattoo upon the marble surface. Past the shoe-shining stand into the barber shop where a huge white clock confronted her accusingly.

"You're late again, Miss Robinson," said Chris, the proprietor, wrinkling pale eyebrows over a pale face that was as smooth as an egg.

"Oh, Chris, don't be mad! Nobody's here yet."

"You don't keep hours like you used to before you was married, Miss Robinson."

"Chris, you promised me you wouldn't say anything about that when I told you."

"Well, I ain't said anything, have I? But I can't have nobody around here who don't attend to their business."

"I always attend to my business, Chris. You got to admit that."

Chris grumbled something in his throat and added, "Well, get your things off and your table fixed up. Mr. Katz telephoned he'd be down in ten minutes."

Connie went to the tiny closet that was her own domain and pulled off her short fur jacket and her jaunty felt hat with what seemed to be one gesture. Around her simple black frock, with its white collar and cuffs, she tied a frilly apron that was like the apron that only a parlor maid wears in French farces. Then a deft sweep of powder over her pert nose and soft cheeks, a violent dab of red across her generous lips, a swift pat-pat-pat of her blond hair that curled so closely around her ears.

NEXT she attacked her small ivory table with fury. From its drawer she pulled scissors, orange sticks, files. A dash to the nearest washbasin to fill the little blue glass bowl with fresh water.

She was ready for Mr. Katz.

Connie sat there expectant, a little breathless, but, in appearance, cool, remote and capable, a vestal at some paradoxical shrine, a priestess of some inexplicable cult.

Her blue eyes surveyed dispassionately the familiar scene, the sanitary tiled walls, the spotless mirrors, the barbers' chairs standing vertical, inviting, the barbers in their white jackets, idle, too, except for one who leaned solicitously over a fat man's lathered jowls—but Connie's thoughts had gone home again.

"Gee, Connie, I wish you could give up that job of yours. Every day I think of you down there and it gives me the heebie-jeebies. Honest it does!"

"Don't be *sil*-lee, Jim! How'd we get along if I wasn't working?"

"I don't mind you working, Connie. It ain't that. What I mind is having you working in a place like that, holding those guys' hands, listening to their wisecracks, having to put up with anything and everything. Gee, I bet some of 'em try to get away with a lot of rough stuff—and you have to take it! That's what gets me!"

"Don't be *sil*-lee, Jim! Why, it's just as quiet as a graveyard down there. Sometimes, I wish something would happen. Chris, he looks after me. Chris, he's as sour as a lime sometimes but he's square. He won't allow any rough stuff in his place. None a-tall. That barber, Alonzo, he got fresh and Chris fired him."

"Well, you just wait, kid, till they put me on the regular sales force. I was talking to old man Bannister yesterday and he talked like there was some chance of me getting the upstate territory. That'd mean real money, kid, and if it comes through I'm expecting you to kiss that barber shop good-by."

"Yeh, and what'll I be doing while you're traveling upstate? Sitting home, I suppose, twiddling my thumbs and thinking of the angels. Fat chance! No, big boy, I've worked too long and too hard. I can't be happy unless I'm busy."

"You can look after our little apartment."

"I look after it now, don't I? How long does that take? If I gave it ten minutes more a day I'd have all the paint washed off it."

"Well, you can get into something more refined than a barber shop. Maybe you could study typewriting and stenography. Even a department store, I wouldn't mind that."

"Yeh, and what do you make in a department store compared to what I make?"

"Something's got to be done, kid. Gee, I'm crazy about you! I didn't know anybody could be as crazy about anybody as I am about you, and I feel like I'm getting crazier and crazier."

Connie had laid her smooth cheek against his rough one. She was so happy she wanted to cry when Jim talked like that but all she could say was, "Same here, bozo!"

Why couldn't he forget the barber shop? Why did he worry where she made her money? Good money, too!

They traveled down in the subway together, suspended together from one strap, until Connie let her hand drop to his brawny arm and steadied herself there. Not that she had to do this. Simply because she wanted to do it, simply because she wanted to cling to him. It made her feel awfully proud that he was hers and she was his. She gave little darting glances around at the other girls. How they must envy her! Connie left Jim at the 34th Street station while he continued on downtown and at the very moment of parting he had said, "I'm going to get you out of that atmosphere somehow, kid," and again she answered, "Don't be *sil*-lee! I tell you it's as refined as a church and as quiet as a graveyard."

HER thoughts were snapped back into attention by the triumphant entrance of Mr. Katz.

Mr. Katz entered the barber shop as if he had just won a war. Everyone, not otherwise occupied, sprang to order. Chris, rubbing his hands together, bowed low and spoke in oleaginous tones of the weather. Hadn't Mr. Katz once given him a most profitable tip on the market? Every barber leaped with devout expectation to his chair. The boy who looked after the hats and the coats and the brush acted like a puppy distraught with ingratiation. Even Connie smiled so broadly that her even white teeth were dazzling. (One had to play the game!)

Mr. Katz, his protuberant eyes on Connie's smile, allowed his dark, gray coat with its velvet collar and his shining derby to be removed and emerged, sleek as a seal, from his coat's embrace. A white carnation glistened in his lapel. Gray spats topped his boots. His large round face was surmounted with a fringe of red hair, his small eyes had a reddish gleam, his thin lips were moist and uncertain. His left hand, smooth, puffy and incredibly pale, was decorated with rings from which blazed jeweled fire.

"No, Chris, I'll wait for a shave till later," he said, in an asthmatic voice. "I'll take the manicure first. I want to talk to the little girl."

He dropped, heavily breathing, upon the ridiculously small white chair across the table from Connie's own chair.

"Well, how are you this morning, sweetheart?" he asked.

"Fine! Just fine, Mr. Katz! And how's yourself?"

"Feeling younger every day, Connie. How do I look?"

Connie looked him over and dropped her eyes quickly. Involuntarily she had thought of Jim's compact brawn and she couldn't let Mr. Katz see her eyes at that moment. "Why, you're looking splendid, Mr. Katz. That last doctor you went to must of fixed you up swell."

"Yeh, he did, sweetheart. He's a wonder! I'm as good as a young feller now, he told me."

Connie was at work on one of Mr. Katz's flabby flappers, bending over it intently, one hand gripping his, the other occupied in dainty decision with the file.

"Been thinking over what I said to you last time, darling?"

Connie gave him a quick glance from eyes wide with innocence. "What was that, Mr. Katz?"

"Now don't tell me you've forgotten that, baby doll. It ain't often a girl would forget a thing like that. It ain't often a girl would get a chance to forget a thing like that."

"OH, YOU mean about getting in the Follies?"

"Sure, that's what I mean. I tell you, Connie, I got the pull. Of course the pull don't do no good unless you got the looks. But you got the looks all right, baby. You got the looks good and plenty. You could make most of them girls look like burlesque queens. Ain't you thought it over? You said you'd think it over?"

"Yeh, I thought it over, Mr. Katz. But, like I told you before, I knew it would break my mother's heart. Like I told you, she comes from an old Southern family and you know what Southern pride is, Mr. Katz. Why, I might as well jump in the river as go on the stage, according to her, Mr. Katz. And besides all that, I got to be home with my mother every night. She's getting old now. Didn't I tell you?"

Mr. Katz sighed. "Yeh, you told me."

Connie released one hand to seize the other while Mr. Katz regarded her with fond, yearning eyes. In a minute he began moving his left hand to and fro so that the jewels were awakened to intense life. "See that ruby, Connie?" he asked in a husky whisper.

"Yeh, I see it. Do you think I'm blind? How can I help see it, Mr. Katz?"

"Well, that ruby alone is worth a prince's ransom. A ransom, Connie. Honest!"

"Is it really, Mr. Katz?"

"Sure, and when you let me get you into the Follies, the first night you appear, that ring is yours, darling. Think it over again, will you, Connie?"

"Sure, I'll think it over again, Mr. Katz." But this Marguerite gave the jewel that Mephistopheles offered only the most casual of glances. Who'd want a ruby as big as that anyway? Everybody'd think it a fake.

Presently Mr. Katz left Connie for the ministrations of his pet barber. Connie gazed after him with the faintest of smiles on her red lips. "Now what would even Jim see to be afraid of in that old goofy," she thought.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She wasn't even frightened when, upon leaving, Mr. Katz thrust a bill into her hands and looking down she saw, with a little gasp, that it was a five-dollar bill. "Gee, I wish I could tell Jim," she thought, "but I guess I'd better not. Maybe I'll buy him a couple of those swell ties he liked so much over at Saks'."

The morning was a busy one but, busy as it was, Connie could not keep Jim far from her thoughts. Mr. Katz was succeeded by a slim and elegant youth whose indifference to her almost piqued Connie's pride.

He held out his hand with a languid gesture. "Not too high a polish, please!" he drawled.

"Gee, wouldn't Jim enjoy giving him a sock," Connie thought. Aloud she said, in what Connie considered her society voice, "I never give a very high polish unless a gentleman requests it. You haven't been here before, have you?"

The elegant youth didn't answer. Connie used the orange stick with unnecessary vigor. He responded. "Oh, what did you say?" he asked.

Connie's voice was no longer her society voice: "I asked you if you'd ever been here before?"

"No! Oh, no!" he answered quickly. "I rarely get down to this part of town."

"How's the air on Park Avenue? Pretty hot, isn't it?" Connie asked.

The young man gazed at her reproachfully but again he did not answer.

He tipped Connie a quarter. "Piker!" thought Connie, "and I bet he's one of those thin lizards that rich old dames fall for."

THE next patient was more exhilarating. This one came in a little shyly. "He looks as if he bought his clothes at the five-and-ten," Connie reflected. But beneath his diffidence, beneath his awkwardly cut garments, burned exaltation. He held out his hand to Connie with an apologetic gesture.

"I guess it's going to be a tough job getting them paws to look like something," he said.

"Yes, it is," Connie agreed. "Go over to that basin and give your hands a good scrubbing first, will you?"

"I done the best I could already," he said, blushing. "You see I'm a shipping clerk and that's dirty work, it is."

"Then what's the idea of the masquerade?"

He leaned closer to her, bright red now rising over his face and up over his forehead beneath his pale yellow hair. "I'm going to be married today," he whispered breathlessly.

Connie regarded him more kindly and more attentively. He was a nice kid! So fresh looking! His skin was like a girl's. "Oh, are you?" she said. "Isn't that fine. Well, give me your paw and I'll see what I can do."

Released from his embarrassment he wanted to talk. "I can hardly believe it!" he exclaimed.

"You can hardly believe what?"

"That she's going to marry me."

"She's the most wonderful girl in the world, isn't she?" Connie asked, gazing at him with soft eyes.

"You just bet she is!" he answered. "What I can't understand is what she sees in me."

"Keep that feeling alive, boy."

"Oh, I'm going to do that all right. Say, you're not one of those folks who thinks marriage is a joke, are you?"

"Me!" said Connie, and laughed. "Me! I'm all for it! I'm one of the saps that really believes it was invented in heaven. Why, I think it's bigger and better than the Public Library."

"Say, you've got some line," he said admiringly. "Now the one thing about Elsie is that she's sort of quiet—"

Connie stopped him. "Now listen here," she said, "this is your wedding day. It's too early to be looking for the bugs on the flowers."

"Say, I'm not doing that! Honest, she's the most wonderful—"

"Sure, she is! How do your nails look now?"

"I wouldn't know they were mine. Listen, miss, now I'm stuck about something else. I don't know what's right for the tip."

"Keep the tip," said Connie, "and buy her a rose with it. Say I sent it for luck."

"You're a nice girl," he said reflectively, and saw perhaps for the first time her curling blond hair, her lovely blue eyes.

"Sure, I am," said Connie. "Sure, I'm a nice girl. You ought to hear what the boy friend has to say about that?"

So one man followed another to this paradoxical shrine, to this priestess of an inexplicable cult. And some of them told her their troubles and some of them tried to flirt with her while only a few, wrapped close in their own interests, ignored her beauty, sought no solace from her charm.

"And Jim thinks it isn't the right atmosphere for me," thought Connie.

BY FOUR in the afternoon, however, Connie was getting tired. She was thinking longingly of the hour of her release. "I wonder what Jim would like best for his supper tonight," she reflected. "There's enough stew left over from yesterday and stew's always better the second day. Or maybe I'd better stop at Wright's and get a steak. Isn't it funny how men could be happy eating steak every night?" . . . and then her thoughts stopped and drew together in a tight and shuddering paralysis.

She had just caught sight of the man who had last entered the barber shop. She sat frozen for a moment and then she rose. Her idea was to dash to the little closet which was her own domain and hide there until he had gone, hide anywhere until he had gone, seize her hat and coat, if necessary, and run flying up the twisting stairs to her home, to Jim, anywhere, where she would be safe from him.

Chris' voice stopped her. "Just a minute, Miss Robinson! This gentleman wants a manicure."

She sat down again. He had seen her. She was caught. For a moment, as she sat there, things went blank before her eyes. She had felt like this once, down at Far Rockaway, when in swimming, she had sunk below the surface and couldn't seem to get back again to the air and the sunlight and the blue sky overhead.

When she did come back to the surface he was opposite her. He had removed his overcoat and the coat of his suit. He had rolled up his shirt sleeves and his arms showed round and muscular beneath a sward of heavy black hair. And his eyes looked at her as they had always looked at her with a certain despairing cold hunger.

"So I've found you at last, Connie," he said.

Connie couldn't speak. Automatically, yet shuddering a little, she picked up one of his hands. She couldn't make a scene. Not here. She felt as if Chris were still looking at her, as if all the eyes in all the mirrors were fixed upon her. Oh, she was caught all right!

She leaned over his hand and said in a low and trembling voice, "Oh, Mike! Why don't you let me alone!"

"Why did you run away from me?" he demanded.

"Yeh, why did I and why didn't I? You're a fine one to ask, Mike. You're a fine one to ask that after the way you gypped me."

"I never gypped you, Connie."

"No, you didn't, did you? You were always above-board and square with me, weren't you? Letting me get to know you, letting me get to care for you, and then all the time you lying to me. Never telling me you were already married. That was a swell way to treat a girl, wasn't it?"

His fingers closed over her hand. "Then you did care, didn't you?"

She lifted her eyes to his. Slowly, painfully, her fright was leaving her. "Sure, I cared!" she said. "You know that! I cared so much it hurt like hell. But it was worse hell when I found out about you. And all the time I knew you, Mike, all the time it was hell in one way or another."

"Well, if it's any satisfaction to you to know it, Connie, I cared, too. And since you ran away it seems like I've cared more than ever."

"Yes, you (*Continued on page 33*)

Slowly her fright was leaving her. "Sure, I cared!" she said. "You know that. I cared so much it hurt"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You have to be Hungry

By Grantland Rice

What makes a man a good fighter? Hunger, says Dempsey. That's the one great driving force

A RATHER young-looking, well-dressed fellow weighing about 200 pounds, in perfect condition, dropped into the Pullman drawing-room just as we were leaving another big football game to its afternoon memories of joy and sadness.

He was offered a drink. "Thanks," he said, "but I don't take it." He was offered a cigarette. "Thanks again," he said with a smile, "but I don't smoke either. Still keeping in shape."

His name was Jack Dempsey. He was well tanned, almost lean looking, and if there was a surplus pound on his body it did not show.

"Still keeping in condition?" I asked.

"I always expect to keep in condition," Dempsey replied. "Why not, when it makes you feel so much better?"

I asked the old Mauler, who isn't so old, what he thought about the next heavyweight champion.

"There's no one in sight right now," he answered, "but he may pop up at any moment. You know it's a long, hard road to the top of this game. There are something like a billion males in this world, but only one of them can be heavyweight champion.

"In the last forty years you know how many great baseball players, great football players, great golfers and great tennis players we have had, but only nine heavyweight champions. It's about a 20,000,000-to-1 shot, and those are pretty tough odds."

"What are the main things that a heavyweight champion needs in order to scramble through?" I asked.

"To start with," Dempsey said, "he must have two of three things. He must be able to take it and be able to hit. Or he must be able to take it and be able to box. I could take it and hit. Tunney could take it and box. But the fellow that can't take it is outa luck from the start.

The Trouble with Firpo

"You'd be surprised to know how many good boxers and good hitters I've faced or seen, some of them game enough, who simply couldn't take a punch. It may have been a weak jaw or a weak body. They were just not built to take punishment. There's Firpo. In some ways he was one of the greatest natural fighters I ever saw. He was game and willing, big and strong, and he could hit just about the way a mule kicks. He had me just about out with the first punch. I have been accused of a lot of things in that first round but I was in a daze and all I remember is that I was fighting for my life. I remember just one other thing: I was surprised twice when he dropped from body punches because I knew I hadn't landed right.

"That was the trouble with Firpo: He couldn't take quite enough. He hit me harder that night than I hit him, and he nailed me on the point of the jaw. I happen to be lucky. I guess I was built to take more than he could."

"Why can't most of these present heavyweights hit a little harder?" the ex-champion was asked.

"They don't know how," he said. "They hit with their arms. I tried that out and had to learn all over. You know what the pivot means in golf? Well, it means the same thing in hitting. I was generally weaving or bobbing around and when I saw an opening and let one fly I turned from the hip. I got my hip and my shoulder back of the wrist and hand. That's one reason I think that I never hurt my hands, for this pivoting kept me hitting straight, hitting with the center of my fist, not the side of my hand.

"I'll tell you where fighting and golf are alike in another way. You know what happens when you try to drive 300 yards. You get about 35. The same thing happens when you try to knock a man out with one punch. I never tried that after I had learned a little—I just took a natural sock at his body or head, timing it as well as I could, but not using any extra effort. And it's surprising how often I'd look down and find some fellow on the floor that I hadn't expected to get so soon.

"If you keep punching smoothly and punching the right way, something is bound to drop. The trouble is that so few know anything about correct punching, about the use of hip and shoulder in the turn of the body back of the blow. Tunney knew how to hit and while he wasn't a heavy hitter he could jar and cut. But most of them won't learn, or they haven't the knack."

Dempsey was an all-around game man in the ring, but his chief gameness lay in his willingness to throw a right- or left-hand punch and let nature take its course. Few have that type of gameness. It is in the same way that Bobby Jones takes his full pivot and lets one go with the championship resting on a single shot. Not many can do that.

There is a certain young light heavyweight who can box, hit and take his full share of punishment. As an exhibition of his control, just before a fight, he stood on his head and hands on the stone guard outside a window fourteen stories above the street. That night he couldn't make up his mind to let a right hand go and he had a right that was a pippin. It is a fault he hasn't been able to overcome.

I spoke to Dempsey about it. "A lot of them have it," he said. "I guess the reason I was never bothered was the thought that the quicker I got them, the less chance they had of getting me.

"I remember the first time I fought Bill Brennan. We were good friends. Bill had just scored forty successive knockouts. 'I'd like to carry you, Jack,' he said, 'but I'm after that title and I can't take a chance.'

"'That suits me, Bill,' I said. 'We'll both shoot and let the best man win.' I think I knocked Bill down with the first punch, but it took me several rounds to finish him and then I had to drop him hard enough to break one of his ankles."

Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor in a scene from The Big Fight

What College Boxers Lack

I asked him why all college boxers seem to have such a hard time making any headway.

"To be a good fighter," he said, "you have to be hungry. I guess you have to be hungry at one time or another to get far in any game on an average. I had mighty little when I got through to Willard, challenging for the championship. Not nearly as much as fifty or sixty of these fighters have today who haven't gotten anywhere in particular.

"You see, I started fighting when I was ten or twelve. I had an older brother who was a boxer, so I grew up with it. And I always liked to train in those days. I could eat up a lot of work, and like it. It wasn't any grind then. But when you have a softer, easier life in sight it isn't fun any longer. If a fellow doesn't like to train and if he hasn't a lot of patience he won't get very far in this game. I was champion at twenty-four, but remember I had been fighting then for over ten years and I had been through one of the hardest schools there was, hardly making a living as I went along.

"You can't get many college men to give up six or eight years in preparation, and if they do they will be close to thirty before they finally arrive.

"I still think a fellow has to start out hungry to be a good fighter and I think he has to fight his way through some hungry days or years to be ready for the big shot. That means, in addition to his boxing ability, his ability to take it and to give it, a lot of patience, a long road of hard work, attention to his physical condition, and you can add to that a certain amount of luck. It isn't as easy as it seems."

"Who will be the next champion?" someone asked.

"One guess is as good as another," Dempsey said, "and I haven't even got a guess. All I know is that it will be somebody who can take it and somebody who can either hit or box."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Shepherd of Guadaloupe

By Zane Grey

The Story Thus Far:

THE Forrests and Lundeens have always been enemies. The Lundeens, formerly very poor, are now very rich, Mr. Lundeen having by various crooked methods succeeded in acquiring the Forrest wealth and home, Cottonwoods.

Young Clifton Forrest, back very ill from the war, and Virginia Lundeen, not at all in sympathy with her father, are fast falling in love though they do not admit it to each other.

Virginia's father is determined to have her marry Malpass, a half-breed, who has control of Mr. Lundeen's property. She refuses. Later she finds that Malpass is responsible for a fire which destroys Cliff's store and its new stock. She also finds that Malpass is determined to marry her or will ruin her father.

She decides that the only way out is to marry Cliff, and to save her he readily agrees, and they are secretly married, both being happier about it than they will admit. They separate immediately after the ceremony but their secret comes out when Cliff gets into a fight with Malpass and Malpass taunts him with his coming marriage with Virginia. Cliff's father turns him out for marrying a Lundeen.

On the day on which this fight occurs Virginia and her cowboys inspect the so-called silver mine from which her father and Malpass have made so much money, and they find no trace of silver. What they do find seems to be gold planted there. Virginia swears the cowboys to secrecy until she does some more investigating.

She arrives home to find Malpass being carried into the house almost dead. She learns about the fight and then Malpass announces the marriage. Mr. Lundeen turns to Virginia, hoping for a denial.

VII

"YES, I am Clifton's wife," answered Virginia, her voice ringing, her head lifting erect. The dénouement had been staggering, but she could recover to glory in it.

"Wife! . . . Lundeen-Forrest! . . . Married! . . . All the—time—you've been—married?"

"All the time lately—yes. All the time Mr. Malpass has been courting me so assiduously."

"You she-devil!" Malpass screamed it, but his voice did not carry beyond the room.

Lundeen lifted a nerveless hand. His face was bloodless.

"Malpass, you fought Forrest aboot this—this marriage?"

In his agitation Malpass leaned forward and though he spoke for Lundeen his snaky eyes scorched Virginia:

"It happened at Watrous. I went in to see Hartwell. Talked over building supplies. Mentioned my coming marriage with your daughter. Ha! Ha! . . . Then I espied young Forrest at a desk. Hartwell said he worked there. I asked to have him fired. . . . Forrest got up and addressed me in a way no man can talk to me. If he hadn't been a crippled soldier, I'd have shot him. But I tried to get past him. Then he shoved his marriage certificate under my nose—bragged of Virginia being *his* wife. She could never marry a half-breed!

"I accused him of forgery. He made me read. I saw—recognized Virginia's handwriting. Then I knew we'd been tricked. . . . Damn you, Lundeen, for a doting old fool! You're to blame for this. . . . Forrest was red in the face. He swelled up like a toad before the clerks in the store—and others who came in. He wasn't missing a chance to spread the news that Virginia Lundeen was his wife. That *he* would some day lord it over Cottonwoods!"

Lundeen made a gesture of denial, more significant than any words.

"I struck Forrest—with my crop," went on Malpass hurriedly, now breaking from faintness or fury. "He snatched a whip—off the counter—and—and beat me down."

"Ahuh. An' how aboot Mason, who's bad hurt? Where'd he come in?"

"I FORGOT. Before I went under—thinking Forrest would beat me to death—I pulled my gun. But I couldn't shoot straight. He kept—slashing me with that infernal whip. . . . I missed him—shot some other man—I saw him drop. It must—have been Mason."

Malpass, clammy and haggard, sank limply back in the chair. Lundeen moved laboriously, as one under too great a strain for swift action, and lunging at Virginia he seized her with ruthless hands.

"Girl, you've ruined me."

"Oh no, Father. Don't rave. Don't be guided longer by this snake."

"You're the snake. I reckon I'll kill you." His big hands slipped up her neck, and choking her convulsively he forced her to her knees. Limp and horror-stricken, unable to struggle, Virginia thought this must be the end. But he relinquished his grip.

"She's no Lundeen!" he snarled, evidently fighting some restraining voice.

"For God's sake—Father—don't murder me!" entreated Virginia, gasping for breath. "You are beside yourself. Think of Mother!"

"What'd you marry that hellion for?" he demanded, pierced by her supplication.

"To protect myself. Malpass and you—somehow would have forced me to marry him. I'd rather have died. . . . It wasn't a regular elopement—I was to blame. I almost begged Clifton to save me. He didn't—he doesn't care for me. He believes he'll not live long. . . . I thought—it seemed—oh, Father. It was a mad thing to do. But I was desperate."

Virginia's father was beside himself. "What'd you marry that hellion for?" he demanded

He let her get up, and breathing like an ox and lowering at her he stood there freed at least from murderous instincts. Virginia drew away on uncertain feet. With deliverance from terror her wits returned.

"Choose. Divorce this heah Forrest or leave my house," said Lundeen, with dark and gloomy finality.

"In any case, I'll leave," she replied. Then the hot blood of courage and unsupportable outrage suddenly coursed up in her. "You are no father. You're a brute and a coward. You're the tool of this thief—this low hounder of a woman. . . . I rejoice to see him thus—a beaten dog!"

"No more. Get out!" roared Lundeen, black in the face, goaded past endurance.

"May I pack some things—and say good-by to Mother?"

"Take your belongings. But you're through with the Lundeens. Go!"

Virginia fled from the room. The only unhappiness and mortification affecting Virginia at the moment was connected with the fact that Clifton Forrest had broken faith with her. To be sure, Malpass was an atrocious liar. But from Clifton alone could have come the knowledge of her marriage. That was enough to condemn him. No other part of Malpass' raving story need be considered. She was bitterly shocked.

Freed now from the ever-present fear of being waylaid by Malpass in and around every corner of the house, Virginia hurried first down to the barns. Jake and Con espied her coming and hastened to meet her.

"BOYS, I want you to take all my horses away from Cottonwoods," she informed them abruptly, without wasting time for explanations. "Do you know where you can take care of them for the winter?"

"Shore do," replied Jake, cheerfully. "I was thinking about winter range. Used to ride for Jeff Sneed. His ranch is south. Good water and feed. An' Jeff will be glad to have us."

"That relieves me. Here's some money, all I can spare. But don't worry. The horses are worth ten thousand."

"Waal, you needn't worry, either," responded Jake with a loyal smile.

"Where shall I write you?"

"Las Vegas, I reckon. 'Course we couldn't never get in town, but mail would come out now an' then."

"Very well. Pack up, and start as quickly as possible. Don't excite suspicion of your intentions. But don't let anybody stop you. These horses are my property."

"Reckon there ain't anybody around who could stop us, miss," replied Jake nonchalantly.

"Good-by then. I'm very happy to have you boys to rely on."

They bade her good-by haltingly, full of wonder and sympathy they dared not speak.

Virginia rushed back up to the house. Before she reached her room she had decided upon a plan of action. She would pack her (*Continued on page 54*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hold Your Breath!

Graphic illustrations of some moments when it's pleasanter to be an onlooker

Wide World

Right: Even as it stands it's nothing to do right after a hearty meal but when the airplane motor in the little car starts driving the pole around at a tremendous speed it's more than a bit risky on the other end

Wide World

Left: Newton House, who at sixteen is said to be the most skillful boy rider in the world, is welcome to his title if winning it entails holding a perilous grip on the back of a vertical bronco

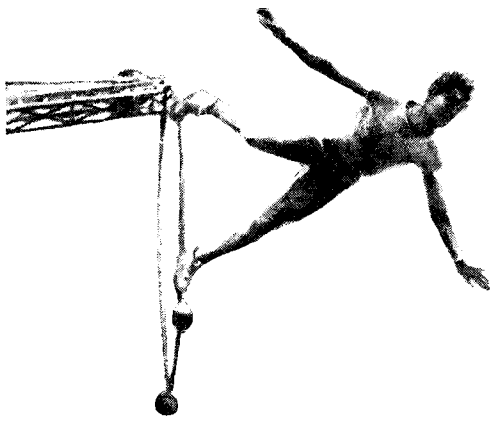
Wide World

Above: Of course if you must carry an alligator, there's no safer way of doing it. But so few of us, thank Heavens, are cast as 'gator toters

Wide World

Left: Hold your breath is right. And make no sound either. A tense moment in the marble ring is as trying as any on the golfing greens

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



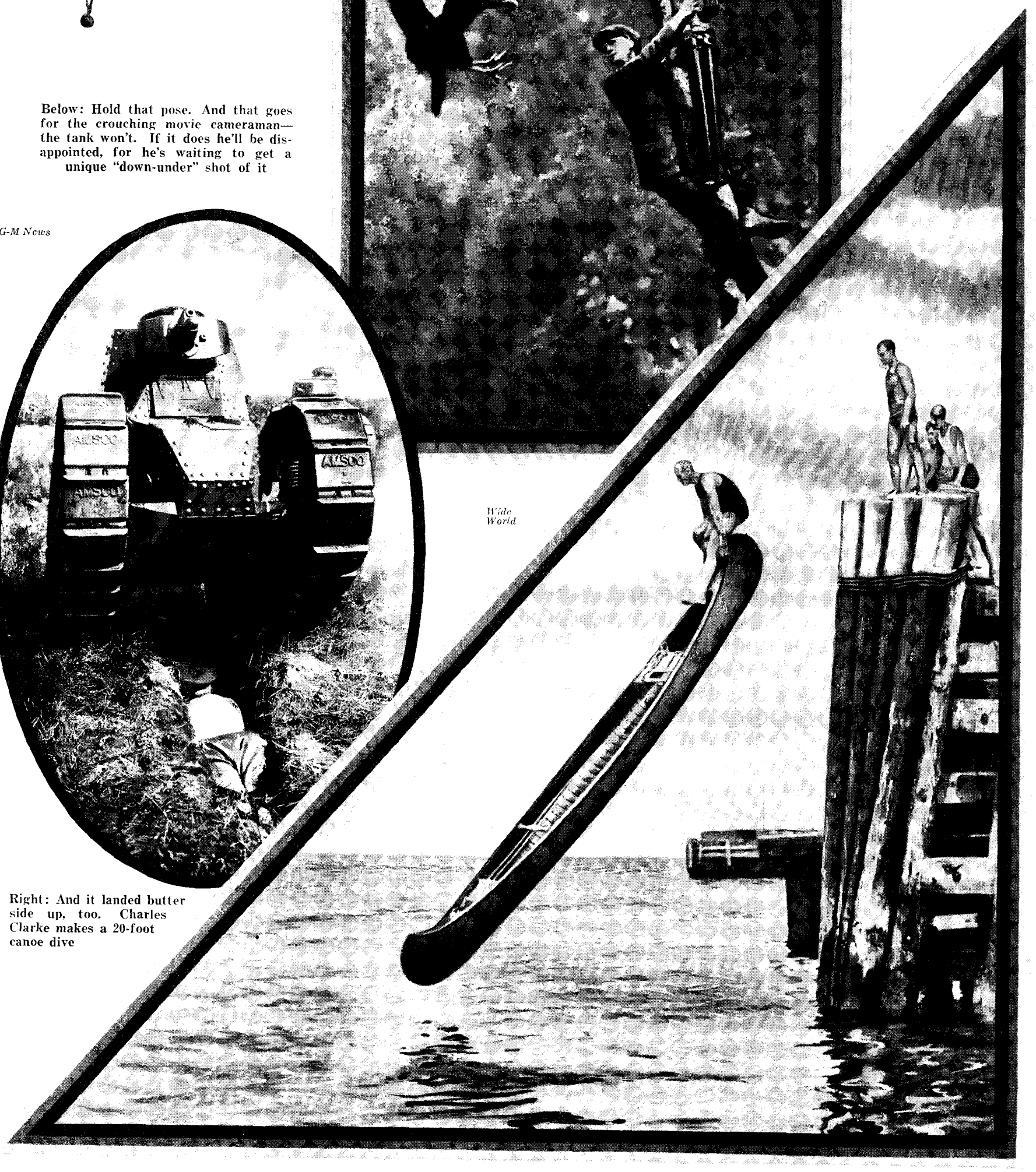
Below: Hold that pose. And that goes for the crouching movie cameraman—the tank won't. If it does he'll be disappointed, for he's waiting to get a unique "down-under" shot of it

M-G-M News

Right: And it landed butter side up, too. Charles Clarke makes a 20-foot canoe dive

Left: Being a photographer of eagles' nests is not the safest occupation in the world. This one had to quit just after the picture was taken because of the furious attacks of the indignant inmate. Any front-lawn snapshot artist want to criticize him?

International Newsreel



Wide World

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Flounder, Flounder in the Sea

By Paul Annixter

A fascinating tale of deep-sea life and the sunken gold of a Spanish galleon

THERE is a deal of uncertainty about where this story ought rightly to begin. Were it purely a nature yarn, we should have to go back about ten years prior to any reader's interest and descant upon the floating spawn of a lone flounder in a far tropic sea. Said flounder would be the parent of our central figure, and we should try to follow the wordy metamorphosis of that floating egg into the near-hero of our story, the tiny flounder of the Caribbean Sea—showing along the way how many direful vicissitudes and escapes served to mold the unique character of our piscine friend.

A sketch of the life of Bill Newlin would offer an equally roundabout beginning, if this were a regular human-interest story spread thick with tropical atmosphere and smells, explaining how Bill had been the walking image of bad luck for five years among the islands; how he had gambled one sizable grubstake and half a dozen shoe strings in the Caribbean pearl trade to no account, and so acquired his name of Unlucky Newlin; finally arriving at the day of his encounter with the deep-sea flounder which, as it did with the man in the fairy tale, marked the beginning of his change of luck. But all this would occupy so much time and paper there'd be little or no room left to spin the skein proper.

Instead, let us talk at once about gold, the center of almost everyone's interest. There were a score or more barrels of it closely packed, and, for a dash of glamorous seasoning, it was Spanish gold—raw Peruvian ingots and gold doubloons.

It was the octopus who owned it, though the sawfish found it and the flounder loved it. How many years it had lain there cannot be said, but it must have been over 300. The octopus considered it his, no doubt, for he had lived by the rotting hull of the sunken galleon in which it lay for more years than any of the weird dwellers of the deep sea bottom could recall. He wasn't a real octopus, but a ten-armed decapod, or "Kraken," among the most awesome creatures left living on this earth.

THE ship was one of the ancient treasure galleons of Spain. She had been wrecked far back in the days of the Conquistadores, when homeward-bound among the Carib Islands. A spine of treacherous coral had slit her bottom open and she had sunk with all on board. For many years thereafter she had sailed the middle depths of the ocean, up and down the Gulf Stream, at that mysterious three-quarter-mile level at which wooden derelicts float until the queer petrifaction of the deep changes their water-soaked timbers to the consistency and weight of stone. Then she had slowly dropped until she found a final resting place on the broad ledge of an undersea volcano which towered up from the ocean floor. Here she had lodged amid the gray slime and rocks.

Along the cliffs and terraces of the undersea mountain, a wondrous pageant of submarine life flowed and darted, drifted and came to rest. The upflung rampart of the mountain marked one wall of that mighty chasm through which the broad Gulf Stream is swung eastward from the Caribbean toward Florida; and up and down this warm, teeming current the mightiest and swiftest killers of the sea hunted singly and in packs, seeking what they could devour.

To devour—that was the primal urge of these shadow-haunted creatures. To devour, to breed, to escape their natural enemies; but first and last to devour—for all the salt-sea dwellers are driven by a voracity which no earthborn animal can know or compass. Many of the weird denizens were therefore equipped with such a huge mouth that they were scarcely more than living funnels, constantly gaping at the large end; others had great membranous stomachs, flexible as rubber, and were capable of engulfing other fishes even larger than themselves.

As time went on the sunken wreck on the ledge sank lower into the mud and became by degrees a part of the color and contour of the mountain side. Her planks became furred with a coating of gray-green slime, the primal ooze from which all life sprang and to which all life finally returns.

Strange barnacle-like creatures attached themselves to her timbers; seaweed and waving turtle grass and clumps of purple and yellow sea cucumbers grew up around her and over her rotting decks, and long tangles of submarine grasses hung pendant from her dangling spars and broken masts. Some of them were like broad ribbons, and waved in the current above her deck like green pennants; others were like clusters of ticker-tape flung over her decks and rails in some mute but gala celebration of a Broadway canyon type; still others were like long, gray, matted beards.

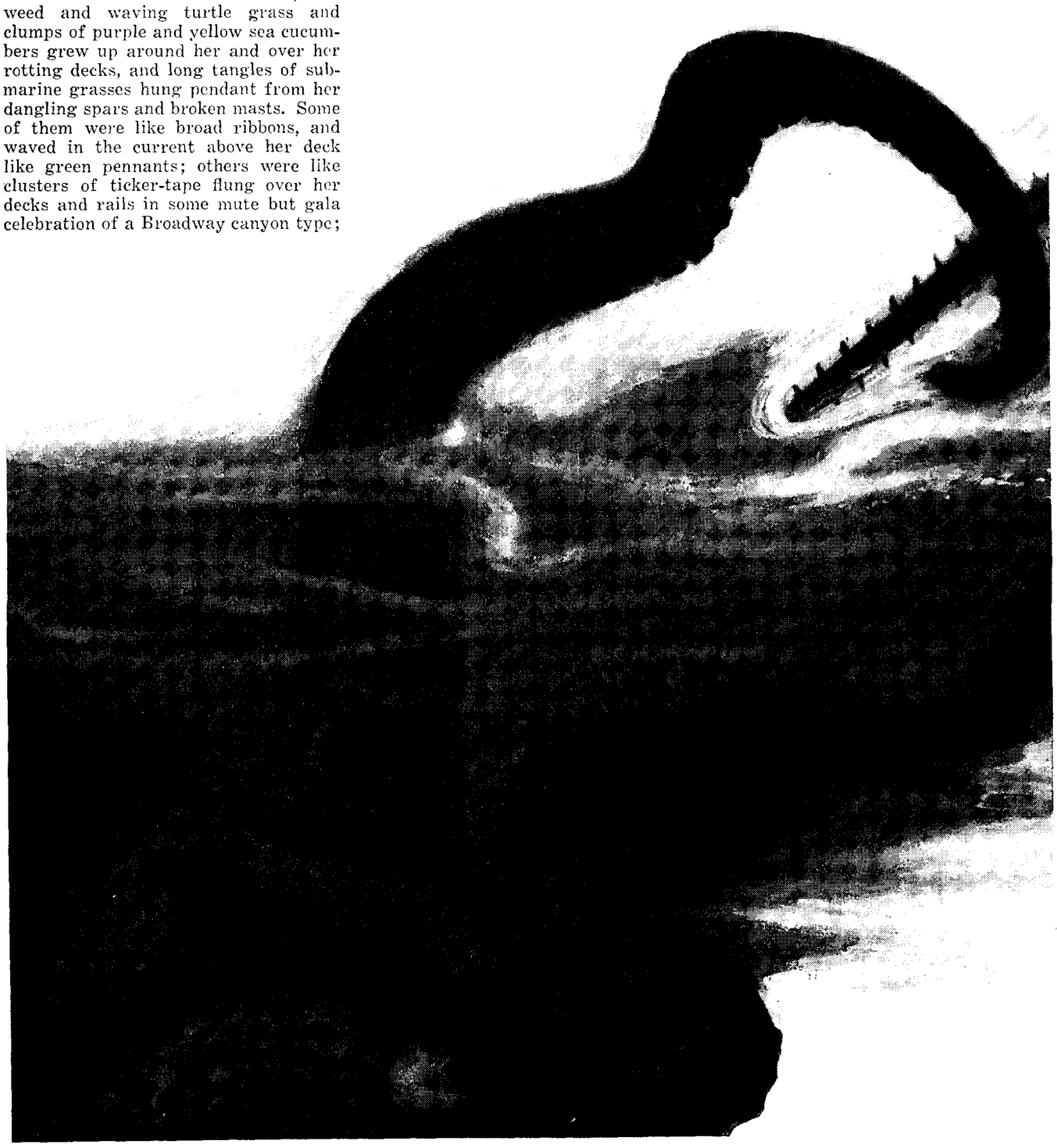
In time her devastation was covered over by the clinging growths, and the ancient hull took on the appearance of a ship in full sail, slightly listing, as under the weight of canvas.

TO THE deep-sea dwellers who frequented those depths it was a fascinating and never-ending attraction. Through the gaping breaks in the shattered hull, when daytime changed the Stygian blackness of the depths to dull gray, a faint, warm luster would show—the soft gleam of the raw, unminted gold that still lay as jumbled piles within the galleon's hold. Some of it had tumbled out upon the ledge through the broken ribs and seams.

During all the unnumbered years since the gold had been stolen from the lordly Incas and the galleon had met her doom that treasure was the one thing that had not changed—for gold, like love, is inviolable and not to be corrupted. Not the slightest tarnish dulled the virgin metal, and, strangely, the corroding moss and slime of the depths found no purchase on its smooth surface. Like all pure, rare things, the gold absorbed light; and year after year it continued to shed a faint glow-worm luster of its own into those fear-haunted depths.

This glow, similar to the luminosity of many strange fishes of the sea-bottom, was a ceaseless lure to all the dwellers roundabout. No fish swam by the ancient hull without pausing to gaze within at the magic gleam, and wonder; even passing sharks and the rorqual whale, one of the mightiest of living things, had paused and gazed and wondered at the unaccountable gleam that surrounded the sunken treasure. Eyes cold, flat and cruel like deadly pale gems, eyes of awful and appalling blackness set in heads of horror, and eyes set on long waving stalks, all were drawn to the yawning gaps in the ship's hull to peer within at the filmy light.

Then certain swift assassins learned



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The sawfish flashed at the living horror, but, quick as he was, the sentient arms of the leviathan Kraken were quicker

Illustrated by Joseph Farrelly

to utilize the fatal lure and took to lying in wait in the vicinity of the derelict to prey upon the curious. Chief among these was a huge sawfish with a fifteen-foot body of leaden gray, tipped with a shaftlike snout over four feet long, flat and tough as old ivory and studded above and below with keen, sawlike teeth.

For a year or more the sawfish haunted the wreck and waxed heavy and lazy on the easy killing among the credulous and curious, and came to look upon himself as the king of that particular neck of the sea. Only a few crabs were allowed to share the pirate's hunting ground—huge, hard-shelled, blood-red monsters, of a size never seen in the upper waters.

BUT the reign of the sawfish was cut suddenly short. One day, as he lay in ambush, his cold, implacable eyes saw a terrible sight. Up along the slippery surface of the ledge, from the lightless depths below, a dead-white tapering tentacle protruded without warning. Yard after yard of it crept stealthily over the lip of the ledge like some great python, big around as a flagpole; and as if endowed with a brain and sentiency of its own, it investigated the wreck, feeling into all the holes and crannies.

An instant later a second tentacle followed it, and within a minute a mighty form of flabby flesh could be seen rising slowly from the depths. It was the Kraken, the gigantic decapod which came from the uttermost depths at the ocean floor. The Kraken, whose body alone was larger than the largest fish, whose tentacles, radiating outward like the spokes of a wheel, were each nearly forty feet long, and covered with rows of round sucking disks, studded with fierce, curved claws of black horn.

Intrigued by the feel of the derelict the monster rose to investigate. Like some gigantic bleached spider out of the realm of nightmare, he came climbing up the rocky slope. On the lip of the ledge he poised for a space, staring with two great lidless eyes, set like pools of ink in the middle of his bulbous body. Long and long he stared, investigating every cranny of the sunken ship. Perhaps it was the gleam that drew him; at any rate, he stared and stared in strange fascination.

Then the sawfish performed an act of grim courage which must have gone far in balancing his long trail of crimes. His gray snout protruded stealthily from his ambush, took careful aim, then with a writhing flick of his steel-hard body he launched himself straight at the livid horror.

Swift as he was, the sentient arms of the bleached leviathan were swifter. Quick as the crack of a whip two unoccupied tentacles shot out and wrapped like living riatas of white gristle about the slate-gray body of the attacker.

It was a strange and fearful battle. Each of the contestants was the most awkward proposition the other had ever run into. Huge as the Kraken was, and possessed of a stomach that was nothing more than a caldron of seething digestive juices, he was no sword swallower, and the sawfish, with his lean body composed of bone and leather, was little more than a nineteen-foot lance. Unable to engulf him, the decapod could but hold off and batter him against the rocks. But each time he was released the great shark came hurtling in again like a projectile. Once the Kraken made the mistake of seizing the fish around his snout and had a tentacle lopped off. The decapod's ensuing rage was such that he flung his whole bulk upon the attacker and crushed him into the ooze. That time the shark's pig eyes were either blinded by the silt, or he had decided that discretion was the better part of valor; at any rate, he rushed out into the sea and never returned again.

THEREAFTER the Kraken haunted the vicinity of the derelict and took up the sawfish's splendid system where the latter had left off. Even the colony of blood-red crabs soon disappeared down the new king's gullet. Only the voracious scavenger fish of the upper waters, which fed on floating fragments of battle that rose to the surface, could have begun to tell you the number and size of the slain ones who went to sate the unfillable maw of the monster during the many years that followed.

Naturally a dweller in the motionless cold and darkness of the sea bottom, the Kraken in time wholly deserted his native haunts, to linger in the vicinity of the derelict, which exerted an irresistible influence over him. Possibly it was merely the realization of easy hunting that kept him there, but I am inclined to think it had something to do with the magic influence of the gold itself. Some wise man once wrote that of all living forms the octopus, with his clutching, indrawing arms, is the symbol of greed on this earth, and where there is gold treasure there greed abides.

There came at last a day of great change in the underwater world. A vast cataclysm in an adjacent part of the ocean bed had shouldered up a new range of submarine mountains and sunk another one; changing the currents as well as the temperature of the great ocean streams, filling the waters for miles around with a white calcareous ooze. Such a disturbance undersea is more drastic than the severest change of climate in the world above. This one was followed by a deathlike calm that pervaded even the upper reaches of the sea.

Up on the surface the water was as smooth as if it had been ironed out—and that brings us back to Bill Newlin, who lay becalmed off Cat Island in his small pearling lugger. As there was not even a catspaw of breeze to stir a sail, Newlin and his single diver, a Trinidad mulatto, sat fishing off the stern.

IT WAS about mid-afternoon when Newlin began to notice numbers of dead fish floating up to the surface—fish of weird and variegated forms such as were never seen in the upper ocean. For a space the two men sat in silence, considering the phenomenon while they smoked and watched their lines. Presently the Negro pointed a few yards to port.

"Look yonder, Cap'n," he said. "Dat a mighty big an' cur'ous kind of fish; queerest I ever see in dese waters. Sumpin' mighty funny must of happen' down below, sah."

The floating mass at which he pointed was the mutilated remains of a ribbon fish of some ten feet in length, one of the strangest of the many weird dwellers of the great depths, which flows through the water with a boneless oscillation like a long pennant waving in a breeze. Newlin brought the lugger closer and studied the body a minute in silence.

"You're right, Dirk," he answered. "There's been doin's down below, and no mistake. A couple of mountains must have rose up and clapped together, or something. Here's hoping the reefs have juggled us a new deal. It's the only way we'd ever get a run of luck, I guess."

Dirk Henry, who had played a losing game with Newlin for three years, grinned knowingly. "Dat bad luck can't hang on much longer, Cap'n, an' when she breaks she goin' break clean through. Dat the way it goin' be with us—she either all is or she all ain't."

A few minutes later the men hauled in their gill net and dumped its contents on the deck—three marble-green mackerel and another queer-looking gray-brown fish, round as a dollar, with a circular fin like a ruffle running round his flat body and two goggling, mild, inquisitive eyes. While the mackerel flapped and snapped with vicious force, the fourth fish lay still and seemed to gaze with mild reproach at the two men. The Negro sprang in and dispatched the mackerel with a club; then Newlin's voice stopped him short when his boot heel was raised above the fish of the round, goggling eyes.

"Hold on, Dirk! That fellow's no halibut, but a deep-sea flounder. They're pretty hard eating, so there's no use killing him." He stooped over the queer round fish, which seemed to return his gaze inquiringly. "If I knew of a scientist hereabouts, he'd pay me a good price for this fellow as a specimen that's mighty hard to catch, but I don't, so we may as well chuck him back."

He picked the flounder up by its abbreviated tail and walked to the rail, when an idea struck him.

"Gee," he grinned at Dirk, "this here's the same kind of flounder those old boys 'way back in the fairy tales wrote about. (*Continued on page 44*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It isn't Cricket

When Hennessy from Indiana appeared at Wimbledon in a pair of striped flannel trousers, the papers got out extras on the Latest American Outrage

Uncle Henry

England is so wet that people have to go to work in motor boats, canoes an' rafts

"TELL me some more about your European trip," urged Mr. Stubbs, an insatiable traveler by proxy. "I hear England's about the wettest country in the world."

"You've certainly heard the truth," said Uncle Henry. "England is so wet that our British cousins are developin' web feet an' scissor bills. Instead of traffic cops, they've got life guards at every corner, an' people have to go to work in motor boats, canoes an' home-made rafts. No child is allowed to leave the house without a pair of water wings, an' even chimney cleaners are forced to wear divin' suits.

"Every public house has a long line in front of it, each man eagerly waitin' for his turn, an' sometimes as much as a hundred pounds is offered for a place at the bar. The thirst is so great, as a matter of fact, that many enterprisin' communities are fillin' the horse troughs with gin, servin' beer an' light wines from the fire plugs, an' mixin' cocktails in the municipal reservoir.

"But it's Americans who are entirely responsible, my dear 'Lonzo. From the great dry spaces of the United States thousands upon thousands are descendin' upon Europe with outstretched tongues an' palpitatin' gullets. Lots of 'em don't even wait for the ship to dock, but jump overboard an' swim for it.

"Yessir, it's Americans who've made England so wet, for the average Briton, left to himself, isn't what you might call a fearless drinker. Far from it. Scientists, for instance, have computed that the life of a glass of beer in the United Kingdom runs all the way from four to six hours. Y'see, every true Englishman invariably waits for somebody else to buy, an' sometimes whole weeks pass without any drinkin' done.

"The Eighteenth Amendment has certainly worked a lot of changes in the European tourist trade. I can remember when the march of Americans from cathedral to cathedral was like the tramp of a chain gang, an' there were hundreds of cases of painter's colic from long confinement in art galleries. The congestion on the road between Stoke Poges an' Stratford-on-Avon was so great that sometimes legs an' arms were torn off in the jam.

"Nowadays, however, the dust is thick on museum steps an' Old Masters get about as much consideration as a Republican vote in Alabama. There's no chance for a place that hasn't got a bar, an' jes' before I left London, Westminster Abbey was thinkin' seriously of takin' out some of the tombs, an'

A butler's baby comes into the world with dewlaps an' fallen arches, ready to follow in his father's footsteps

puttin' in a buffet an' a mile or so of brass railin' as the one chance for tourist business.

"You never saw anything like it in all your life, 'Lonzo. I met one American who carried a doctor with him, so that when he couldn't drink any more himself, the medical gent could inject it. Down in Canterbury I saw a man who looked like a Missourian, although it might have been the case that he was jes' gettin' over typhoid fever. He was down on his knees in the street, prayin' hard, an' I made bold to remark that Old England certainly did appeal to the religious instinct.

Where Religion Begins

"'You're right,' he sobbed. 'Absolutely right. How *can* a man be an atheist in a country like this? Why, you can get it *anywhere*, whether they know you or not.'"

"How do the English feel about us?" Mr. Stubbs inquired anxiously. "They don't like us any too well, do they?"

"How can they?" answered Uncle Henry. "They owe us money, don't they, an' when did a debtor ever feel like kissin' a creditor? Doubtless you have the idea, 'Lonzo, like so many others, that only Americans are vulgar an' material enough to care about money, an' that Europeans, particularly the British, have souls far above sordid considerations. That's a great mistake. An Englishman, to be sure, doesn't talk about money, but it's only because his feelin' for it is too deep an' too sacred to put into words.

"Americans, as a matter of fact, have no great love for money, for no sooner is our passionate pursuit of the dollar rewarded by success than we throw it away. An Englishman is guilty of no such fickleness. They may not be dollar chasers over there, but in any part of England at any hour of the day or night, you can hear the scream of shillin's that have been captured an' are bein' dragged off to lifelong confinement.

"Another thing that gets us disliked is our lack of respect for those great traditions that have made the empire what it is. Durin' the recent tennis tournament at Wimbledon, for instance, a bird named Hennessy appeared on the court in a pair of striped flannel trousers. *Striped!* Doubtless Hennessy meant nothin' by it, for out in Indiana, where he comes from, they're glad to get trousers of any kind, but all the papers got out extras on the Latest American Outrage.

The Mystery Explained

"The country was shaken as nothin' has shook it since the landin' of William the Conqueror or that time when a milliner tried to sell Queen Mary a becomin' hat. The king dropped a cornerstone, an' the Prince of Wales was so stunned that he forgot to fall off his horse. Mobs formed, an' heaven only knows what would have happened if Hennessy hadn't changed."

"The trouble with the English," muttered Mr. Stubbs, "is that they've got no sense of humor."

"An' is that strange?" retorted Uncle Henry. "What if you had to go through life in clothes that make no pretense of fittin'? What chance has a race got to develop a sense of humor when its pants reach clear up to the shoulder blades behind, an' then stop short at a point jes' south of the knee cap? Or with a coat collar that rubs the skin off the ear lobes, an' sleeves so abbreviated that they expose the elbow joints to every bitter wind that blows?

"An' then there's the silk hat, 'Lonzo. In Merrie Olde England toppers are family heirlooms, thus carryin' out the Biblical prophecy that the sins of the father shall be visited upon the children even unto the third an' fourth generation.

"Every English boy, on comin' to man's estate, is taken down to the blacksmith shop, an' has a topper welded to his head, an' there it stays until the undertaker chisels it off.

"An' how much humor do you think you'd have if you lived in a house where plumbin' had never even been suspected, much less exposed? Or if you had to take a week off out of every month to play a game of cricket? Or if you lived in a country where you can't even turn your back between June an' September for fear of missin' the summer?

The Trouble with Americans

"At that, 'Lonzo, the English are a mighty fine people after you come to know 'em, an' that isn't as difficult as you may think. It's hard to get close to an American, for he talks so much that he seldom has anything to say. On the other hand, an Englishman lets his conversation dam up inside him, so that when he does let loose, it's like the breakin' of an ice gorge.

"Another nice thing about England is the help. An English servant, 'Lonzo, is born, not made. A butler's baby comes into the world with dewlaps an' fallen arches, ready to follow in his father's footsteps, an' when a cook brings forth a girl child, there's no worry about her future, for she'll take up where her mother leaves off. Any servant that has been with a family for less than sixty-four years is looked upon as an experiment.

"A Briton stays *put*. I reckon it's because they know that none of 'em can ever be elected king, an' with that worry off their minds they're able to settle down an' give some thought to their jobs. Here in the United States, however, where the Presidency is within the reach of all, what chance is there for honest service? Everybody does the job badly in order to prove that they're too good for it."

"The trouble with Americans," grumbled Mr. Stubbs, always a staunch conservative, "is that nobody knows their place."

"You're wrong there, 'Lonzo," corrected Uncle Henry. "All of us know our place, but none of us *like* it."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"An invaluable aid to straight business thinking"

WALTER P. CHRYSLER
Chairman of the Board, Chrysler Corporation

"I read NATION'S BUSINESS because I consider it an invaluable aid to straight business thinking.

"Acting in its official capacity as the mouthpiece of America's great business organization, the United States Chamber of Commerce, I consider it an invaluable forum in which to exchange ideas.

"The prominence and stability of the contributors, plus its tremendous cooperative resources for securing information and facts, puts NATION'S BUSINESS in the foremost ranks of authoritative business papers."

What would you think of an editor who never looked at any newspaper except his own? . . . Yet you may be ignoring developments in other fields that are certain to affect your own affairs. You don't need to travel. Or seek personal interviews. Or make tours of inspection.

You can read NATION'S BUSINESS and get an airplane view of an industry in an hour. Try it.
More than 30 articles, reviews, editorials, cartoons and other features will entertain . . . instruct . . . inform . . . and keep you in touch with business.

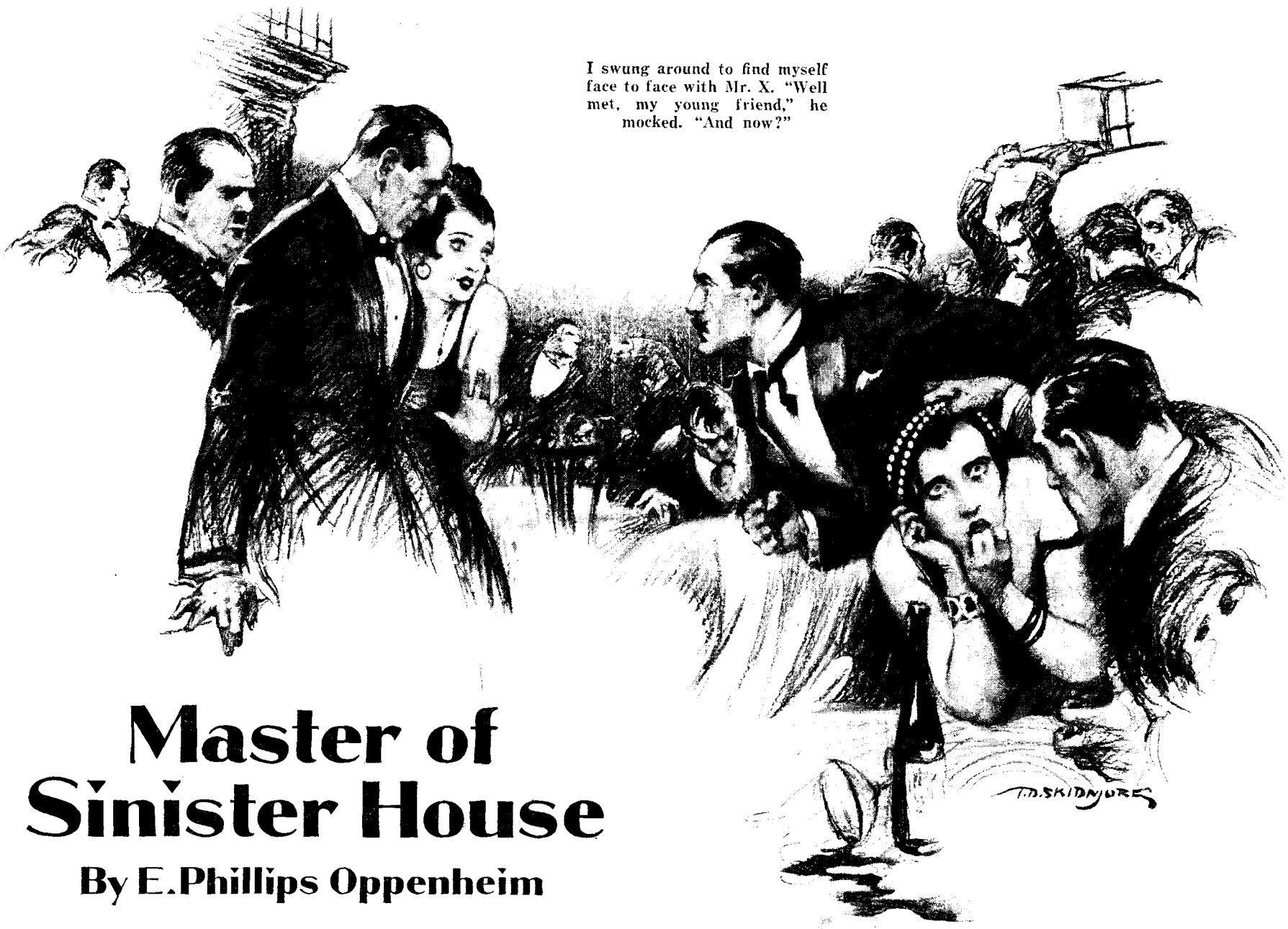
NATION'S BUSINESS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT WASHINGTON BY THE UNITED STATES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

More than 280,000 circulation

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ MERLE THORPE, *Editor* ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



I swung around to find myself face to face with Mr. X. "Well met, my young friend," he mocked. "And now?"

Master of Sinister House

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

The Story Thus Far:

JOSEPH, a mysterious criminal and disguise genius, carries on enormous operations in London.

He is the greatest enemy of Martin Hews, an avid though not overscrupulous collector of art treasures, who lives in a huge mansion on the Breezeley marshes with his beautiful niece, Beatrice Essiter.

To fight Joseph, Hews has many aides, one of whom is a gang leader, Jim Donkin, who steals Joseph's girl, Rachel, and leaves her at Breezeley. Major Owston is another aide, who is detailed to hunt Joseph in the West End.

He goes with Beatrice Essiter to Claridge's before Lady Bonofar's reception, and a Mr. X at another table stares at Beatrice unpleasantly. Both instinctively feel that this is Joseph.

After the reception they go to the Blue Skies night club in company with Lady Bonofar's brother, Mr. Leopold. Owston is drugged and spends the night in jail accused of intoxication. Beatrice is stolen and held by Joseph. Leopold, of course, is an accomplice of Joseph's, but Owston could not possibly prove it.

Joseph writes Owston a malicious note about the beauty of Beatrice, and Hews cunningly shows it to Rachel. She is furiously jealous and threatens to betray Joseph and his gang. But Joseph gets her first. Owston and Inspector Bloor of Scotland Yard find her in Owston's apartment with her hair shaved off and her legs mutilated.

Inspector Bloor plans to close in on the East End haunts of Joseph's gang.

On the same night that this is planned Owston goes to the Milan Hotel to buy a famous Buddha for Martin Hews, from a certain Tul-kak. He secures the Buddha but has a heated battle afterward with some of Joseph's men and barely escapes. Downstairs in the hotel he finds a terrific raid in progress. Depositing the treasure in a secret safe he joins the fight, and is amazed to see the mysterious Mr. X in the thick of it.

XII

I LOOKED again and saw that on the outskirts of the fighting, also presenting a bold front, was Mr. Leopold.

I watched them both closely for several moments; then suddenly a wave of inspiration flashed into my brain. I understood the whole business. Mr. X was going from table to table, wherever the women were wearing the most wonderful jewelry, missing out the little girls with their bead necklaces and cheap engagement rings, and followed always by a thin stream of marauders.

The plan was amazingly simple. He had looked through the list of tables. He knew exactly the character of the jewelry the women would be wearing, and his men followed his lead. When he used his gun, as often as not the man at whom he had fired went rolling to the ground, but in less than a minute he was up again. I watched Leopold. He was playing the same game—always seeming to be encouraging the defenders, always seeming to be facing witn a bold front the marauders.

STILL blood-stained, and apparently limping badly, Mr. X stumbled to a table where a woman was struggling to conceal a diamond necklace. He was followed, as usual, by one or two threatening figures, from the foremost of whom he received a blow which wouldn't have hurt a fly, but which was sufficient to send him to the floor until the necklace was secured. It was the same performance all the time—sheer bluff, made possible by his bogus automatic and a featherweight blackjack.

Every now and then there was what appeared to be a real struggle, in which Mr. X was always the victor, but it never once resulted in the salvation of the jewelry. I began to move now slowly toward the portion of the room where he was engaged.

Then I braced myself for what seemed to me might be the adventure of the evening. I slipped fresh cartridges into my gun, and I crossed the floor until I faced Mr. X. He had grown more audacious, I think, in the darkened room, for half the lamps seemed to have been overturned and pandemonium reigned everywhere. I saw him point to a table where a woman and two elderly men were seated. I even heard him whisper in the ear of one of the raiders, who lurked around him:

"Down the front of her dress—glinters. Make sure of them."

Then, as usual, he flung himself into the fray with apparent fury. The woman, shrieking, fell back in her chair. The man who had attacked her—a long, lithe, young street Arab of scarcely nineteen or twenty—held her for a moment by the throat, while he ripped her dress down to her waist and drew out a handful of magnificent diamonds.

Mr. X plunged heroically in, but a push of the shoulder, which could scarcely have hurt a chicken, sent him staggering. He fired his gun at short range, and the man with the diamonds in his hand reeled over and lay for a moment quite still, while his companion snatched at the gems and darted off with them, the woman's shrieks ringing out almost to the ceiling.

I went up to the shot man and kicked him. He opened his eyes in surprise, and I swung around to find myself face to face with Mr. X.

"Well met, my young friend," he mocked. "And now?"

"And now this," I answered, and let fly for his face, only to find myself almost overbalanced as he slipped nimbly on one side with all the agility of a lightweight prize fighter.

He laughed derisively. "Clumsy as usual, my dear Major!" he exclaimed. "Why beat the air trying for me?"

I HAD recovered my balance without falling, and I kept my temper. We were facing the other way now, and I saw distinctly the man whom Mr. X had shot crawling blatantly away.

"You are doing marvelous work, aren't you, Joseph," I mocked him, "with your sham cartridges and your sham heroism?"

He was ever so slightly disturbed—the faintest of frowns only!

"A fool with one eye open!" he murmured. "And, talking about one eye, Major, what about the Buddha?"

"Safe," I told him. "Why didn't you come up to seize it? We might have settled this matter between us once and for all."

The thought of Rachel's pathetic face, of Beatrice still in his power, maddened me, and this time I made no mistake. I struck his wrist with the side of my hand such a blow that the gun he had been holding fell to the floor. I snatched it up, and, while he was hesitating, I slipped the cartridges into my pocket.

"We'll see tomorrow," I threatened, "what the hero of tonight was playing at. I have a gun too, Joseph, and my cartridges bite."

"And I have another," he countered, his hand going round to his back like lightning. "Shall we call it quits?"

He was panting a little now, his weapon half (*Continued on page 34*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Endowment Insurance? Good! I'm living now on mine"

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY of AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President* © HOME OFFICE, *Newark, N.J.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Little Lie or Two

A SHORT SHORT STORY

By Howard Vincent O'Brien

"Even if you do not come back to me, François, I shall not weep. One does not weep when one is proud"

Illustrated by Lowe Biedenmeister

MY FRIEND Pasdeloup of the Sureté looked regretfully at his empty glass. "If you unearthed a traitor—a spy . . . what would you do?"

"Jug him, I trust."

"No—any wielder of pistol and club can drag a man to jail. How much more delicate is the touch of a Pasdeloup! He does not suppress the spy—he uses him. Generous, he provides the information and facilitates its transmission. If, for example, the High Command means to base the army of Mangin on Soissons, the report goes to Berlin that Mangin is sailing for Saloniki."

"And then what?"

Pasdeloup sighed. "All things end—like this good wine. The spy's employers act on the news that Mangin is in Asia, and, pouf! Mangin attacks on the Marne. They lose faith in their spy. They cast him off. Then the great heart of Pasdeloup opens. He is given a home. Not such a home as small minds would think of—a trifle like a château on the Loire. No—an altogether *permanent* home!"

He rose from the table. "It is time for one of my workers to rest," he said softly. "Tonight Pasdeloup makes what you call—the pinch!"

As we made our way down the rue de la Vièrge, a narrow, odorous little street, Pasdeloup added fragmentary details about his "worker."

"A good lad, to start. Ambitious—and resentful when promotion did not come. Then a quarrel with an officer—punishment—and desertion. Such material is always useful—to the enemy."

We entered a dingy, smoke-filled café. At one of the tables a stout woman was filling the glass of a young man who sat alone, his chin on his hands. His close-set eyes were small and furtive, and his mouth was weak, with drooping corners. He looked up, frowning, when Pasdeloup stood beside him.

"So, Lampier," said my friend, "we meet at last."

"Who the devil are you?" demanded the young man, between hostility and alarm. "Why do you call me Lampier? My name is . . ."

Pasdeloup yawned elaborately. "I know—Pedro Gomez, born in Pampelune, and so forth. Curious that I should confuse you with one Gaston Lampier, late of the 187th Artillery, and very much sought after by a vindictive French Government."

"I am a Spanish citizen," said the youth stubbornly, though his lip quivered.

"Strange!" murmured Pasdeloup. "You resemble Lampier so much." With a feline gesture he ripped open the young man's shirt. "Stranger still that you should bear Lampier's scar. What a coincidence!"

THE young man, clutching at his breast, fell back, his face drained of color.

"It had to come, I suppose. Well—may I have another hour of liberty?"

"An hour? What for?"

"Listen. The train from Paris arrives at eleven. My mother comes on it. I was to meet her—go with her to Bordeaux, where my sister lives. She thinks I am on leave. She is old, m'sieu, feeble—and she is blind. I should like to meet her and bid her—adieu."

"Does your mother know your—present occupation?" asked Pasdeloup.

The young man hung his head, and a little sigh of anguish came from his dry lips. "She thinks I have done well in my regiment—that I am adjutant. She—she is proud of me, m'sieu."

"I do not like to change my plans," mused Pasdeloup, his slender finger-tips together. "And I do not like scenes."

"A little lie or two, m'sieu," pleaded the young man desperately. "It is for her sake. I ask nothing for myself. For the love you bear your own mother, m'sieu—grant me this."

Pasdeloup was silent, twirling the ends of his mustache. Then he nodded toward the door. "Let us go to the station."

Pasdeloup had given his instructions. "You will introduce me as your colonel. You have been promoted again. Well, why not? One lie's no worse than another. Beyond that, you will be respectfully silent. And if there is but the shadow of a trick. . . ."

It was after midnight when the train drew in to the dimly-lighted station. One of the carriage doors opened, and we saw a little old lady, dressed in stiff, shiny black, with a prim little black bonnet over her white hair, a shawl around her thin shoulders, a stick in her hand.

Lampier sprang forward. "Mother!" I heard him exclaim as he put his arms around the frail black figure: and at the response, in a thin, quavering little echo—"Ah, François, *mon petit*"—I had to turn my head away.

In a voice that shook a little with his effort to control it, I heard him say: "*Maman*, allow me to present my colonel."

Very gently, Pasdeloup took the old lady's hand. I could see the perspiration on his forehead. "I wish we might meet under pleasanter circumstances. But these are hard days. We must put everything to hazard—everything that is precious."

"My André sleeps in Picardy," said the old lady with quiet dignity.

I could see Pasdeloup swallow hard. "The mothers of France are her glory, madame. And you are honored in the service of your sons. See—put your fingers here." He laid the old trunk strap he had taken from the baggage truck across the young man's breast. "The badge of his promotion, madame. Salute your son, Lieutenant Lampier."

The seamed old face broke into a smile, and the frail white hands stroked the masquerading strap. "An officer, François? Oh, I am proud!"

Pasdeloup bit his lip. "Madame, I have something to say—"

"Have no fear, Monsieur le Colonel." The smile faded, and the old lips quivered. "Say what you must. A soldier's mother has courage."

PASDELOUP looked at me, and there was anguish in his eyes. "I had hoped, madame, that you might enjoy a longer visit with your son than now appears possible. He has served too well, and duty lives on service. She is an insatiable mistress. Those whom she has tried and tested, she would use again."

"Go on, monsieur," faltered the old lady. "He—he is ordered to the front?"

"More than that, madame. To the front—yes: but on a duty of special distinction, for which his general has called him."

"Immediately?" I shall never forget the desolation in that word.

"Alas, yes. The order was telegraphed. It is urgent. I am so sorry."

"It is an honor," breathed the old lady. "But ah, I know what these orders mean—and he is all I have left. Oh, François, where are you?" She put out her arms, and the white hands played gently over his hair. "God demands much of us these days," she whispered. "All that we have. And it is not easy to understand the meaning of it." She raised her sightless eyes. "But there must *be* a meaning, monsieur?"

"I am sure of it, madame. Courage is never wasted."

From her reticule, she took out a tiny handkerchief. "I shall not weep, monsieur. One weeps only for disgrace. If my sons were traitors to France, I should weep—most bitterly. But even if it be God's will that you do not come back to me, François, I shall not weep. One does not weep when one is proud."

Slowly, the train began to move. Pasdeloup watched it until its lights were mere spots of red. Then he turned to the young man, who had sunk on a bench, his head in his arms. "The play is done," he said harshly. "There remains but the epilogue."

"I thank you, m'sieu," muttered the young man without looking up. "You have been very kind."

"I have been a very great liar," said Pasdeloup softly. "And I am not done. Pasdeloup never does things by halves. In due course, a certain Pedro Gomez, a spy, must settle his account in accordance with the rules of war. I shall see to that—"

The young man shuddered.

"—and simultaneously your mother will be notified that her son, Lieutenant François Lampier, has fallen gloriously on the field of honor. I shall see to that, also."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Let it freeze!
Let it snow!
Let it storm!
Let it blow!

As long as winter lasts your car will be safe if it is protected with one supply of Eveready Prestone

GET one supply of Eveready Prestone and no matter what bitter weather winter brings, or how long it lasts, you won't have to worry about a frozen car.

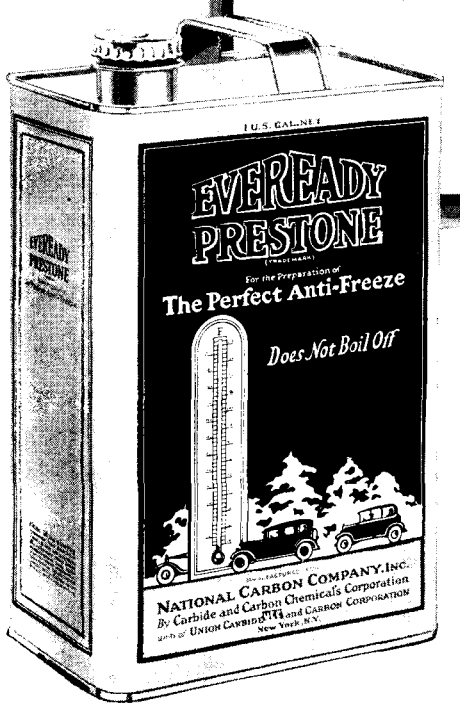
Eveready Prestone is an entirely new conception of winter motor-car protection. It is completely different . . . a decidedly better anti-freeze. It never evaporates or deteriorates in service and is never affected by extreme changes in temperature. It will not boil off. It never becomes viscous or leaves deposits in the circulating system. It is odorless, perfectly harmless and non-inflammable. It is what motorists have been wanting for years, to make winter driving as free from freezing worries as summer touring.

Eveready Prestone has been a tremendous success since its announcement last year. It has been used by thousands of motorists, by bus and truck fleet operators, automobile manufacturers and aviators, with complete satisfaction. No other anti-freeze has ever been so enthusiastically endorsed by users who demand the most certain, permanent, harmless protection against freezing temperatures.

Eveready Prestone is a *pure, undiluted product*—not a solution or a mixture. Although it costs more initially, it is a most economical investment because of its lasting qualities, and because one to two gallons

* * *

Each Eveready Prestone can is sealed with a special safety cap that protects the purchaser against the possibility of substitution or adulteration. Look for this cap.


1 U.S. GAL. NET
EVEREADY PRESTONE
For the Preparation of
The Perfect Anti-Freeze
Does Not Boil Off
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
By Carbide and Carbon Chemicals Corporation
Units of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation
New York, N.Y.

points of superiority

- Gives complete protection
- Does not boil away
- Positively will not damage cooling system
- Will not heat up a motor
- Will not affect paint or varnish
- Non-inflammable
- Odorless
- Does not become viscous at low temperatures; will not decompose at high temperatures
- Never deteriorates—economical to use

—depending upon your radiator capacity—is sufficient to protect your car all winter against any chance of a freeze-up.

Make your car safe today with this perfect anti-freeze. Get a supply of Eveready Prestone and you can completely forget about winter driving hazards.

Manufactured for

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York Chicago San Francisco
Atlanta Kansas City

By CARBIDE AND CARBON CHEMICALS CORPORATION
Units of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

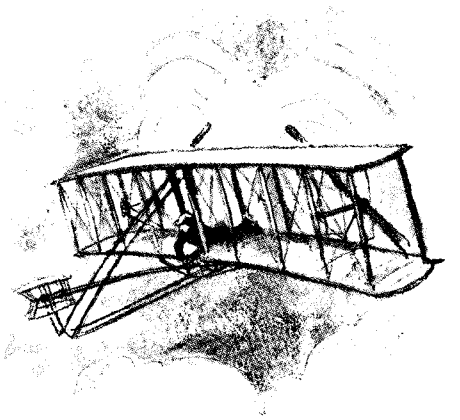
EVEREADY PRESTONE

The Perfect Anti-Freeze

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Road to Justice

By William G. Shepherd



There's more than mere sentiment in bringing the Wright plane back home

In a recent article Mr. Shepherd told why the Wright plane is in London and how it can—and will—be brought home. In this article he explains how the injustice done to the Wright brothers by the Smithsonian Institution can be righted and the untruths removed from the institution's records

THERE'S a London dock on the Thames River named after the present ruler of Great Britain. It is called the "King George the Fifth Dock."

There were strange doings at this dock last Washington's Birthday. The Minnewaska, a United States liner, discharged as part of her cargo the crated parts of an American airplane.

The next day a man arose on the floor of the British Parliament—he was Sir S. Hoare, Secretary for Air—and announced to Parliament and to the British people that this American airplane had arrived safely on British soil. Within a few days the crates had been opened, the airplane had been assembled, a dummy flyer had been placed in the position of a man lying face down on the airplane wing, and British crowds were gathering in wonder about the machine on the floor of the South Kensington Museum.

Why all this ado about an airplane? This plane flew on only one certain day. No fragile butterfly with its one day of life ever had a shorter flying career. In that day this plane made only four flights. The longest flight was less than one minute. Before that one-day flying career of this machine had come to an end a high wind came up off the Atlantic Ocean, swept over the sand dunes of Kittyhawk, N. C., where the plane was standing idle in the evening dusk, toppled it over, broke its wings, and stretched it on the sand like some grotesque, broken, giant kite. It was not to be needed again for a quarter of a century.

But it had done enough for one day. During six of the most amazing hours that the world has ever known it solved a problem as old as mankind: it made true the dream of human flight.

If you and I could see the first crude canoe dug by prehistoric man out of a log, father of our great liners of today; if we could see the first crude wheel hacked out of a tree, father of the speeding, air-tired vehicles of our times, we would be gazing at nothing more wonderful than this first machine to fly.

A Few Potent Words

The crowds read a long and carefully worded label affixed to this relic:

"The original Wright airplane, 1903, lent by Mr. Orville Wright. This was the first power-driven, man-carrying airplane to make a free controlled and sustained flight. It is the original airplane built by Wilbur and Orville Wright and flown by them . . . at Kittyhawk, North Carolina. . . . Four flights were made on the 17th December, 1903, in the presence of five witnesses. The first flight lasted 12 seconds, was made in a wind of about 22 miles an hour, the machine being piloted by Orville Wright. The last flight was one of 59 seconds when the distance covered was 852 feet. Since the first flights were made the airplane has been preserved in the Wright laboratory. Certain parts which were damaged have been replaced and the machine restored to its original condition."

The Truth

Where is there in or out of a museum a more honorable and awe-inspiring relic in all the world? Shall Americans ever see it? Shall their children ever see it? It would have been well enough that the peoples of other lands should see this relic in their turn, but why should they see it first?

The truth is that this Kittyhawk airplane has been crowded out of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington—the only place where, by right, it should rest—by another relic, as misleading and as downright counterfeit as any that grace the floor of cheap wonder-showing "dime museums." The place of the Kittyhawk plane is taken by a plane that *never* flew.

The Langley plane in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, with all the untrue legend, the propaganda and the distortion of fact which surround it and the name of Langley, stands in the way of the homecoming of this famous Wright Kittyhawk machine.

In England exists the oldest society interested in aviation, in all the world—the Royal Aëronautical Society. Members of this ancient society, who were instrumental, in part, in securing the Kittyhawk machine for the British Museum, have known for many years of the injustice that has been done to the Wright brothers.

Come back to the year 1916, in the middle of the war. The day is June 6th. England has plenty to worry about, with a German drive well under way at Soissons.

But the old Royal Aëronautic Society is still carrying on. It holds an annual meeting as usual.

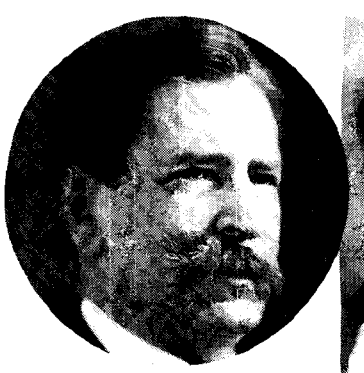
Lord Northcliffe, British publisher, is there. He knows the current story of aviation throughout the world, for he has had a part in it.

With the worries of the war upon him, as they were upon all other Englishmen on that day, Lord Northcliffe rose in this meeting of the Royal Aëronautical Society to speak. He had just listened to a Wilbur Wright memorial lecture by Griffith Brewer, famous expert in aviation.

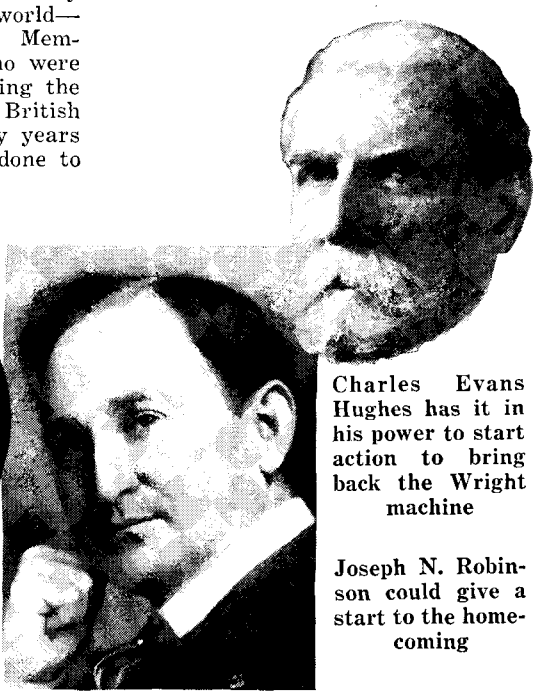
"Why," asked Lord Northcliffe, in effect, of the lecturer, "have you not, while you praised the name of Wright, told us of the plight of the Wright name in the United States?" And then, he used these exact words:

A Significant Speech

"'A prophet is not without honor save in his own country' and in the United States there have been long and persistent attempts to belittle the work of Wilbur and Orville Wright. I have closely read and followed the history of the hundred years of airplane experiments and I am convinced that the credit of the first flying machine is due to the Wright brothers, and, from the standpoint of practical flying, to nobody else. As an Englishman I am in an independent position and I know that these words of mine will go across the Atlantic and I believe they will assist in stopping the spread of the insidious suggestion that (*Continued on page 46*)



Sen. Claude A. Swanson could help bring home the Kittyhawk



Charles Evans Hughes has it in his power to start action to bring back the Wright machine

Joseph N. Robinson could give a start to the homecoming

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAKES GIVING A PLEASURE

TO KNOW you have chosen a gift that is appropriate, and one that will also bring a rounding measure of satisfaction to the recipient, is the one pleasure in Christmas shopping. You will find such gifts in the Carter line, in a price range to suit every occasion. A few numbers are illustrated, and described as follows:

No. 37—ONYX, 5½ in. x 10 in. $28.00

No. 93—METAL-VERDE, 3½ in. x 3½ in. 7.50

No. 71—CLEAR CRYSTAL PLATE GLASS 3½ in. x 6 in. 12.00

No. 34—ONYX, 4 in. x 6 in. 16.50

No. 99—PHEASANT DESK OUTFIT
Pen stand, letter knife and hand blotter, desk blotter, 13 in. x 20 in. Nuevo Bronze or choice of 3 other finishes, complete 35.00
With larger pen 40.00

No. 22—PORTORO MARBLE, 4 in. x 4½ in. $12.00

No. 32—ONYX, 3½ in. x 6 in. 12.00

No. 80—BLACK GLASS DESK STAND 2½ in. x 3⅛ in. 8.00

No. 95—OXIDIZED SILVER DESK STAND 4 in. x 4½ in. 6.50

No. 52334C—TRAVELLING CASE. Choice of colors of Pens and Pencils in cases of Maize, Blue and Green 8.00

No. 51354—GIFT SET 8.00
Other Gift Sets, in choice of colors, at $6.50, $7.00, $8.50, $10.50

PENS made in beautiful blue or green unbreakable Coralite. $7.00 and $5.00 pens are unconditionally guaranteed. Pencils to match Pens. If not carried by your dealer, please write us.

THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY

Boston New York Montreal Chicago

THE CARTER PEN

CARTER INX PRODUCTS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUSCH

EXTRA DRY

GINGER ALE

It's Different

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

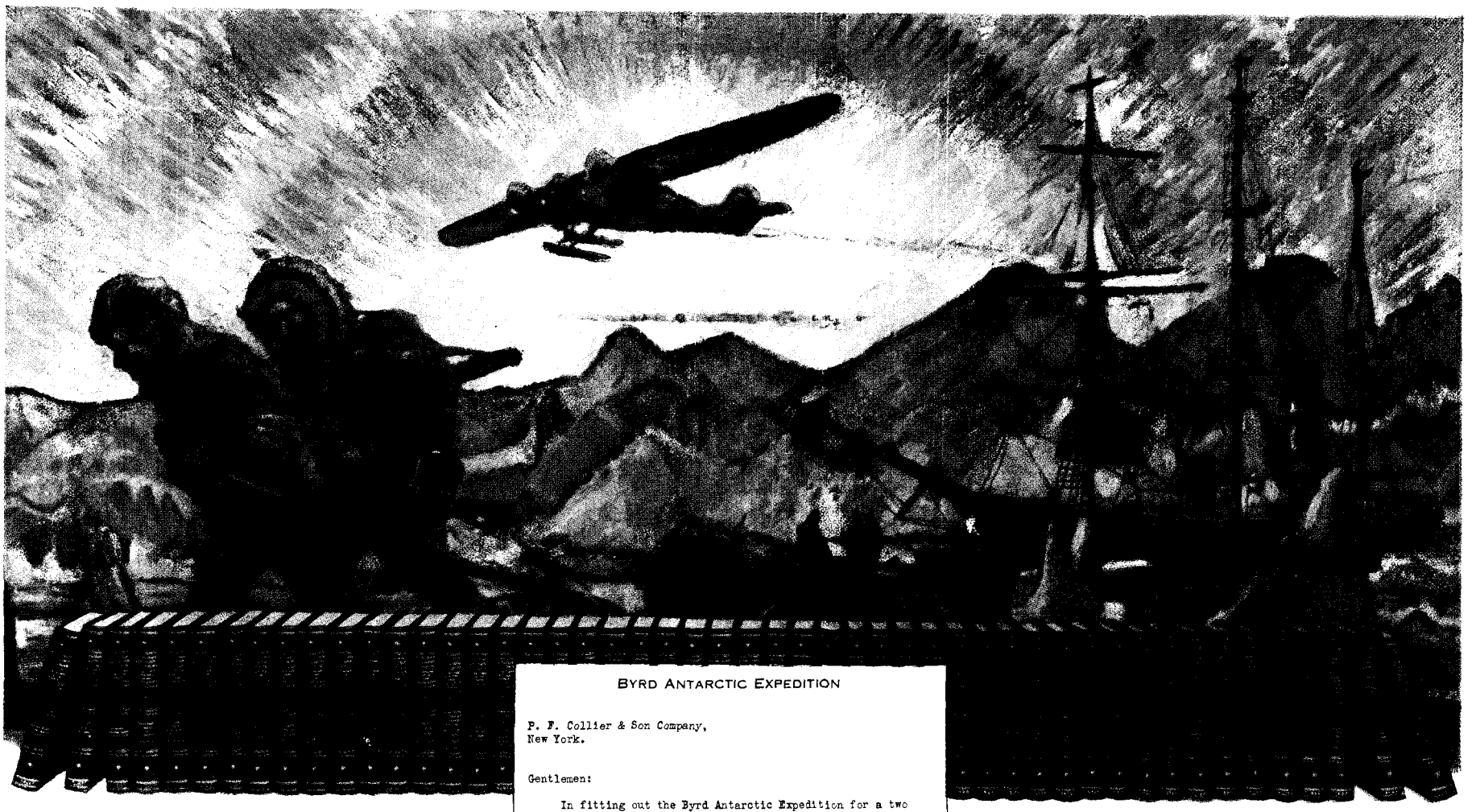
3 *full-size bottles for the price of* 2

IN THE NEW
ANHEUSER-BUSCH
GET-ACQUAINTED
PACKAGE

HERE is the newest way to buy ginger ale. Millions of people have changed over to Busch Extra Dry since we first announced it. And millions more will do so once they get acquainted with its subtle, satisfying flavor . . . its delightful bouquet, its rare friendliness for other drinks. You now can buy Busch Extra Dry in the easy-to-handle, easy-to-carry Get-Acquainted Package that you can tuck under your arm as conveniently as a box of candy. Which means no more fussing with wet bottles or bulky bundles . . . no more waiting while the clerk wraps up your purchase. Busch Extra Dry *is different.* It is not simply a recipe or formula, but the result of more than 70 years of completely satisfying the taste of the American people. It is thoroughly aged. When you take this Get-Acquainted Package of Busch Extra Dry into your home to try it, you will recognize it as America's finest ginger ale. Remember that it comes from the largest and finest beverage plant in the world. Busch Extra Dry is served at clubs, hotels, restaurants and cafes—and on dining cars and steamships. . . . Call for it by name.

PACKAGED GINGER ALE BY ANHEUSER-BUSCH, SAINT LOUIS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Byrd Expedition chooses these books

THIS letter was written to P. F. Collier and Son Company by the Manager of the Byrd Expedition, asking that the Harvard Classics be added to their very limited library. The Publishers were pleased to serve Commander Byrd and his men.

The selection of Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books is typical of the vision with which the whole voyage has been planned. Men of the highest type need the best possible reading recreation, and the Harvard Classics have brought inspiration and pleasure to thousands.

Men in the ice floes of the Antarctic need be no more remote than the people in our civilized urban world, so far as their reading is concerned. Although the explorer is limited to the few books he can take with him, we of the busy world may be so hopelessly lost in the millions of books that we miss the truly great ones.

BYRD ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

P. F. Collier & Son Company,
New York.

Gentlemen:

In fitting out the Byrd Antarctic Expedition for a two year scientific research of the Antarctic, members of the expedition have suggested that we include in our library Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

Books will play an important part in the contentment of the personnel, particularly when the expedition winters on the ice barrier through the six months of total darkness during the Antarctic Night.

We should like to carry into the Antarctic, along with your good wishes for the success of the expedition, a set of the Harvard Classics.

You can appreciate too, aside from the indorsement value of our including the Harvard Classics in a library necessarily restricted in size, that the sixty men who will accompany Commander Byrd on this expedition will while away many hours of enjoyment and profit immensely by the fund of information contained in your volumes.

Trusting that we may have your cooperation.

Yours very truly,

BYRD ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

Richard G. Brophy

Richard G. Brophy,
Business Manager

RGB-L/4

The explorer *must* choose. And the Byrd Expedition has chosen the Harvard Classics.

Because Dr. Eliot, forty years President of Harvard University, recognized the need for easy access to the best books, he assembled in one convenient set the works which have everlasting value, the books that stimulate, inspire, and advise. In these volumes are included the writings of 302 immortal authors. Through Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf people have found that the classics are not dull, but intensely stirring; not beautiful antiques, but lively, stimulating modern thought with vital application to everyday life.

P. F. Collier and Son Company has published good books since 1875. By the famous Collier plan, you can pay for these books while you read and enjoy them.

This Free Booklet

Before you spend another penny for books, get a copy of "Fifteen Minutes a Day"—the booklet that tells how to turn precious spare time into profitable entertainment, growth and increased power. It's ready and waiting for you. Sending for it does not obligate you in any way.

6285-HCM

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY, 250 Park Avenue, New York City

Since 1875 COLLIER Good Books

BY MAIL, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the most famous library in the world, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics), and contains Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading. Also, please advise how I may secure the books by small monthly payments. *The publishers cannot undertake to send the booklet free to children.*

NAME Mr. Mrs. Miss _____

ADDRESS _____

THIS IS YOUR CERTIFICATE FOR THE FREE BOOKLET

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

{The Harvard Classics}

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Barber Shop Blues

Continued from page 15

would," she said. "You're that kind. You'd never want anything much until you couldn't have it. And having anything, you'd never be happy unless you were torturing it to show your power. That wife of yours, she must have had a nice time, she must."

"Listen, Connie! She's no longer my wife. We're divorced. I can marry you now, Connie. I want to marry you now."

"You can't marry me now, Mike. Not me! I wouldn't marry you if you were Adam and I was Eve."

"Is that so! You haven't lost your gift of gab, have you, Connie? Well, you listen to me, Blue Eyes! You're going to marry me!"

"No, I'm not, Mike. Not me!"

"Once you said I was like a bulldog and that I never let go my grip. Do you remember that? Well, now that I've found you again, I'm not going to lose my grip on you. That's straight!"

FOR a moment, Connie dropped his hand and held out both her hands to him, palms up, pleadingly.

"Listen, Mike! Be fair to me! Be decent! I'll tell you something that's a secret around here. I'm married. I'm married to the whitest guy a girl ever had. Gee, when I think of him I could knock my head against that wall. I'd go through fire for him. I'd climb on my knees to heaven to ask a favor for that guy. So you leave me alone, Mike, will you? Be decent for once and fair for once."

Mike didn't speak for a long minute. But then the cold hunger that was in his eyes blazed hot and ravenous. "Well, I never thought of that," he said slowly, laboriously. "I've thought of you a lot, Connie. I've never stopped thinking of you. But somehow I never thought I'd find you married. But that's no reason why I can't see you occasionally; why, occasionally, we can't have lunch or dinner together or take in a show like we used to."

"Oh, yes, there is, Mike. Yes, there is! The less I see of you the sweeter it will be for me. And what would Jim say if he found out I was going out with another bozo and especially a bozo like you, Mike."

"He needn't know."

"Oh, that's the game, is it? I'm to lie to Jim. Fat chance! You listen to me, Mike! I wouldn't lie to Jim if my life depended on it. Not in that way. And I wouldn't go out to lunch or dinner with you, anyway, if we were going to eat off gold plates and drink from diamond glasses."

"What's your home address, Connie?"

"Try and get it. That's one thing you'll never get."

"Oh, I'll get it all right. But I won't use it, Blue Eyes. I won't use it if you're nice to me and take in dinner or a show with me sometimes. But if you don't I'd like to come up and see that wonderful husband of yours. I'd like to have a little talk with him."

"Yeh, what could you tell him, Mike?"

"I could tell him what good friends we were, you and me. I could tell him how we almost went to Asbury Park together."

Connie laughed. "Yeh, but it was only almost. Thank God, I found out about you in time."

"You'd have gone if you hadn't found out. Married to me or not, you'd have gone."

"Yeh, I guess I would," Connie admitted. "But the point is I didn't. That's the main point. That's all you've got on me. That I almost did. And, somehow, Mike, I shouldn't think you'd like to remember that. I was pretty young then. I was crazy about you, genuinely crazy, and you knew it. Somehow, I shouldn't think you'd like to remember what you were planning. It wasn't as if I was as hard-boiled then as I am now."

"So you're hard-boiled?" he asked scoffingly.

"Me! I'm a twenty-minute egg—except—where Jim's concerned."

Again his fingers closed over her hand, closed so tightly that, without meaning to do it, Connie screamed. Quickly, she knocked over the blue glass bowl to cover her scream and, although Chris and the barbers and the customers gazed at them, nothing was said.

"Give me that address!" Mike demanded.

Suddenly, Connie realized that all her fear for him was gone. "Why, you rat!" she said. "Do you think I'm afraid of you now? Not a chance! I've got to pinch myself to remember that I ever cared for you. What's the matter with me? Just young and foolish, I guess"—she tossed his hand back to him as if it were a piece of meat she was throwing away. "Here, I'm through with you! Get some other girl to finish this for you. And now get out of here!"

He looked at her steadily for a moment—and then he looked away. Connie knew she had conquered. Perhaps he knew it, too.

"Well, don't think I'm through yet," he said, getting to his feet. "Here's your tip, Blue Eyes."

She took the half-dollar he had given her and threw it after him. It skipped ringing over the marble floor.

Chris came over. "Hey, what's the idea of all this?" he demanded.

"The idea is that this man got fresh with me," said Connie. "If he ever comes in here again, Chris, I go out—and I don't mean perhaps."

CONNIE arrived home half an hour before Jim. This was fortunate. For she had time to bathe and change into a house dress of filmy material, over which she drew a smock as blue as her eyes.

"There's nothing as good as a smock for housework," she had once told Jim.

And, "There's nothing that looks as good on you as that blue smock," Jim had said. (What a swell guy he was!)

When Jim did get in they sat down, as usual, for a little chat before starting preparations for dinner.

"Did old Bannister say anything more about that upstate territory?" Connie asked.

"No, not today," said Jim. "But he will. I got a hunch. What was exciting with you, Connie?"

"Nothing, Jim! Nothing at all!"

"Still and all, I'm going to get you out of that place as soon as I can. I sort of hate to think of you holding those guys' hands, listening to their wisecracks, having to stand for anything and everything, Connie."

"Oh, Jim, I wish you wouldn't be so *sil*-lee," said Connie impatiently. "What's biting you anyway? I've told you time and again it's as refined as a church and as quiet as a graveyard."

"Yeh, but—"

Connie jumped blithely to her feet. "Listen, Jim, what do you want to eat? There's a lot of stew left over from yesterday, and stew's always better the second day. And then I stopped at Wright's and got a steak—"

"Let's have steak," said Jim.

Sculping Shadows

WITHIN the last week, seventeen nationally known business leaders announced their retirement in order that they might devote themselves exclusively to concocting Colliergraphs. And small wonder. The stock market is still quivering from the effect but nobody cares. Everyone's too engrossed in this new, fascinating pastime. There are detailed instructions below.

Drawn by W. V. Potts, Box 122, Baldwin, Kan.

"Louis Wolheim," by Miss Frances Irvine, 610 Roumain Bldg., Baton Rouge, La.

Drawn by Mrs. E. Gydesen, 833 Ottawa Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

Drawn by Mildred Beasley, No. 2 Manley Apt., Brattleboro, Vt.

Drawn by H. T. Akins, 2553 Bush St., San Francisco, Calif.

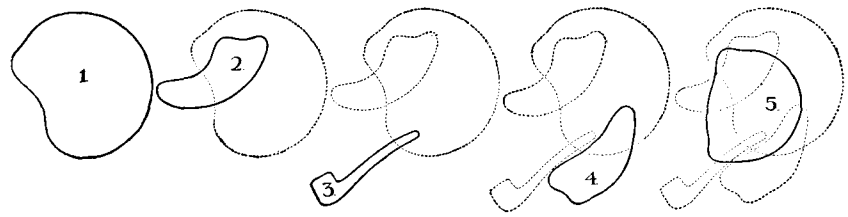
Drawn by Wm. Burns, Frances and Hess Ave., N., Woodbury, N. J.

"Santa Claus," drawn by Alice Schuessler, 4962 Quincy, St. Louis, Mo.

Drawn by Miss Pauline O. McCarty, 119 Morrison Ave., Hot Springs National Park, Ark.

Drawn by Lucille Darling, 211 Goodman St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

"John D." by Edo H. Anderson, 149 N. 9th St., Lincoln, Neb.

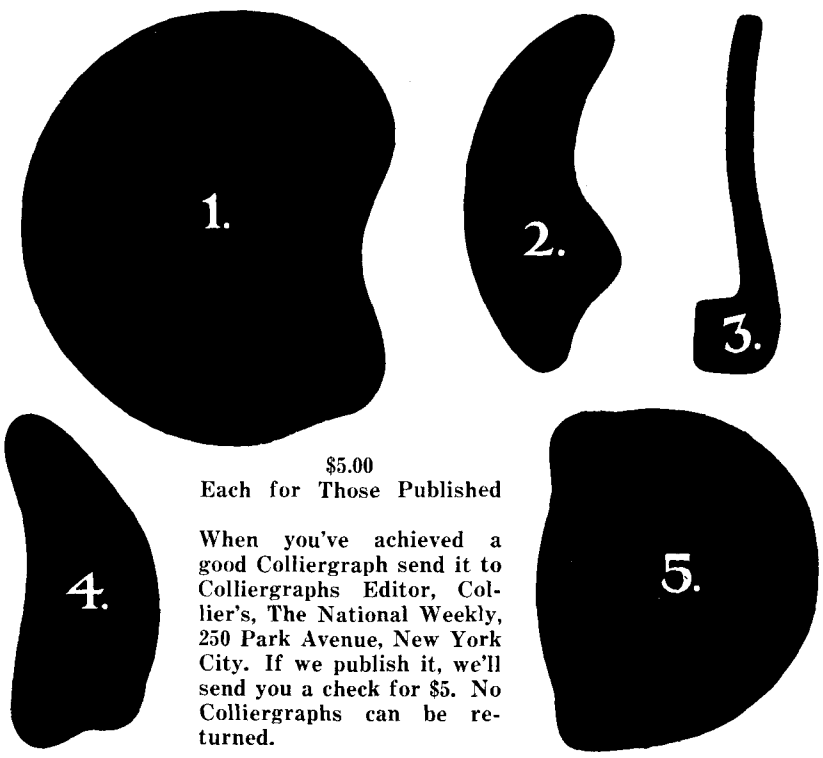


How to Do It

Cut out the five black figures below. You might mount them on cardboard, separately. When you've laid them on top of one another,

shift them about until you have a portrait. Hold them down and with a pencil trace the outline. Remove the pieces and fill in the silhouette.

Here are the pieces—cut them out



$5.00
Each for Those Published

When you've achieved a good Colliergraph send it to Colliergraphs Editor, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. If we publish it, we'll send you a check for $5. No Colliergraphs can be returned.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The flapper who holds the mirror up to nature is temporarily out of paint.

If you give a girl an inch nowadays she will make a dress of it. That's the ell of it.

Nobody objects seriously to the fancy flights of our most notorious literary stylists, but we do wish they would show us more tale-spins.

If you want to get something done go to the man who works the hardest; you will find him on the golf links.

It's about time to decide about getting up nerve enough to ask your wife what you are going to give her for Christmas.

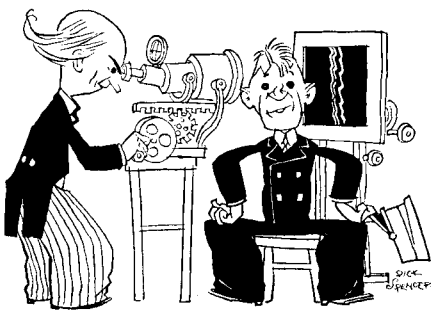
A recent critic complains that we know so little about Russia. Give us time. We'll soon have to get something in place of the cross-word puzzles.

It's about time for the motion picture experts to build a feature around McNary-Haugen.

Revised to read: "I love thy rocks and stills."

Alimony: the annual subscription for a back number.

The next step forward will be to inspect the car drivers, to see if their mental brakes work.



Master of Sinister House

Continued from page 24

drawn, barely a foot or two between us. All around the screaming of women, the smashing of glass, the whole ugly work of the marauders still continued. It seemed to me to matter nothing that I looked into the dark muzzle of Joseph's gun. I had him covered, and my finger itching for its work.

"Tell me where Beatrice Essiter is," I demanded, "or I'll blow the brains out of your head even if I have to go to hell with you."

HE MADE no reply, but there crept into his face that hideous, damnable smile. Then the passion of my life swept me into insanity. I threw my own gun to the ground, and sprang at him, an action so unexpected that it succeeded. He fired a harmless shot. I snatched his automatic away, and sent it clattering across the floor, and it seemed to me that the joy of my life was at hand. I had my fingers on his throat.

Then, in that breathless moment, I heard another sound—the sound for which I had been listening eagerly a few minutes before, but which now infuriated me. There was commotion in the Embankment room, a dark figure came dashing into the restaurant. He swayed upon his feet even as he stood there, his hand to his mouth.

"Cops! Ten vans full of them," he shouted—and over he went, shot by a pursuer.

I looked up for a moment, and I paid. I felt a hot breath upon my neck, half turned around, and Leopold hit me with the butt of his revolver, missing my head but descending heavily upon my shoulder. Joseph had his chance then. He staggered to his feet, a ghastly sight, his collar ripped to pieces, the marks of my fingers upon his throat, a queer dark shadow under his eyes. He snatched up his gun. With my left hand I sent Leopold head over heels, stooped for a moment, and once more faced Joseph. Again it was a life for a life between us two, but again I was denied. We were surrounded by plain-clothes police streaming into the place, and Bloor, pale with fury, sprinting across the dancing floor for the offices.

Above the tumult we could hear the sharp detonation of bombs, and little puffs of green smoke came floating down, hugging the ceiling above our heads. Then my enemy, always unexpected, always with the opportunist's sense of drama, amazed me once more. He flung himself into a chair with a great sense of relief. From somewhere or other he produced a handkerchief and began to mop his face.

"The police at last!" he cried. "It's all right, Leopold, all right, Major. These rascals won't have a dog's chance now."

The fellow's wits were too quick for mine. I stared at him, taken aback. The room was almost empty of the marauders now, except for those who were being handcuffed and led away. The main body of the police had rushed to the entrance hall. Two or three hospital nurses had arrived, followed by men carrying stretchers, and a great many guests who were more frightened than hurt were sitting up once more at their tables, and more still were trooping from the place. Mr. X, with a word of apology, poured himself out a glass of wine from the bottle upon the table by his side.

"I hope you have lost nothing, Lady Robinson?" he inquired.

"My necklace," she sobbed. "They have my necklace. I thought you had shot the man. He went over when you fired, but he got up again. You hit him, I am sure, because he was limping and calling out with pain, but he took the necklace."

"I am sorry," Mr. X regretted. "These fellows take an awful lot of killing. Major," he added, "won't you have a glass of wine? . . ."

I took no wine, but I moved a little closer to Mr. X. He edged away at once from my scrutiny, but he was too late. One side of his face, at any rate, was most amazingly made up, but there was the slightest of cracks in the wax. It might almost have been a human wrinkle, but, slight though it was, I could see the change in the contour of his face. My hand rested as though by accident upon his arm.

"Couldn't we finish our little dispute out on the terrace?" I suggested. "Man to man, and no weapons. What about that?"

My enemy hesitated, and Leopold whispered in his ear. I think they were cursing themselves for having waited so long. In the distance the tumult was dying away.

"Wouldn't explanations of that sort be rather an anticlimax?" Mr. X asked sweetly. "The end between us is not tonight."

"Why not?" I demanded. "I am going to hand you over to Inspector Bloor."

He laughed as though genuinely amused.

"You poor fool," he scoffed. "Who'll believe you? There are fifty people in the place who would bear witness to my feats of heroism. Besides which I am well established here, well known—not a penniless adventurer who was in the police court yesterday morning. To every charge you could bring against me I have a perfect alibi. Come, be reasonable. What is it you want of me?"

"Beatrice Essiter, for one thing."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"You ask me to disclose the secret of my happiness!" he gibed.

THEN I knew that he was purposely trying to provoke me, and I saw the reason why. Bretzgel, whom I had last seen crouched behind his desk, with a gun in his hand, was coming toward us, his arm in a sling, Bloor by his side.

"Well, gentlemen," he announced, with a smile, "the great raid is at an end. The inspector has just been explaining to me how it was that he had three hundred police ready armed. They arrived just in time."

"The safes?" I inquired anxiously.

"They blew the office to pieces," he admitted. "They smoked us out too, but not one of them crossed the threshold of my room. Your little deposit, Major," he confided, "is quite secure. I felt that I must come and thank you two gentlemen," he went on, turning first to Mr. X and then to me. "In the intervals of our own siege I saw a good deal of what was passing down here. How you, sir," he concluded addressing Mr. X, "escaped without being shot I can't imagine. You seemed to be in the thick of it all the time. There was a shorter gentleman with you, too—"

"My friend Leopold," Mr. X interrupted. "He made for home by the Embankment entrance directly he saw the trouble was over. A finicky little man, who hates to be seen about with blood stains on his shirt front. Good thing you and I are not so particular, Major."

The man was scarcely human. He looked across at me, and laughed.

"Who were the fellows, anyway?" he added.

"The Wolves, they call themselves," Bloor answered curtly. "You've heard of them perhaps. They're a gang of East End thieves with a wonderful leader, who seems, I regret to say, to have escaped tonight."

"I am not sure yet," I muttered, "whether he has escaped."

"You mean that he is still hiding in the place?" Bloor demanded. "The police are searching on every floor."

"Every apartment has been entered and examined," Mr. Bretzgel confided—"even yours, sir, I am afraid," he added, addressing Mr. X.

"Quite right too," the latter remarked indifferently.

"In my report," Bloor said, "I should like to mention the names of your guests, Mr. Bretzgel, who put up such a fine fight. Major Owston, I know. May I ask this gentleman's name?"

The hotel manager appeared surprised.

"Certainly," he replied. "I thought that everyone knew him. This is Mr. Ruben Sams."

"The Argentine millionaire," Bloor murmured, under his breath.

"Mr. Ruben Sams?" I repeated.

"Mr. Ruben Sams has a suite here," Bretzgel added, "of which I regret to say, however, he very seldom makes use."

I SUPPOSE my bewilderment was obvious to all of them.

"Major Owston is a little confused, no doubt," Mr. X remarked, with a smile. "For some reason or other he was very curious as to my identity one night lately. By bribing a maître d'hôtel at Claridge's he discovered that my name card at a very interesting dinner party there simply bore the inscription of 'Mr. X.' Since then, whenever we have met, he has regarded me with a great deal of suspicion. The ways of high finance are doubtless unknown to you, Major. For some time, until I collected my board for a new company I am founding, it was very inadvisable that my presence in this country should be known. I often pay visits to foreign capitals under another identity."

"I can quite believe that," I muttered.

A small army of cleaners hastily summoned before their time had now commenced their usual labors. We all moved up together toward the main part of the hotel. The machinery of the place was once more in order and all signs of the night's tragedy were being removed as quickly as possible. Mr. Bretzgel invited us to drink.

As we were about to take our seats at a round table, I drew Bloor on one side. Ruben Sams, with his hands in his trousers pockets, leaned back and laughed at me insolently.

"Bloor," I said earnestly, "that man is no more Ruben Sams than I am."

The inspector looked at me as though I had taken leave of my senses.

"I am afraid that's rather a mare's nest, Major," he expostulated. "Ruben Sams is known all the world over. Who did you think he was?"

"Joseph," I declared confidently. "I am not mad, Bloor, and I tell you that man is Joseph. He is the man who stood on the lawn and led his men when they attacked Breezeley. He is the man—he admits that—who was entertained as Mr. X at Claridge's, who took such a malicious interest in Miss Essiter and myself. He is the man who came to my rooms in Down Street and who would have killed me if he had found whom he expected there. He is the man who

(*Continued on page 38*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You need the *Grip of Steel* in snow or mud

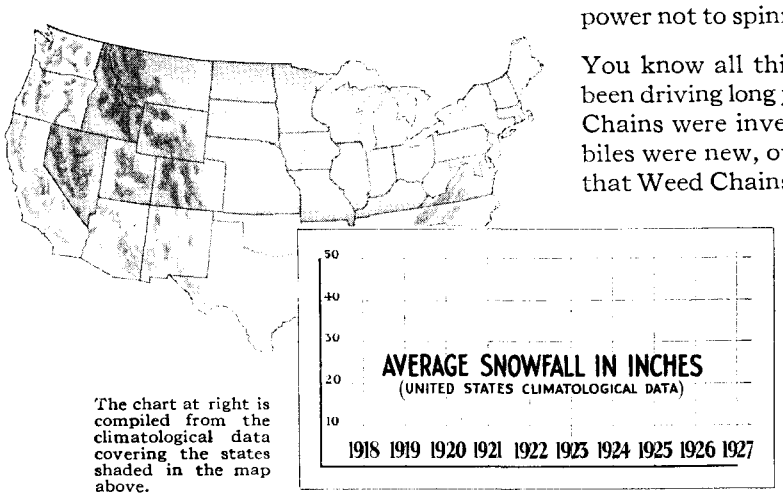
ID you ever see a snow plow in action? Or a tractor? Two vehicles that have *got* to get through snow or mud. Did you look at their tires? Did you notice what they relied on for traction?

Steel cleats. That's what they use for traction. Steel that you find in husky Weed Chains. Steel that takes "holt" in snow or mud and puts the motor's power not to spinning but to progress.

You know all this. And if you have been driving long you know that Weed Chains were invented when automobiles were new, over 25 years ago . . . that Weed Chains literally pulled the motor-car industry out of the mud. But is the Devil Indifference fooling you into ignoring Weed Chains because it may not be snowing or muddy now?

The United States Weather Bureau proves that modern winters are just like the old fashioned kind. Don't get fooled on that score. (It may snow hard before the next issue of this magazine.) And so far as mud is concerned, one mile of it can "stick" you for towing and repair bills.

Get Weed Chains today. Be ready for what comes. Any garage or accessory store, and many service stations, supply Weeds. Be sure of genuine Weeds by the *red connecting* hooks, and the name "Weed" stamped on every hook.



The chart at right is compiled from the climatological data covering the states shaded in the map above.

This chart shows the average snowfall for the last ten years. This is proof by the United States Weather Bureau that modern winters are just like the old fashioned kind. It may snow before the next issue of this magazine.

ACCO
A PRODUCT OF THE AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.
in business for Your Safety

WEED CHAINS *GRIP!*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE UNSEEN—*seen through* THE OPEN MIND

YOU can *hear* the purr of power as your car rolls along, but you can't *see* it. Hundreds of metal parts are moving with great rapidity; oil is circulating through the motor with every revolution; electric sparks flash at lightning speed.

But the men who design automobiles must know exactly what is going on when a car is in motion; so General Motors engineers have adapted to their use, among other instruments, one which is so quick and sensitive that it can photograph a flight of machine gun bullets.

A wheel whirling at a rate of thousands of turns a minute can be made to appear to stand still. A stream of oil, pumped under high pressure, can be broken down into pictures of each tiny globule. Moving valves and pistons give up their secrets.

Thus the unseen is being made visible; the "unknown" measured and weighed. Often these new discoveries compel a revision of previous thinking. That is what General Motors means by the "Open Mind"—the habit of constant searching for facts, and the willingness to discard any previous opinion as soon as new truth points a way to further improvement.

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET
PONTIAC
OLDSMOBILE
OAKLAND
BUICK
LASALLE
CADILLAC
All with Body by Fisher

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS
YELLOW CABS AND COACHES

• • •

FRIGIDAIRE
The Automatic Refrigerator

• • •

DELCO-LIGHT
Electric Plants

• • •

Delco-Remy Electrical Equipment · Harrison Radiators · Delco-Remy Lovejoy Shock Absorbers · Jacox Steering Gears · A C Spark Plugs · A C Speedometers · A C Oil Filters · New Departure Ball Bearings · Jaxon Rims, Wheels and Tire Carriers · Brown-Lipe-Chapin Differentials · Hyatt Roller Bearings · Inland Steering Wheels · Klaxon Horns

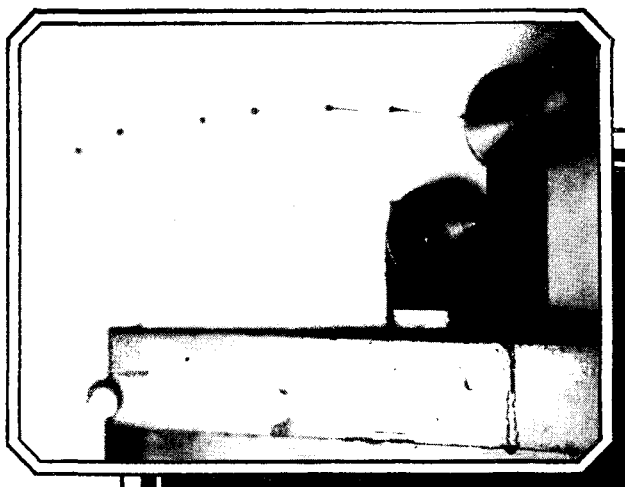
• • •

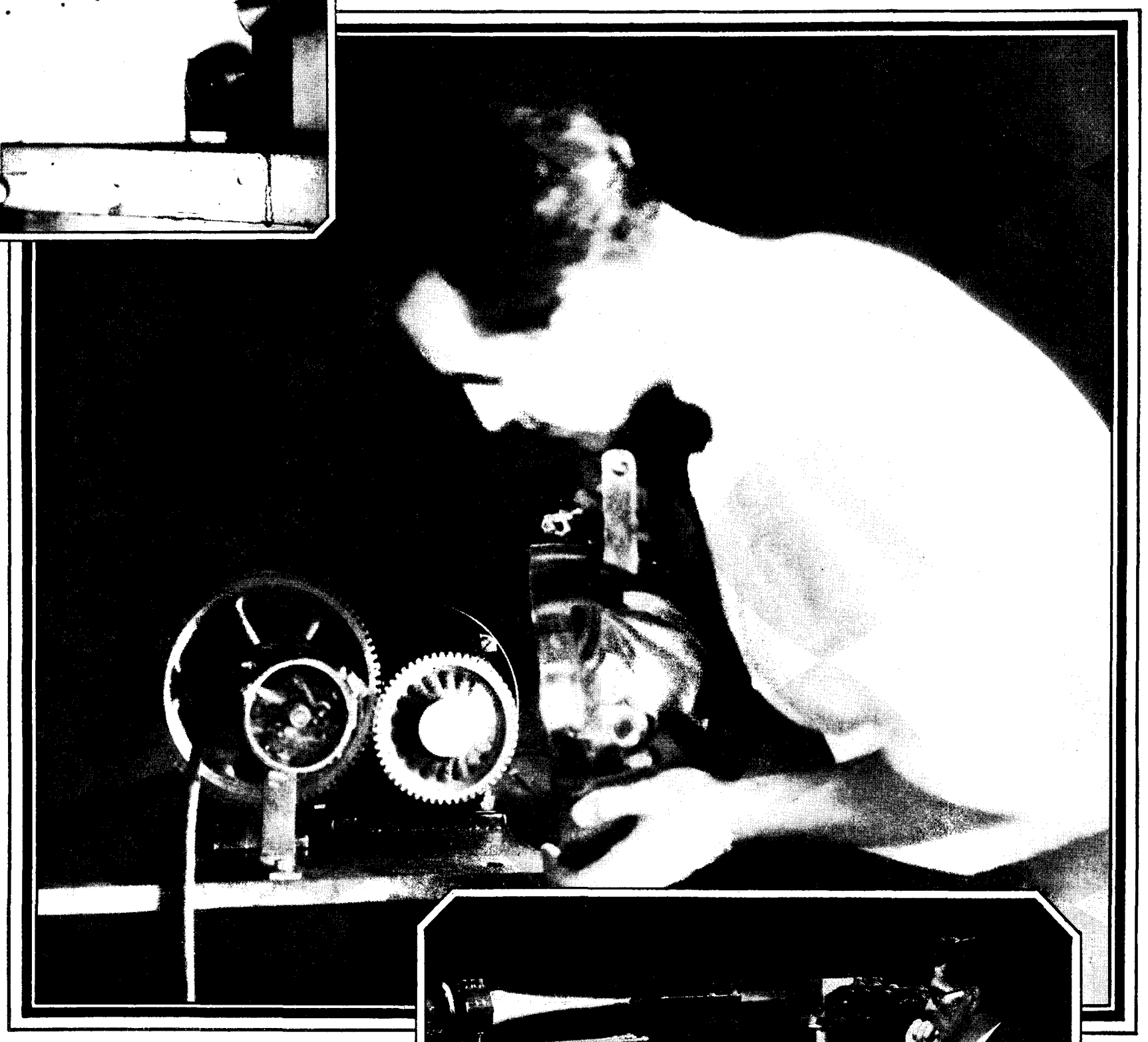
General Motors passenger cars, Frigidaire, the automatic refrigerator, and Delco-Light electric plants may be purchased on the standard low-cost GMAC Time Payment Plan

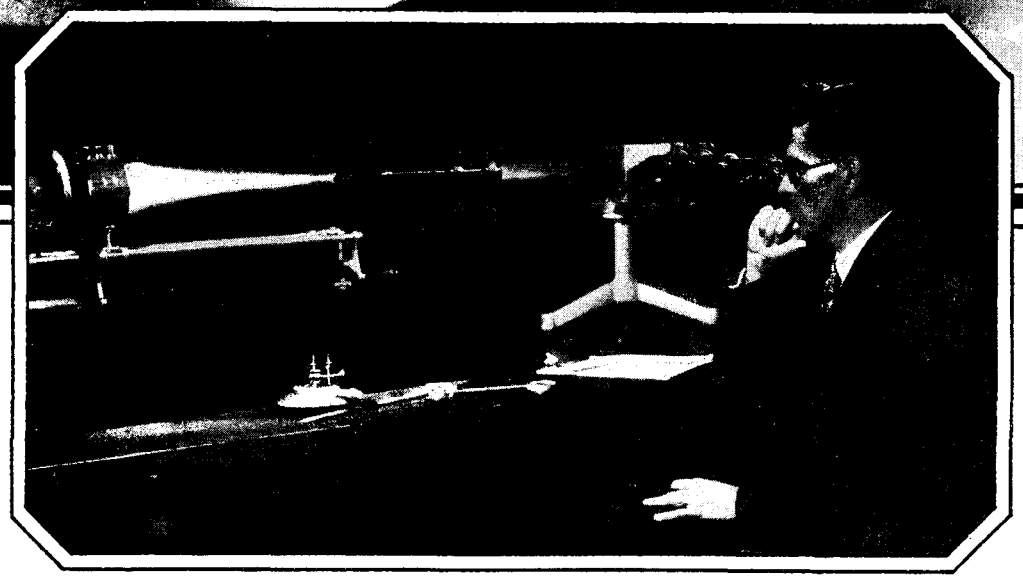
TUNE IN—General Motors Family Radio Party. Every Monday evening, 9.30 Eastern Standard Time. WEAF and 31 other stations associated with N.B.C.

GENERAL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED







A "SLOW MOTION" picture camera can make a racing athlete appear to be walking; but the stroboscope which this General Motors engineer holds in his hand, when its light is focused on a wheel making 3,000 revolutions a minute, causes the wheel to seem to stand still. The small picture at the top shows how the machine breaks a swiftly moving stream of oil into separate drops At the right a spectroscope is being used to discover impurities in metal too minute to be detected by chemical analysis.

MOTORS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our Ethereal Hades

By Jack Binns

THE Federal Radio Commission was deluged with a half-million letters from radio fans in one day's mail. The writers of this unprecedented mass of missives were concerned over the fate of one broadcast station only. Vast numbers of letters from other sections of the country dealt with other stations whose wave lengths and times of operation have been tossed into the hodge-podge of reallocation.

The volume of correspondence and the resentment it represents is the commission's reward for the vacillating policy it exhibited during its first year of office—a policy that has culminated in the rearrangement which leaves a few cleared channels for some fans and complete confusion for the majority.

An examination of the new allocations clearly shows that at least 500 of the broadcast stations might as well close up entirely as they will be of no earthly use to their listeners or themselves after dark—and everyone knows that the majority of people listen to radio in the evenings. The howls, squeals, grunts and crosstalk that will fill more than half of the wave channels will defy description. Even Dante might pause speechless at the horror.

For the life of me I cannot see how a station in Philadelphia using 500 watts and another in Kansas City using 1000 watts can occupy the same wave length of 491.5 meters simultaneously and still be intelligible to listeners. Just imagine the hullabaloo on the 299.9-meter wave length where 51 American stations have equal rights with the Canadian stations using that channel, even though they do not all operate simultaneously. These are but two examples of the confusion which the commission has created because it lacked courage to order unnecessary stations off the air.

For those fortunate fans who have super-selective sets with great sensitivity there are only 40 stations in the country. The rest is Hades let loose in the ether.

Mobile Parasitics

The next time you meet your worst enemy tell him right to his face that he is a "mobile parasitic antenna." He may get sore, but you will be right. Here are the facts:

C. R. Englund, one of the Bell Laboratory scientists, has been experimenting with ultra-short waves. According to reports, he started in at wave lengths of four meters and then got down by easy stages to one meter. Everything went fine until he tuned his transmitter to 3.66 meters. At that wave length he could get no radiation at all. Checking and rechecking with the aid of assistants failed to change the results.

Then it was the truth dawned upon him. He had accidentally discovered the fundamental wave length of human beings. His own body and the bodies of his assistants, being in exact resonance with the transmitter, were absorbing all the energy radiated by it. Fortunately for him the transmitter was only rated a few watts in power output. Otherwise we might never have known this vital fact. In describing the phenomenon he said that he was "a mobile parasitic antenna seriously interfering with radiation experiments."

Hidden Elements

There are two elements that have so far defied the concentrated skill of science in its effort to isolate them in their pure state. In a recent address before the American Chemical Society Institute, Professor B. S. Hopkins, in describing them, said:

"Elements 85 and 87 are still unknown. The first should resemble iodine and the latter should be like the metals cæsium, rubidium, potassium and sodium."

All of the metals named have the remarkable photo-electric property that is necessary to television—the new art that enables us to see distant objects by means of electricity. It is just possible that the missing element 87 may prove to be the vital key to future successful television.

Professor Hopkins declared that both elements 85 and 87 should be radio-active in character, and therefore they should be of vital importance to mankind. He indicates the difficulty of utilizing them by adding:

"Both should be short-lived—that is, they should disappear soon after their isolation."

Once they have been isolated we can look forward with assurance that the combined skill of modern chemistry will, in the due course of time, devise a method of utilizing them even though it be necessary to combine them with other elements.

Master of Sinister House

Continued from page 34

was seated in the secretary's office at the Blue Skies, who talked to you over the telephone, and, whether you believe it or not, he led the Wolves tonight. He led them from table to table just where the women were wearing the most wonderful jewels. He had them all marked down. His fighting was a sham. When he fired his gun he used dummy cartridges, and the men got up again in less than a minute. I picked some of the cartridges up. I have two or three in my pocket now."

"Show me one."

I thrust my hand into my pocket. They were gone. Bloor edged away toward the table. It was obvious that he had not a vestige of belief in my story.

"I think you're wrong, Major," he told me frankly. "Come and have that drink."

"But he talked to me tonight," I insisted. "We've spoken of Miss Essiter."

The heavy lids had descended. I knew that I was speaking against a rock of incredulity. Nevertheless he let me down lightly.

"I tell you what I'll do, Major," he promised. "I'll have him watched. He's staying here. I'll send two of our best men up within half an hour."

I THINK that, apart from purely personal experience, the most poignant seconds of my life were those immediately after I had passed across my treasure into the trembling hands of Martin Hews. Those terrible eyes of his, as he gazed upon the statuette, became soft and positively beautiful. His lips were parted not in a snarl but in an absolutely beatific smile. Real tears stood in his eyes. His fingers wandered lovingly over that exquisite surface.

"Well done, Owston," he acclaimed. "Well done! When the news came through of the raid, I trembled. You have brought me the last great desire of my life. Now tell me the story."

"It's a pretty serious one, I fear, sir," I warned him. "The beginning of it was all right. Isaacs wanted to bargain, but I handed across the check. Tul-kak parted all right, poor fellow! He saved my life, but they got him this morning. He was found dead in bed, as I dare say you read."

My employer nodded.

"Joseph kept his word, as usual. He swore that if he dealt with me instead of him he should die before he could cash the check."

"He had three men to guard him, and locked doors. No good! Joseph's men got at him somehow during the raid. They could never believe that I had fought through to the office, and they imagined that I had hidden it in one of the rooms on Tul-kak's floor. Every one of them was ransacked last night and torn to pieces."

"They pressed you hard for it?" he muttered, with a sparkle in his eyes.

"We had a bit of a scrap in the corridor of the Milan," I told him. "Afterward we rather fooled them. Isaacs went off with the coffer, which they took from him at the corner of the street, and I reached the office vault safe with the statuette in my trousers pocket. Isaacs is all right, by the bye. I rang him up this morning. They just took the coffer from him, and let him go."

"You are a man, Major," my employer acknowledged tremblingly. "I did well when I engaged you. Now what about the raid? I have the newspapers. They speak of you as making a heroic resistance, and a Mr. Ruben Sams. Who is Ruben Sams?"

"Joseph."

Mr. Martin Hews stared at me from behind the desk.

"You're laughing, Major."

I was weary of unbelief, but I told the story as I had told it to Bloor.

"That's a strange story, Major," Martin Hews commented quietly.

"Strange, but it's hellishly true," I answered, with some of the weariness which I felt in my tone.

"You say that he spoke of my niece?"

"I asked him where she was. He refused to disclose what he called 'the secret of his happiness.' "

My employer grinned, and if there was any time when I hated him it was when he indulged in that horrible grimace.

"I think, Major," he said, "you have run foul of a man with a sense of humor, and he amuses himself at your expense."

He pressed a button, and Minchin presently appeared.

"A bottle of wine," he ordered. "Two glasses. I get tired these days," he went on, speaking as though to himself.

"Why don't you chuck it all now, sir?" I asked him. "It has been a great game, I have no doubt, but is it worth it after a certain point?"

He leaned across the table. Again it was the frightened child who spoke.

"I shouldn't be safe while Joseph was alive. You know his oath? If I got Donkin away and kept the girl here, he swore to steal my treasures, one by one, and then my life. Beatrice is the beginning, I suppose. My Madonna of Deptford followed. I know that I am in danger, but where else in the world could I protect myself as I can here?"

"That's all very well, sir," I expostulated, "but the man isn't superhuman. He's beginning to get it in the neck and to get it badly. There are fifty-three men of his gang under arrest, some in the hospital, the remainder in prison. Eleven are dead. His organization must be completely shattered. The police have combed every house for miles around their old headquarters. Don't you think one of these fifty-three is likely to squeal?"

"I don't believe one of them knows," my employer confided. "They catch a glimpse of the Joseph who comes stealing down into their midst once or twice a year, from some hidden place in another quarter of the world, perhaps, but I don't believe there's one of them—even among his most trusted lieutenants—who could put his hand upon him at a given moment. Joseph knows all about them and what they are doing. They know nothing about him."

"HOW about last night?" I demanded. "They recognized him then, and obeyed him."

Martin Hews smiled cryptically.

"If your theory as to Ruben Sams and Joseph being the same man is correct," he said, "I can quite understand his being willing to disclose himself. Presently I will explain why."

There was a tinkle of the bell, and Minchin brought in a long-necked, dusty bottle, with a faded yellow label, and two exquisite Venetian glasses faintly tinted. He opened the bottle with meticulous care, and after he had served his master he filled a glass and handed it to me.

"This is Berncastler Doctor, forty years old," my employer told me, holding his glass reverently to the light. "Wines of this character have their beauty, almost like the visible objets d'art."

(*Continued on page 40*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cutting Down the Waste Line

A PARTY PLANNED! A delicious dessert put into the oven! Then, away with a smile to other tasks too numerous to mention! Minutes fly like seconds! Time to dress! When—a burning odor from the kitchen proclaims complete failure of otherwise well-laid plans. Nerves on edge! Doorbell rings! A guest arrives! Who could help shedding a half-angry tear?

No one can estimate the value of food wasted yearly by overcooking and burning. Or count the heart-aches that go with it. No one can measure the effect of improperly cooked food on the health of the nation. It is safe to say, however, that Red Wheel Gas Ranges, with their automatic control of the oven heat, have saved millions of dollars for the American public.

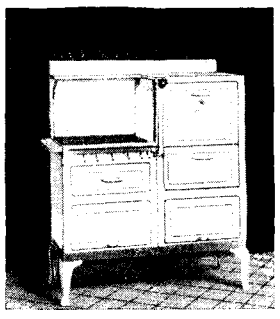
Teachers of cookery recognize this fact, and today more than 2500 schools and colleges use from 1 to 40 Red Wheel Gas Ranges each to teach the art of cookery.

There are six famous lines of Red Wheel Gas Ranges to choose from (see illustrations—memorize their names). Each has 4- and 6-burner models with one or more heat-controlled ovens and broiler. Some are made with warming closet, some with utensil drawer or compartment, others with hoods to carry away unpleasant cooking odors.

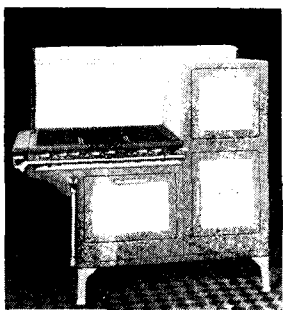
You can get them in all-white or trimmed in color. In fact, *any* kind of a Red Wheel Gas Range that your heart desires—and all equipped with the famous Lorain Regulator.

A Red Wheel Gas Range will prove to be an interest-paying investment for years to come—in extra hours of leisure, happiness, satisfaction and economies effected by the modern Red Wheel Method of Cookery.

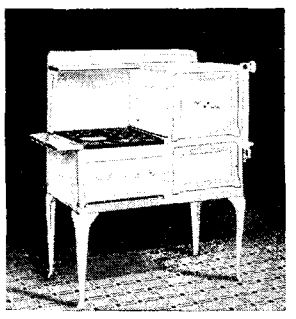
AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
LARGEST MAKERS OF GAS RANGES IN THE WORLD
829 Chouteau Avenue . . . *St. Louis, Mo.*



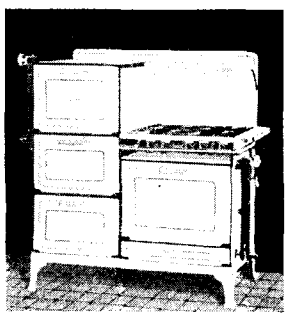
RELIABLE
Reliable Stove Company Division
Cleveland, Ohio



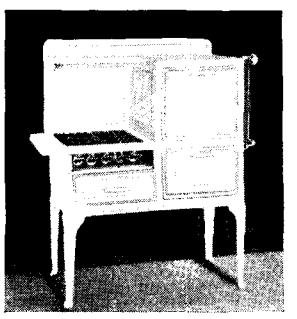
DANGLER
Dangler Stove Company Div.
Cleveland, Ohio



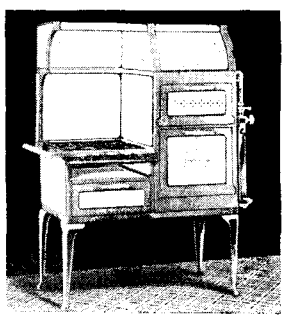
QUICK MEAL
Quick Meal Stove Company Div.
St. Louis, Mo.



NEW PROCESS
New Process Stove Company Div.
Cleveland, Ohio

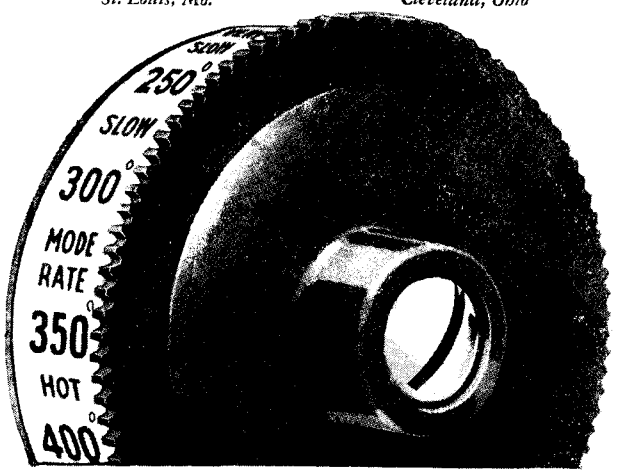


CLARK JEWEL
George M. Clark & Co. Division
Chicago, Ill.



DIRECT ACTION
Direct Action Stove Co. Division
Lorain, Ohio

If Gas service is not available in your community we'll tell you how to obtain Pyrofax tank-gas-service for use in a Lorain-equipped Gas Range.



AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
829 Chouteau Avenue · St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me free copy of your Lorain Christmas Basket Recipes. (*Print* name and address plainly.)

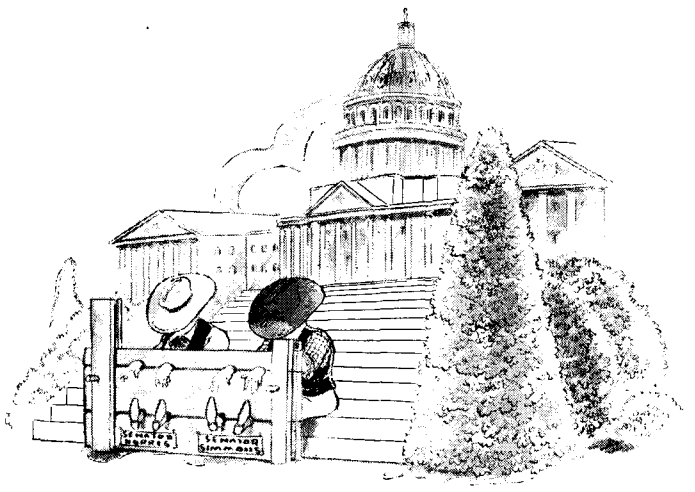
Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____ Col-12-8-28

UNLESS THE GAS RANGE HAS A

RED WHEEL

IT IS NOT A

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



To Fit the Crime

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

WHEN the United States Senate organizes after March 4th, it will have an opportunity to demonstrate how much party discipline there is left in American politics, both parties having their renegades.

Senator Norris of Nebraska among the Republicans and Senator Simmons of North Carolina and Senator Heflin of Alabama among the Democrats, all threw discretion to the winds and incurred the anger of their parties by bolting their party's candidate for President—Mr. Heflin not so openly and unmistakably as the other three.

Senators Norris and Blaine openly advocated Governor Smith's election.

Senator Simmons openly advocated the election of Secretary Hoover.

Senator Heflin, after conducting a fight against Governor Smith's nomination, contented himself with working undividedly for his defeat after he was nominated, by continuing to attack the Catholic Church.

Senator Norris and Senator Simmons are both important members of the Senate, occupying important posts in it. Neither Senator Blaine nor Senator Heflin is so highly placed in the Senate organization.

Precedent for discipline was established in 1925, when Senator LaFollette and all of the Republican senators who supported him—Senators Frazier, Brookhart and Ladd—were all read out of the Republican party. Mr. Brookhart was later declared not elected to the Senate, the Democratic contestant against him, Mr. Steck, being seated in his place.

But two years later the Republican majority in the Senate read the surviving rebels—Senator Brookhart, who had meantime been elected again, and Senator Frazier—back into the party.

Will It Swallow Its Wrath?

The reason for the change of heart on the part of the Republican regulars was simple. In 1925 the Republicans had the votes to organize the Senate without the aid of the LaFollette bolters. In 1927 they needed votes to organize and so forgot their earlier wrath.

And discipline this time will depend upon a counting of noses. If the majority in the Senate can organize without the aid of its renegade members it will, with a great show of righteous indignation, purge the rolls of those who refused to accept its candidate for President. If it cannot, it will swallow its wrath.

The vote of the other progressive Republican senators who did not bolt may be the decisive factor in disciplining Norris and Blaine. If Senators La-Follette, Howell, Brookhart, Frazier, Nye, Norbeck and McMaster refuse to vote for an organization of the Senate which deprives Senator Norris of his place as the highest ranking Republican on the Senate Committee on Agriculture, and Senator Blaine of his Republican committee places, then the Republicans will forget all about the bolt of Norris and Blaine; and as Senator Norris is the leader of this group in the Senate, and as he has campaigned for several of its members this year, he is likely to command a good deal of support among them.

The Democrats do not face quite the same difficulty in enforcing discipline against their two bolters, for they have no such large group of dissenters among them as the Republicans have, though it is possible that some of the Southern senators who listen to the voice of the Ku Klux Klan may be unwilling to see Senator Simmons deprived of the highest ranking Democratic position on the Senate Finance Committee.

Forget and Forgive

Personal relations, the personal ambitions of the senators who have remained regular and the position senators have taken in the past on the question of reading bolters out of their party will figure very largely in determining whether discipline shall be enforced. One party may punish its renegades and the other party may not. The new President will be a factor.

A party will forget and forgive bolting if, by doing so, it can have votes to organize the Senate. Organizing the Senate means having all the committee chairmanships, having charge of legislation and last, but not least, having such patronage as goes with ability to organize the Senate. No senator is going to forego a chairmanship of an important committee just for the satisfaction of seeing that Senator Norris and Senator Blaine or Senator Simmons and Senator Heflin get their deserts. If he can get or keep his chairmanship and lay the lash where it belongs, he will do so, but not at any cost to himself in prestige and position.

Neither party, moreover, will help the other to discipline the bolters. It is the custom of the Senate to let each side settle its own difficulties.

So, until the influence of the Klan on one side and the influence of the progressives on the other and the effect of personal friendship on both sides is carefully canvassed, it will be impossible to guess whether the sinners will be punished or not.

Master of Sinister House

Continued from page 38

He sipped from his glass daintily, with the deliberation of the true connoisseur. I followed his example as well as I was able. The wine was the color of pale amber, but richer and softer, more delicately perfumed than any wine I had ever drunk before. As he poured out his second glass the color returned to Martin Hews' cheeks, and his eyes grew brighter again.

"Owston," he said, "you were right. I said that I should finish with the Buddha, and I shall keep my word. This is my one great final success," he went on, caressing the statuette. "There is nothing in the world more beautiful than this. No single object of gold or porphyry or silver or bronze or jade or ivory, to compare with it. Stop! Your messenger's fee!"

He opened a drawer and flung across a bundle of notes, held together by a rubber band.

"You needn't mind taking them, Owston," he went on, almost pleasantly. "A gentleman of fortune who risks his life has been paid with good gold since the days of the Crusaders. There was never a thousand pounds better earned. Put it in your pocket."

I AM afraid I did not stop to consider the ethical point of view. After all, I had done my job and risked my life. I pocketed the money.

"You may hear from Joseph, even though it is for the last time, as soon as he discovers that he hasn't the Buddha," I warned him.

"It has cost me something like five thousand pounds," Martin Hews said, "to make this room impregnable. It is impregnable. No man could possibly enter while I sit at this desk."

"But there are two other doors," I pointed out.

He nodded gravely.

"You are thinking of that previous occasion. Quite right. Now, then, about those two other doors. There is only one that need count. The door into my treasure house is of solid iron. It opens only from this side, and it would take half a ton of dynamite to blow it up. As for the second—"

He must have touched a button somewhere, for it rolled slowly open. Upon the threshold stood Huntley, his flat automatic in his hand.

"Quite all right, thank you," his master said, with a nod. "I was only testing the connections."

The man stepped back, and the door closed.

"Supposing," Martin Hews went on, "that man had been overpowered from outside, the first step across the threshold by anyone who did not know where to set his foot would land him somewhere very near eternity. I think I am safe here, Major. I am not relying upon man or man's fidelity. I have made this a mechanical fortress operated by myself. Science, at any rate, cannot play me false."

A smile of placid conceit parted his lips, and I rose to my feet with some alacrity.

"Then, if I may, I will go back to town, sir," I proposed.

"Just as you please," Martin Hews assented. "Joseph may have a try for me, but this is one of my courageous days. I can imagine no more complete joy," he went on gloatingly, "than to sit here and have my signals work, and for him to come. I know how to deal with him.

"Send me news when you have any, Major. Mr. Ruben Sams, for instance. Ah, I have not shown you this. Look here."

He stretched a copy of the Times out before him, and touched a little paragraph with his fingers:

"Mr. Ruben Sams, the Argentine millionaire, is arriving at Liverpool this morning on the Orinoco from Buenos Aires, and will be staying at the Ritz Hotel."

"Came a little before his time, I fancy," Martin Hews remarked, with a chuckle. "That is why I think that Joseph's star is setting."

The papers that evening were flooded with news. There were several very mysterious paragraphs with reference to the reported arrival in London of the celebrated Argentine millionaire, who had already been in the country, and engaged in extensive financial operations for about a month, but the whole interest of the general public was focused upon last night's amazing raid.

Toward six o'clock Bloor came to see me.

"And I thought you a good fellow and a brave man," he groaned, as he took my hand, "but a bit of a simpleton. My Lord, Major, it's I who was the simpleton. I deserve to be kicked out of the force. You gave me the chance of my life, and I threw it away."

"You know now, then, that we had Joseph in our hands?"

"I'm just as sure of it as that the real Ruben Sams only landed at Liverpool this morning. Joseph has been playing at a higher game than ordinary jewel robberies. He has taken three or four hundred thousand pounds in cash away from a little group of our financiers who won't believe even now that they weren't dealing with the real man."

"This must be the end of it, anyhow," I remarked. "He can't go on after this."

"Frankly, I don't think he can," Bloor agreed. "He is the most amazing person we've been up against for many years. He left the Milan Hotel at six o'clock this morning. I have just come from searching his rooms. Not a paper, not an address, not a single thing there to help us. And to think," he deplored, a note almost of passionate regret in that pleasant, even tone of his, "he was my man last night—the greatest capture of my life. I hadn't the sense to believe you, Major. It seemed so damnably far-fetched."

"IT CAN'T be helped," I sighed. "We shall get him before many hours have passed."

"Why do you think so?" he asked eagerly.

"Because," I explained, "I don't believe that under any circumstances would he leave the country without going down to Breezeley. He's got an account—an account of hate, I suppose you'd call it—to settle with Martin Hews."

"It's quite possible," Bloor admitted. "I'll send three men down there tonight. I must be off now. I've got reports coming in every half hour. I felt I couldn't rest until I had owned up to you, Major. I'm sorry—I can't say more."

"Shake hands on it," I begged. "And listen, Bloor, there's something else. If Ruben Sams of last night was Joseph—and we pretty well know he was—what about Leopold?"

"I have a man sitting in his rooms waiting for him to come back from the country, if he ever does come back," Bloor confided. "Good night, Major. Better get to bed early. You had all

(*Continued on page 42*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tooth paste buys a muffler for Dad

It sounds mysterious—but isn't. Do a little arithmetic with us and find out. The average dentifrice costs you 50c. You use about a tube a month. Twelve times fifty equals six dollars, the yearly cost. Listerine Tooth Paste costs 25c (the large tube). Twelve times twenty-five equals three dollars. All right. Six dollars minus three dollars equals three dollars, your annual saving. Spend it as you please. The muffler is merely a suggestion. You have a thousand alternatives. Hosiery, for instance, or gloves, or handkerchiefs.

Not by price alone did this dentifrice seize popularity

Large Tube
25c

WHAT accounts for the immediate success of this speedy new dentifrice? Certainly not the price alone.

While it is true that at 25c, Listerine Tooth Paste accomplishes an average saving of three dollars a year per person, over dentifrices costing double that amount, this would not carry it so quickly to a position among the leaders.

It is the combination of outstanding quality, unquestioned results, and a reasonable price, that has done the trick.

Naturally, such a price for such a paste is made possible only by ultra-modern methods of manufacture and mass production.

We urge you to try Listerine Tooth Paste. It will be a revelation to you.

Note how white it makes your teeth. How gently it polishes them—yet how speedily. Note, too, how cool, sweet and refreshed your mouth feels long after the brushing is over—that cleanly taste you associate with Listerine.

We are proud of this product, and we ask you to compare it with any paste, at any price, and judge by results alone. At all druggists. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On *busy* retail counters—

Fastest and surest method of listing purchases and figuring change

HOW good are you at arithmetic? Even if you can average 95 per cent, which is very good, the 5 per cent short of perfection can run into big losses during the course of the year when mistakes are made across your retail counters.

Errors in *totaling* purchases are not the only ones that are costly. Consider those made in *subtracting*, when figuring change.

One of the greatest advantages of the simple, ten-key Sundstrand machine is the lightning quickness with which you can compute change...and the absolute accuracy of the results.

The Credit Balance feature of the Sundstrand permits you to subtract a larger sum from a smaller . . . directly, with no more trouble than recording the larger figure and pressing the "subtract" key.

With a Sundstrand all the clerk has to do is list the purchases—print the total—list the denomination of the bill tendered in payment—and on the next operation the proper change due, is printed on the tape.

Astonishingly versatile, the Sundstrand is the simplest and quickest machine for every kind of business figuring—adding, subtracting, multiplying. Placed in the accounting department it quickly becomes the favorite figuring machine. There are only ten numeral keys, and these are arranged in the most natural manner for quick development of the touch system.

The ten numeral keys occupy such a small area, control is right under the finger tips. The hand does no traveling. Column selection is taken care of automatically. This simplicity gives you quicker results than with any other existing method.

Let us tell you more about the Sundstrand. Return the coupon below and we shall be glad to send you illustrated, descriptive literature covering the entire line of Sundstrand machines.

Sundstrand

ADDING, FIGURING, BOOKKEEPING MACHINES AND CASH REGISTERS

Product of

General Office Equipment Corporation

342 MADISON AVENUE ~ NEW YORK CITY

OTHER PRODUCTS: ELLIOTT-FISHER FLAT SURFACE ACCOUNTING-WRITING MACHINES

GENERAL OFFICE EQUIPMENT CORPORATION
342 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send me your illustrated booklet, "Under Your Finger Tips."

Name_____

Address_____

City _____ State_____

Master of Sinister House

Continued from page 40

the scrapping that's good for a man in one day yesterday."

I decided that I was as well in my rooms as anywhere, and I ordered an early dinner there. Afterward I began to realize my weariness. My sitting-room was warm and comfortable. I threw myself into an easy-chair, and in three minutes I was asleep. . . .

I was awakened by what was undoubtedly a soft tapping at the door. I glanced at my wrist watch and sat up. It was only nine o'clock, so I could not have been asleep for more than twenty minutes. The tapping was repeated. I reached over to the drawer where I kept my automatic, laid it under a newspaper by my side in the chair, and acknowledged the summons.

"Come in," I enjoined.

THERE stood Mr. Leopold, smiling at me deprecatingly as he unwound a thick scarf from his neck, took off a pair of motor glasses, and advanced a little further into the room. I watched his right hand carefully, and I scarcely imagined that he had come to see me with any malignant intent.

"You will excuse this interruption, Major," he begged humbly. "I hope you do not consider it an intrusion. I have just motored up from the country. Our dear mutual friend was very anxious that I should see you. I am the bearer of a very important message. You permit that I rid myself of some of these things?"

He deposited an enormous ulster, his hat and other impedimenta upon one of my chairs. The change in him was almost laughable. The somewhat pompous personage of the night before and previous nights existed no longer. His manner was disposed to be cringing.

"Are you alone?" I asked him.

"Absolutely alone," he assured me. "I come in peace, Major. See, I raise my hands. You can search. I am unarmed."

I believed him, but I saw no reason to run any risks. I crossed the room and passed my hands over his pockets and body. There was no doubt that he was telling the truth. Without a weapon, he was as a child in my hands. I locked the door on the inside, in case he was only an advance guard of more troublesome visitors, and pointed to a chair.

"Necessity," I told him, "is teaching me caution. I can't imagine what you have to say to me that I should want to listen to, or take any interest in, but, since you are here, sit down and get along with it."

He took an easy-chair, and looked meditatively at my whisky decanter. I pushed it toward him, with a glass and siphon, and he promptly helped himself.

"It is unfortunate," he remarked, "that I do not seem to have established myself as *persona grata* with you, Major."

The man's insolence was amazing. I stared at him, almost doubting my senses.

"If there is one person," I rejoined, "who has done more than any other to earn my distrust and dislike it is you. Even last night, during the great raid, you were helping your master."

"Naturally," he admitted, "I am, as you have doubtless opined, a Wolf. Life, however, is purely a matter of self-interest with you as with myself, I should imagine. You happen to be on one side, and I on the other, but we may still be honorable opponents."

I came very near losing my temper then.

"If you want my opinion of you," I said, "it is that you're a damned rascal. That's the first thing I have to say. The second is this. If you want anything from me, you'll open the way to negotiations by telling me what has become of Miss Essiter."

"Ah," he remonstrated, "that is not my affair."

I moved my chair a little closer to his.

"You were the person who planned her abduction," I reminded him. "I rather think that, since you are here, and not at my invitation, it will become very necessary for you to tell me, unless you want to be choked where you sit."

He waved me away. I will do him the credit to acknowledge that he did not look the least bit afraid, although I was strongly inclined to try the primitive methods.

"It is true," he confessed, "that I was concerned in the abduction of Miss Essiter, but, you see, Major, we both act under orders. I was acting under orders from my chief and you from yours. I had to obey. I am here and in your power. You can throttle me in an hour's time just as well as now. Supposing we let the matter drop for a moment. I suggest that you permit me to disclose the reason for my visit."

"Well, get on with it," I conceded.

"I am an ambassador," Mr. Leopold confided. "To tell you the truth, that is rather where I come in. I am often one of our friend's ambassadors. I might call myself his West End Chief of the Staff, just as Abrahams takes my place in the East End. You have never met Abrahams, I think?"

"I have not."

"An unpleasant fellow," Mr. Leopold declared, with a sorrowful little wag of the head. "He has his ways—his methods of persuasion. He obeys his orders. He was a market gardener, a prize fighter afterward. A little more physique, and he might have attained to great honors, they say. A slim, insignificant-looking fellow at first sight, but a rat, Major—more a rat than a wolf. A man with a narrow face—personally I hate men with narrow faces. I never trust them. Yet Abrahams is useful. He does his work well. He was one of the fortunate few who escaped last night."

"DID you come here to talk about Abrahams?" I demanded.

"I accept the rebuke. I am the bearer of a message from our friend."

"From Joseph?"

Leopold shrugged his shoulders.

"Why mention names? He has tried half a dozen. The one that amuses him most is the pseudonym he adopted that night at Claridge's—'Mr. X.' You can understand that during the last month he has not been too anxious for the name of Mr. Ruben Sams to appear in the newspapers. Shall we call him Mr. X? He wants to see you."

"Not half as much as I want to see him," I rejoined. "What are you after—the five thousand pounds?"

Leopold shook his head.

"That is a sum which will never be claimed," he prophesied. "I am treating you with complete frankness, Major. I am an ambassador. Joseph wishes to see you."

"Then I wonder he isn't here," I observed. "He seems to find his way in and out of my rooms at will."

"He finds his way in and out of anyone's rooms he wishes," Leopold declared calmly. "For the moment, however, it is his wish that you visit him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You have an unfortunate friendship with an official of that terrible organization upon the Embankment, a kindergarten of its sort, without a doubt, at the same time state-directed and a source of possible inconvenience to a person in our friend's position. Mr. X felt no certainty that Inspector Bloor might not be spending the evening with you. Hence my visit. Mr. Bloor knows a little too much. He was a long time starting. He is moving rapidly enough now. We were walking a stretched wire last night, Major. Bloor made the mistake of his life when he refused to listen to you in the grillroom of the Milan. I doubt whether he will ever have another chance."

"Why not?" I demanded.

"Because we are beaten," Leopold said calmly. "It is like the chief, though, when the end comes, to see it. We have run our course."

"So you have come for that five thousand pounds, after all?"

MY VISITOR looked at me as one might have looked at an ignorant child.

"The person who earns that five thousand pounds," he said, "will spend it in eternity or nowhere. When I say that we are beaten, I mean that we must disband. Mr. X will leave this country when he chooses and how he chooses. He will live abroad when, where and how he pleases. Five thousand pounds, fifty thousand or half a million will never bring him inside any prison."

"Swank!" I exclaimed contemptuously. "Joseph's day is over, and he knows it."

Leopold patted his stomach gently.

"Answer me this question, Major," he begged. "Why are you occupying these rooms? Why did you begin combing the West End of London with Miss Essiter to keep you company?"

"To find Joseph," I told him, "and I damned well found him."

"And lost Miss Essiter. Never mind that, though. You admit that your object was to find Joseph. Can you lay your hands upon him at the present moment? You cannot. Very well; I am here to take you to him."

"Thank you," I replied. "I am waiting until I can go with a police sergeant and a warrant, and I don't fancy it will be long."

"On the contrary," Leopold assured me, "I think if you do not accept my offer you and Joseph may never meet in this world."

"By the bye," I reminded him, "there's a warrant out against Mr. Ruben Sams for swindling. That might possibly bring us together."

"Not a chance. Mr. Ruben Sams has made a brief descent upon the West End. He has done exceedingly well, but he has done so well that he has—to put it bluntly—shut up shop. Mr. Ruben Sams has evaporated. There is no such person. From now on, believe me, warrant or no warrant, Mr. Ruben Sams does not exist upon the face of the earth."

I was beginning to get more interested. There might be some definite purpose after all in this strange visit of Mr. Leopold's.

"Let's get on with this," I suggested. "Put your proposals into plain words before I decide what to do."

"Mr. X wants to see you," Leopold announced. "I am to offer you a safe conduct."

"And your guarantee?"

"Mr. X's word—and the young lady's."

"Miss Essiter?" I exclaimed.

He inclined his head gently.

"Since that unfortunate evening at the Blue Skies," he said, "the young lady has remained under the protection of my chief. If it is your wish to get into touch with her he will give you the opportunity. I am to take you to Joseph, and he will make certain propositions to you. If you fail to come to terms, there is no harm done. Your personal safety is guaranteed."

"By you?"

He tapped a cigarette upon the table and lit it.

"You have always misunderstood my chief," he declared. "He has never been a bloodthirsty man. You have been an annoyance to him. You have been in his power half a dozen times. You still live. You are likely to live. When the tocsin sounds and the fight is on, he fights—he fights like no other man on earth. When the battle can be won by wits, he is one of the last persons to introduce the wrong note."

"What about that poor child Rachel?" I asked.

Leopold wagged his head mournfully.

"You speak of other things," he protested. "She was on her way to betray her master. For what other reason did she come to your flat? You know. She was obsessed with jealousy. She came to play the informer. Entirely through her, Joseph was compelled to leave his old headquarters in the East End and blow them up. She was punished according to the law which prevails among the Wolves, and I venture to add that it is a just law. If Joseph had said the word, you would have found a dagger in her heart."

I filled my cigarette case, placed it in my pocket, and rose to my feet.

"Well," I announced. "I'm ready. How do we go? Am I to be blindfolded and gagged?"

"Nothing of the sort," Leopold replied, shaking the cigarette ash from his trousers and also preparing for departure. "I have a car waiting in which we can drive to the house where Joseph is living without the least pretense at concealment. You may possibly recognize it. You will certainly be able to find it again without difficulty. All that is demanded of you, in case you should fail to come to terms with my chief, is that for twelve hours after your return here you keep silent."

"Just my word?" I asked incredulously.

"JUST your word. It is one of Joseph's great traits in life that he has the courage to trust. He loathes melodrama. One might see over the top of a handkerchief; an odor, a keen sense of locality, any trifle might help you to triumph against the ordinary means of drugs or blindfolding. He scorns the obvious trick. If it were daylight, I should take you just the same. You are going to be brought face to face with the man for whom you have searched night and day, and you will leave him when your conversation is finished as though you were an ordinary caller, but if by any chance it should occur to you to break your parole you would be lying upon your back before tomorrow night, and the stars might wink down at you, but you would not wink back. No threat, you understand," he went on—"no threat at all. It just happens. It has happened to one or two; if my chief's judgment is right, it won't happen to you. There are men who keep their word as naturally as they breathe. Joseph thinks you are one. If so, you are safe. If he is making a mistake, he may suffer for it, but so most surely will you."

I put on my hat and coat, assisted my guest into his, and descended to the street. An ordinary limousine car, with a chauffeur in plain livery, was waiting. We drove off together, and in unbroken silence I took note of our passage through the familiar thoroughfares.

(To be concluded next week)

WALK-OVER SHOES

This is the Barclay, the Walk-Over shoe advertised in the current Vanity Fair. Price $10.00

The discerning purchaser above has chosen the Durham. Price $10.00

Are your shoes as carefully chosen as hers?

WOMEN are notably careful in the selection of their shoes. Men must be the same if their shoes are to comport with those of their feminine companions. If you choose Walk-Overs, yours will certainly come up to the mark.

In Walk-Overs you can find whatever type of shoe you need. There are many lasts, many designs, many leathers—but there is Walk-Over quality throughout. All are smartly cut—all are well made—all give splendid wear.

Why not select a new pair or two at the nearest Walk-Over Store today? And also, write for a copy of our booklet, "The Correct Shoe Wardrobe," by William Arnsworth Wilson. It is gratis.

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your doctor will tell you

THAT more often he prescribes "plenty of exercise" than he does drugs as curative and preventative. Right eating and exercise is the first simple rule for health.

But, you may say, I can govern my diet, but where and how get the systematic exercise, when time is fleeting, and business and social demands are many and multiplying? Walking, golfing, swimming—even the matutinal daily dozen—require *time* and *wherewithal!*

Your doctor has an answer—"SAVAGE HEALTH MOTOR," the scientific vibratory mechanical exerciser and reducer. He knows that for ailments due to under-exercising and over-eating, The Savage Health Motor is beneficial and economical, because its pleasant, stimulating, vibratory massage enlivens the vital organs, speeds circulation, aids digestion, elimination and sleep, in fact, rejuvenates the entire system.

The illustration tells the story. Place this portable health motor on table, desk or window ledge; its adjustable anchor strap holds it against the pull of the oscillator belt (easily removable); attach cord to nearest electrical outlet, touch the switch and away go lethargy and lassitude.

The Savage Health Motor is *compact, portable*, vibrationless and silent in operation. And its price ($122.50 East of the Mississippi) is well within the means of the many.

The interesting story, "The Spirit of Health," gives details. Ask for it today. Address

SAVAGE PRODUCTS DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION, Utica, N. Y.

Subsidiary of Savage Arms Corporation

Makers of the famous Savage-Stevens Sporting Arms, the Savage Wringerless Washer and Savage All Electric Ironing Machine.

GREAT BRITAIN: Bedington Liddiatt & Co., Ltd., London, Eng.

SAVAGE HEALTH MOTOR

EXERCISER AND REDUCER

Patents applied for by J. G. De Remer

SAVAGE PRODUCTS DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION, Dept. C, Utica, N. Y.
I am interested in keeping and looking fit. Send me your story, "The Spirit of Health."

Name..... *Address*.....

City..... *State*.....

Flounder, Flounder in the Sea

Continued from page 21

'Member how it went, Dirk? 'Flounder, flounder in the sea, see what you can do for me,' or some such thing," he quoted from a hazy recollection of childhood; "and then the fellow in the story chucked the flounder back, and right there his luck began. Maybe this one will bring something to us."

Dirk Henry, who had never read fairy tales, simply smiled tolerantly. He was used to the whims of his master. Newlin dropped the flounder overside. "So long, old-timer!" he called. "Remember us well to the clams and oysters, and if you got any pull, use it."

THE flounder sank quickly from sight. Down and down through the tranquil leek-green surface water he swam, toward the still depths from which he had come. He had experienced varied and direful terrors in the recent cataclysm of the sea bottom, but none so curdling as his brush with Bill Newlin. Still, he showed no sign of hurry in his wavering descent. He was never known to hurry. His was the peaceful nature of a philosopher.

This little fish, less than three feet in diameter, was one of the two or three forms in all the ocean that possess the open sesame of the two worlds of the sea: he was at home at the surface and in the unplumbed depths alike. The flounder's secret was nothing more than that simple law of physics that water pressure is equal on all sides, and that water in itself is noncompressible. Therefore, as the flounder sank slowly downward he filled himself with water by degrees to meet his need, preserving a density equal to the medium through which he swam, as is the case with all bottom dwellers. Otherwise he would have been crushed to a mere fraction of his normal size.

Chance this day saw fit to lead the flounder's course toward the ledge where lay the sunken wreck, and an hour after Newlin had dropped him overside saw the fish settling contentedly into the ooze on the ledge where teemed an abundance of the innocent fare on which flounders live—infinitesimal animal and vegetable particles, the curds and whey of deep-sea diet. Presently as he fed he was attracted by the faint soft shine that marked the location of the treasure ship. Flapping clumsily along the ledge, he moved forward to investigate. Long and long he stared with his dull, protruding eyes into the gaping breaks of the ship's side. Fortunately for him, the dread keeper of the treasure was at the time far distant.

All that day, following the great disturbance in the ocean bottom, a restlessness had been manifest in the lower depths. It had affected even the mighty decapod, who, though he possessed nothing which could be tabulated as nerves, was stirred by a subtle unease as he noted the many fleets of bottom dwellers migrating upward out of the riled waters below the ledge.

About midday there came to him one of those mysterious urges which the giant cuttlefish feel—a call to visit the upper reaches of the ocean for a brief period. So, launching himself from the ledge, he propelled himself upward in a series of swift backward lunges, by means of a powerful jet of water expelled from the saclike opening at the base of his tentacles.

It happened that about an hour after the catching of the flounder Dirk Henry sat half dozing in the shadow of the deck house as he waited for a rising breeze.

All at once Dirk sat up with a galvanic start. A shiver of unaccountable dread had whipped him out of his doze, and he felt, even before he opened his eyes, the nearness of some sinister, watching presence. One glance overside, and with an inarticulate yell of terror he sprang toward the companionway. For overside the still surface of the sea was all awrithe with what seemed to Dirk to be a mass of great white sea snakes, and the humid air was filled with the sharp, strangling odor of musk, which hangs about the squid tribe like the carnal reek about the tigers of the jungle.

Bill Newlin, who came running up from below, found the Negro pointing overside, his face about three shades grayer than any mulatto's countenance has a right to be. For a while both men stood staring in speechless fascination. It was the first time either had ever glimpsed the mighty devilfish of the depths. Bill Newlin flung an arm up before his face with an involuntary cry of horror as, up from the center of the writhing mass of tentacles, rose the vast cylindrical body of the decapod—tons of livid flesh that reached almost as high as the lugger's scuppers. On top of this pallid mass two great lidless eyes now showed, staring straight at the ship with a malignancy that chilled the blood of the watching men. Beneath them gaped a cavern of a mouth that was overhung by a gnashing curved beak, horribly like that of a bird of prey.

Suddenly two white streamers shot out from this horrid tangle toward the ship's side and in another moment flowed up under the rail and along the deck. With a hoarse cry Newlin dashed into the cabin and brought back a repeating rifle. As quickly as he could aim and fire he sent three express bullets into the monster's flabby bulk, while the Negro, in a frenzy, sprang here and there hacking with a long knife at the horrid, clutching streamers that were licking in and out of the scuppers.

Every second the two expected to see the creature surge forward and overwhelm the small craft with his bulk. But even as they stood their ground, their teeth set, their breathing shaking their bodies in the stress of horror, the attack of the monster was suddenly withdrawn. A moment later the whole grisly bulk had sunk from sight, leaving the surface of the water again calm and unbroken. Only a bleached fragment or two of the tentacles that lay on the deck remained to prove that the Kraken had not been a ghastly apparition.

"God!" breathed Newlin, wiping the clammy sweat from his brow with his shirt sleeve, "Is that the kind of luck that flounder brought us? What next?"

HIS only answer was a sudden flap of canvas as the sails that had been hanging limply bellied half full with the first of the rising breeze. All afternoon the storm that had been making had edged around to the south. In the next ten minutes the wind rose in gusts, accompanied by the rumble of thunder. Without words—for both men were shaken to the core by their experience—Newlin and the Negro hurriedly shortened sail and ran for the shelter of the island, to spend the night ashore.

Meanwhile the devilfish was shooting downward again, leaving behind him a stream of the pallid fluid which answered for blood for such as he. His wounds, though not fatal, were painful in the extreme, and had aroused in him the most terrible rage he had ever

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

known, for he had developed through the years the testiness of a despot. Unerringly he returned through the pathless wilderness of waters to his favorite haunts upon the submarine mountain ledge, guided by that marvelous inner compass all sea folk have to a sublimated degree.

As he went, news that the mighty king of the depths was wounded went abroad in some mysterious way, and soon there were lined up in his wake some six or eight fierce pirates of the shark clan—the wolves of the sea. As yet they did not dare to attack, but none knew better than they the almost inevitable finish that overtakes the weakened or wounded in the lower depths.

NOT long after the flounder had settled in the mud beside the wreck his subtle sense of feeling signaled danger to his efficient little brain, and while his nearsighted eyes had yet seen nothing, that instinct which is quicker than thought caused him to dart with a quick wriggle within the hull of the derelict, leaving only a thin line of bubbles in his wake. He was but a foot in advance of a swift tentacle which came shooting along the ledge from behind a huge thicket of spongelike growth thirty feet away. The decapod had returned, stealthy and silent as a great spider, after the manner of his kind.

No sooner was he within the darkness of the ship's hull, however, than the flounder executed another move, probably the quickest contortion he had ever made in his peaceable life. For out of the shadows came toward him the most formidable, in the long run, of all the sinister deaths that inhabit the ocean depths.

To look at, the stranger was neither swift nor menacing, yet this small, undelineated creature, which looked more than anything else like a three-foot length of bologna sausage, was an enemy more to be dreaded than a crew of tiger sharks. His name was *Simenchelys parasiticus*, and he was the most deadly of the tribe of boring eels.

The fiercest killers of the sea, regardless of size, all give way to this sluggish little swimmer, which stands for certain death. Monsters that could have swallowed a dozen like him in a gulp flee at his approach, for wherever the diminutive mouth of the Simenchelys fastens itself, death is the result.

His head clamps fast with the force of a vacuum cup, which nothing short of amputation can release, while his amazing tongue, long and sharp as a keyhole saw, cuts through flesh and bone like a dentist's drill, until within a few brief minutes the whole body of this sea leech is embedded in his victim, there to remain boring and feeding on his living prey until nothing remains but a lifeless husk. So highly specialized is the Simenchelys in destruction that his body can be shorn in two, and the anterior end will go on in its terrible work, healing as it goes.

Disturbed from his haunts at the sea bottom, the Simenchelys had come swimming up the ledge and taken refuge in the sunken wreck while the decapod was absent. And thus it was he, instead of the flounder, which the questing feeler of the monster came in contact with inside the darkened hull.

Rage and pain must have robbed the Kraken of his sense of caution, for without mangling his victim the gigantic monster managed to suck the eel into his maw. In an instant he rued his mistake, and with a writhing contortion heaved his great bulk off the ledge, clawing at his open mouth with three of his arms, and ejecting fierce streams of water. But of no avail were his titanic struggles, for the Nemesis within him had already begun its work.

Then the waiting shark folk, which had followed him from the upper waters, began edging in. Their cold eyes had seen what had happened—it was as if from the beginning they had known the end. Now they spread out in a circle and began venturing rushes with the same deadly pack unity of the wolves of the upper world.

The battle that followed was fierce and grim. The Kraken, though he knew he was doomed, preserved his arrogant sovereignty to the end, forcing the offensive. But the outcome was never once in the balance, for other monsters had been drawn by the silt clouds which rose like smoke from the scene of the struggle—terrible pikelike creatures with crocodile jaws, large as the largest sharks.

For full twenty-four hours the fight was waged. From the dimness within the galleon's hull the dull eyes of the flounder watched it until the ship herself was torn loose from the ledge by the Kraken in his dying convulsions.

Taste and delicacy bid us turn the page on the gruesome details of that dénouement. More to the point in our story was another battle which had begun on the surface of the ocean nearly a mile above—the struggle of the sea and the elements.

The storm that had broken the night before was such a one as often follows a great seismic disturbance. For three days and nights a hurricane such as had not been known in the Caribbees for a decade unleashed itself from the south, until all the smaller coral islands were awash, and the surface of the sea was plowed to an unusual depth. For the first time in many years surface dwellers were driven to seek quiet in the depths.

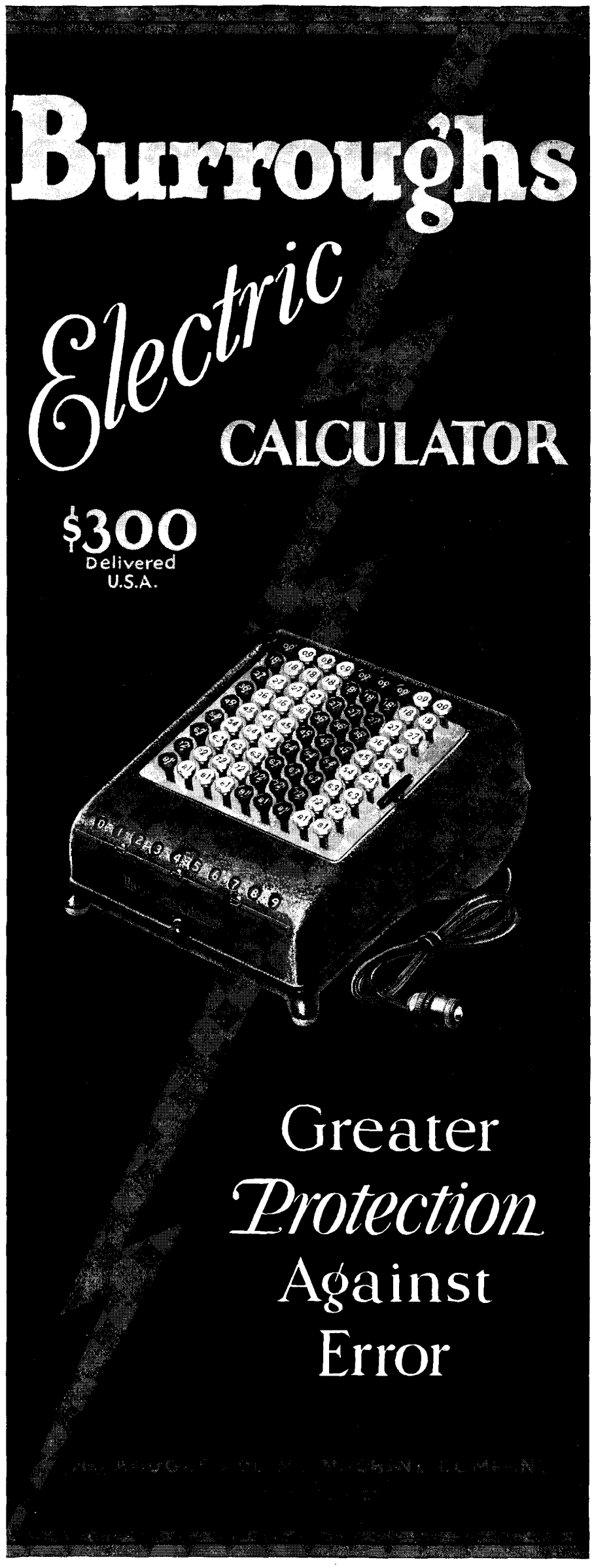
It was the height of this storm that marked the passing of the king of the devilfish. It marked also the passing of the sunken galleon, for at the end of the third day, when the tortured waters stilled, the ghost-gray ship with her luring gleam no longer stood upon the ledge.

THAT morning Bill Newlin, walking along the island beach as he waited for the sea to subside, blundered on the first bit of luck he had known in his diving career. The whole shore line had been changed and inundated by the storm, and as Newlin moved along the tide line he stubbed his bare toe on a queer-looking piece of rock half buried in the sand. Something made him examine the object more closely, and he rose after a moment with a smothered whoop of amazement.

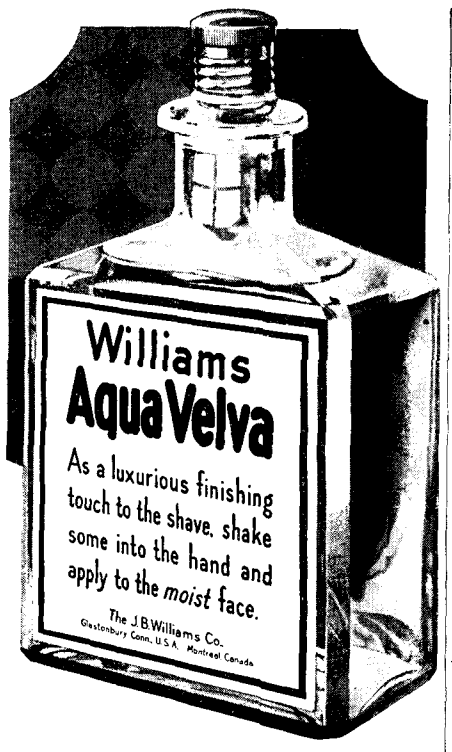
In his hand was a small lump of the raw gold which had lain so many years in the wrecked galleon's hold. That sunken ledge on which the ship had lain so long was but a continuation of the sunken spine of land of which Cat Island formed the highest peak. During the hurricane the ancient wreck had been broken to pieces, and this trace of its precious treasure had been swept ashore by the pounding seas.

Newlin, skilled in deducing such signs, needed no further clue. That afternoon found him and Dirk Henry sounding along the sunken ledge and, judging keenly the set of tide and current, their eyes lit with that mirrored glow which buried treasure alone can bring to the faces of men. Before nightfall they had solved the secret of the sunken ledge, and the diving had begun.

Within a week the undersea mountain had yielded up a golden harvest. On the proceeds of it Bill Newlin sailed shortly for the North, a wealthy man. To Dirk Henry fell the old lugger and some twenty-five hundred American dollars, a sum which stood for a vast fortune in the Caribbees. He is still the colored Crœsus of his native island.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Williams
Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the moist face.
The J.B.Williams Co.
Glastonbury Conn. U.S.A. Montreal Canada

Zest—Gusto—Snap!
if you use
Aqua Velva
for After-Shaving!

The chorus of those who use and praise A V could be heard a long, long way. And these are some of the things they say it gives,—words picked at random, "Zest" "Gusto" "Snap"!

Yet, after all, they're not most important. The stimulating tingle that comes with A V is good. What it *does* is better.

It Does*—take care of nicks and cuts, mostly unseen; protect from wind and weather—dust outdoors, dryness indoors; prevent chapping; help to keep the skin nicely flexible by conserving its natural moisture. Yes, these things *It Does!

Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Soaps, A V assures a great host of men that sense of all-day *Face Fitness* that the Williams lather leaves.

Start your winter with Aqua Velva. Long before spring you'll be inseparable friends.

5-oz. bottle 50 cents at all dealers
Or a Free Trial Size by addressing:
Dept. C-108, The J. B. Williams Co.,
Glastonbury, Conn. and Montreal, Can.

Williams
Aqua Velva
For use after shaving

The Road to Justice

Continued from page 28

the Wrights did not invent the airplane."

The words of Lord Northcliffe, spoken in the midst of the roar of war, didn't go across to America; if they did they were lost. And "the insidious suggestion that the Wrights did not invent the airplane" was not stopped. It went on.

But the Royal Aëronautical Society did not forget. Four years later—this was in 1920—Griffith Brewer again stood before the members of this association. He showed full diagrammed details of how the Langley flying machine (which at that time stood in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington erroneously labeled, in effect, as having successfully flown) had been modified, changed, altered and "doctored" 11 years after its failure so that it could be taken in short hops above the water to be photographed for evidence in a patent suit.

Not a Happy Man

"Fraud" was the word Brewer used, as he told of the pro-Langley claims. "No fraud," he declared, "can long endure where so much evidence is on record. If it had not been my privilege to bring these facts before you some other engineer would have dug up the evidence at some later time and done the service to Langley I have now done in separating his upright life from association with anything which is not strictly true and honorable."

Now let us pass from the museum in London, which has received and now shelters this relic, to the city of Dayton, Ohio, where it was created.

Mr. Wright lives a bachelor's life in a fine home in Dayton; he is 58 years old. His working day is spent in going from his home to his office in a one-story red brick building which is also a laboratory and a storeroom, in dictating correspondence, receiving visitors and accomplishing other affairs. He has practically retired from business, with a fair-sized fortune.

You are surprised to see him use a car of somewhat ancient vintage.

"The manufacturer put special springs on this car for me and I don't like to turn it in," he explains. There is a grim reason for these soft springs. Ever since the Wright test plane fell on the field at Ft. Meyer, near Washington, in 1908, Orville Wright has suffered from an injury to his hip. Vibration brings on spells of intense suffering.

"I haven't flown in recent years," this father of flying told me, "because of the danger of vibration. Because of this same danger I haven't attempted to cross the Atlantic on a liner."

While the world has been honoring his name Orville Wright has not been a happy man. His friends know that. For over 15 years a certain set of scientists, grouped around the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, have been denying to the Wright name the fame that the rest of the scientific world grants it, the fame of discovering how to fly.

Hating to fight, modest and even painfully reserved, determined not to appeal to popular public opinion, Orville Wright has taken several dignified steps in an attempt to keep the history of aviation correct.

One step was to write to William Howard Taft, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, who, by law, is chancellor of the Smithsonian Institution, asking him to hear both sides of the controversy. Mr. Taft replied that he was too busy to act in the matter; that his title was practically honorary. The fact remains, however, that claims for the flight possibilities of the Langley machine were modified on the label in the museum after this letter to Mr. Taft.

The next step Mr. Wright took last spring, when he sent the Kittyhawk machine to the museum in London. There the scientists, aware of the full facts in the controversy, granted all credit to the name of Wright.

The machine can be brought home, in time; there is a string tied to it, as it stands today in British possession.

"Some other generation will probably solve the problem and bring the Kittyhawk machine back to America," Mr. Wright has told his friends in Dayton.

But there is a way of bringing this machine home without waiting for another generation.

The Smithsonian Institution is a government-controlled organization. Members consist, by law, solely of the President of the United States, the Vice President, the Chief Justice and the members of the President's Cabinet. "Members" are holders of the institution's funds; they rarely meet in this capacity. But there is another branch of possible control, aside from these "members" of the institution.

This branch consists of the "regents" of the institution.

These regents elect the secretary of the institution.

If they choose to do so they may control the actions of the secretary.

Any one of these regents may start an action at a meeting of the board of regents that will result in taking the entire Langley-Wright controversy out of the hands of Charles G. Abbot, the present secretary, and bringing to an end the effort to rob the Wright name of its due credit.

In other words any one of them can start an action which will bring home the Wright plane.

Who are these regents? You can answer this question in part by saying:

Charles Evans Hughes has it in his power to start action that will bring home the Wright machine. Mr. Hughes has recently been named a citizen member of the board of regents.

Joseph N. Robinson, recently named as a regent, could, in this capacity, by a mere resolution introduced at a regents' meeting, give a start to the plane's homecoming.

Claude A. Swanson, United States senator from Virginia, also a new member of the board of regents, could do the same thing.

Dwight Morrow, ambassador to Mexico from the United States, a citizen member of the Smithsonian regents, possesses the same power.

Vice President Charles Dawes likewise holds it.

There are fourteen members of the board of regents, but the other nine have been allowing the Langley-Wright controversy to drift along through years and have done nothing toward directing the Smithsonian secretary to end it.

A Way to Right This Wrong

Secretary Abbot, it is true, has offered to change the label on the flightless Langley machine in the Smithsonian Institution so that no claim whatever will be made as to its capability for flight.

But changing the label on the Langley machine will not, as Mr. Orville Wright has declared, affect the misdirection which has been given to the history of aviation in the records of the Smithsonian Institution, beginning as far back as 1910.

There is a way, however, to set these records straight. Any one of the regents named, or of their associates, may take this course:

Instruct the secretary of the Smithsonian to have a short record of the birth of heavier-than-air transportation written by some neutral scientist. This scientist may be either an American or some eminent European.

When this short history is concluded, submit the document both to Orville Wright for his approval and to some official representing the Smithsonian.

When both Mr. Wright and the Smithsonian official have agreed as to the correctness of the history there will be only one further step for the Smithsonian to take. That will be to publish the approved history, in pamphlet form, as an official record of the Smithsonian Institution.

The institution issues many such pamphlets; they are known as monographs. The history of aviation monograph, issued by the institution, will be a substitute for all that has been previously issued in its reports concerning the claims made for Langley's eminence in aviation.

With history thus corrected Mr. Orville Wright's last objection to placing the Kittyhawk plane in the Washington museum will be removed.

John J. McSwain, congressman from South Carolina, friend in Congress of all flying men, has already secured the passage through the House of Representatives of a bill to have the President appoint a commission of five eminent citizens to consider all the evidence and report as to who were the first flying men in the United States.

More Than Mere Sentiment

This report, though it might cause the removal of the flightless Langley machine from the Smithsonian, or the modification of its label down almost to a nullity, and might convince the American public of the truth of the claims made for the Wrights, would not serve to correct the Smithsonian records.

A thousand years from now historians tracing back the history of aviation must find a clear record, unmuddied by the jealousies of a few scientists; the time to make that record clear is now, while men who helped to create it are still alive.

With a new record, approved by both Mr. Orville Wright and a Smithsonian representative, standing in the files of the institution and with the Wright Kittyhawk machine standing in the national museum in Washington all doubts will be removed.

There's more than mere sentiment in bringing the Wright plane back home.

The President of the United States, at a luncheon given to Lindbergh and other famous flyers at the White House last year, suggested that in 1928 the twenty-fifth anniversary of the birth of aviation should be celebrated in the United States.

On December 17th, 25 years ago, this Kittyhawk machine lived and flew its short but historic day.

A formal celebration is to be held in Washington sometime in December, growing out of the Presidential suggestion.

The Wrights will be the theme of that celebration.

But that odd-looking Kittyhawk machine, father of all airplanes will be among strangers, 3,000 miles away.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Ears of the Underworld

~ you never know when you are within their hearing

TODAY'S thieves, burglars and stick-up men are fiendishly clever. "Second offenders" can not afford to take chances. They usually avoid the homes of *those who are known to be armed.* For there are plenty of safer victims.

If you own a Smith & Wesson revolver, let it be known.

Talk about it as a matter of course. To have such conversations repeated is often alone enough to save you the necessity of firing. You are not only known to be armed, but known to be armed with the most dependable and accurate revolver ever made.

A 32 or 38 calibre S. & W. Safety makes accidental discharge by adult or child impossible.

SMITH & WESSON
SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U.S.A.
THE REVOLVER MANUFACTURERS

Descriptive Booklet "S" will be sent free upon request.

The Kid's Clever

Continued from page 13

So I decided to take a night off the next week and go to see a show.

I chose the Gaiety Theater in Brooklyn. Lottie Gilson was to sing there. In those days Miss Gilson was an international celebrity. Her voice was beautiful, she had a wonderful personality and, beyond all that, she was one of the pioneers of getting the crowd to join in the chorus of her songs, which was the "big hit" stunt just then.

Parked in the gallery, I waited for Miss Gilson to sing the verse of her first song. As soon as she hit the first note of the chorus (the song was "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley") I joined in. But I had committed a faux pas, for the audience was to wait for the second singing of the chorus.

I had gone two full lines before I became conscious of my blunder. Then in shame and mortification I stopped. As I did, Miss Gilson motioned with her arms "keep on." So I picked up the song and sang with her to the end of the chorus.

Miss Gilson finished that song, and went off stage. Soon she was back, singing another. Ending the verse, and just ready to start the chorus, she motioned in my direction for me to join her. I did. When that song was done an usher tapped me on the back.

"Come along with me," he ordered.

Thoroughly frightened, and figuring I was going to be thrown out of the place, perhaps arrested, I followed. He led me back stage and kept me there until Miss Gilson completed her act. Then she came over to me:

"Are you the boy who sang from the gallery?"

"Yes," I gulped.

"It was very good," she praised. "I think it helps my act. I talked to the manager and he wants you to come each night for the rest of the week and sing each first chorus with me from the gallery. You will be paid $2 a night."

I was a professional actor at last!

Through the rest of the week I sang with Lottie Gilson from the seat in the gallery. Then Helen Mora, the amazing woman baritone, came to the Gaiety and Hyde hired me to sing with her. And, as a result, some of the dramatic writers gave me a line or two of mention in writing of Miss Mora's act.

When Imogene Comer, another singing idol of those days, appeared at the Gaiety, she invited me to sing with her, and so I had another one-week job at $2 per night.

And then came the big "break" for me—a really astonishing bit of luck. For I got the chance, a kid of 13, on the stage only once in my life, and then merely as a benefit performer, to fill a place on a bill left vacant by the illness of Maggie Cline, the immortal comedienne.

Miss Cline was playing at Tony Pastor's Theater in New York, and knocking people off their seats with her famous "Throw Him Down, McCloskey." On the day before Christmas—I think that was 1894—she was taken ill with a heavy cold and Pastor had no one to fill her place.

My First Stage Appearance

Whereupon, Lottie Gilson, who also was on the program, remembered me. She told Pastor about me. She must have told him convincingly, for a messenger came over to my house and told me that Pastor wanted to see me at once.

Over I went, wondering and wondering. Pastor relieved my wonderment in a hurry. He told me he wanted me to go on that night—Christmas Eve—and sing some songs. Did I have a uniform or costume? Oh, I didn't, eh? Well, that could be fixed up.

Pastor personally hustled me over to Best & Co.'s store on 23d Street. He saw the manager and told him he had to find me a costume.

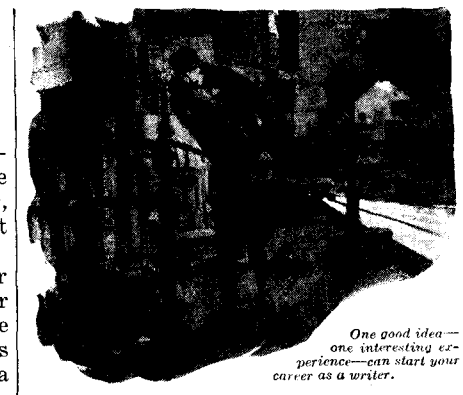
On I went in Tony Pastor's, a 13-year-old novice, pinch-hitting that night for Maggie Cline; on I went in a velveteen suit and knee breeches topped off with a cap of swagger design.

I sang, as a starter, "There's Only One Girl in This World for Me," and it went over. Applause came. I repeated the chorus of that song. More applause. I sang three more songs, took three bows—and so it was that I made my actual début as a paid actor on a professional stage.

My remuneration was $2.50, and Pastor tossed in the velveteen suit as added compensation.

(To be continued next week)

"Sir, how much do you charge for drawing pictures on slickers?"



One good idea—one interesting experience—can start your career as a writer.

What makes a salable story?

ONE good idea (how many fine ideas have died in your mind this year?) or one interesting experience, plus the ability and NERVE to write it.

Nerve is capitalized, because lack of nerve—lack of confidence—is the steel chain that fetters many a natural born writer to some dull, uncongenial task. "Maybe I haven't got it in me" brings many a potential best-seller to a premature close. Ability without enterprise seldom finds its target.

Have you ever noticed that every year scores of young men graduate from the newspaper profession into the ranks of successful writers? Why? Most newspaper men know that writing "salable stuff" is no dark and mysterious secret. Day after day, they write—and write. The very nature of their calling crowds their minds with ideas. Their copy is painstakingly corrected and criticized—by experts. Occasionally, friendly (or threatening) advice is thrown in. And gradually, fewer and fewer corrections are necessary. Astonishing how quickly an intelligent man can *learn to write by writing.*

An inspiring reproduction of a big-city newspaper office

The Newspaper Institute of America has perfected a course of training based on the New York Copy-Desk Method. The essence of this method is to start and keep you writing in your own home on your own time. Your work is watched, edited and guided just as if you were working for a big metropolitan daily. Experienced New York newspaper men are in direct charge of your instruction. Working on definite assignments..... talking things over (by mail) with old-timers.....trying, failing—then succeeding.....writing, writing, writing.....a man soon finds himself and his confidence through the N. I. A.

Our interesting Writing Aptitude Test will reveal your ability, gauge your possibilities—measure you exactly for the training you need. Send in the coupon and get it. Fill it out and return it to us. Our editors will analyze it for you and tell you exactly what it shows. It's free; there's no obligation. Send the coupon now.

Newspaper Institute of America
1776 Broadway, New York

Newspaper Institute of America
1776 Broadway, New York
James McAlpin Pyle, Pres.

Send me your free *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information on writing for profit, as promised in Collier's, December 8th.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss .....

Address.....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.) 21L228

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for long life wealth happiness

The "land of least resistance." Always summer time (average maximum temp. Nov. to Mar.—63° to 74°). Opportunities in orange growing, fruit, alfalfa, dairying, etc. Greatest vacation land; grand scenery, winter home of millionaires; golf, polo, riding, fishing, hunting. A climate that adds years to lives and thousands of dollars to bank accounts.

Chandler Improvement Association
CHANDLER, ARIZONA

send coupon for Free Booklet

Name_____

Address_____

Col. 12-8-28

WELL-KNOWN MEMBERS OF THE BETWEEN-THE-ACTS CLUB

HARRY LANGDON *Film Star*

When time's too short for a long cigar it's time for Between-the-Acts. This fine little smoke will save $1.00 to $3.00 a week on your half-smoked cigar bill.

© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

10 FOR 15¢

BETWEEN THE ACTS

LITTLE CIGARS

Initiation fee to become a Between-the-Acts smoker is 15c. If your dealer cannot supply, send stamps or coin to P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 West 40th Street, New York City.

The Storekeeper's Chance

Continued from page 9

Another head of a great department store said to me: "Look at the change in our basement store. The counters are swept of the old standard utility articles of ten years ago. In their places are articles in which color and design predominate. Customers today even when buying kitchen utensils demand style."

Herein lies the beginning of the strategy of the small manufacturer and merchant in meeting the economic pressure of the mass producers and distributors. He has a decided edge on marketing commodities that are "different," whether that difference lies in the packaging or in the preparation. But he has also an advantage in the quality of service.

I have watched with unusual interest the career of a young man who set up a small grocery right in the middle of three chain groceries and a chain drug store. Wiseacres said he was very foolish. But he knew his onions. In the face of eternal price competition he is probably making more money today after seven years than his chain-store neighbors. His formula is simple. He says: "We sell service and quality, as well as groceries, and the public today wants a lot of those two things. We even give the chains a run on price in many instances because I give as much attention to buying as I do to selling." As to methods, he explains that "the best way we have found to take customers away from the chains is to keep a more attractive store. The more appealing you can keep food articles, the more you are going to sell. We've got to know our groceries.

The bogy which seems to affright the souls of the independent is that the large units can under-buy them. Even where this is possible on certain staples the item is so small a part of the whole operation that it is insignificant. But here again the independents can use the strategy of self-help. A fine example of what coöperation of this kind can do is that of the United Retail Grocers Association of Brooklyn. Under the direction of Henry Lohmann it presents a daily demonstration of the effectiveness of intelligent group purchasing and the reduction of overhead under a mass attack.

Progress and Good Will

And this query has been put by a highly successful independent: "Who is better able to buy intelligently for a community, a purchasing office in New York City buying for 1,200 communities from Portland to Portland and from Duluth to Deland, or the man who is in daily touch with the desires and aspirations of his customers?"

The point is that there can be no monopoly of progress or of good will. In that lies the main hope of the little fellow. To quote President Alexander again: "The measure of success is not size but progress, and progress is not necessarily volume but profits."

The present-day plaint of "profitless prosperity" comes, you will note, from the large corporations. Mr. Alexander makes it clear that the small business man has a tremendous asset in being his own boss, for "he is less subject to pressure from other shareholders to increase, he is less driven to go ahead at any cost." It is Mr. Alexander's observation that "the man with management ability has more chance today to put it to work in a small concern than in a large one."

The single-store merchant, if he has open eyes and an open mind, can get free object lessons on the latest developments in storekeeping from his larger rivals. Mr. Frank Cunningham, president of Butler Brothers, Chicago, emphasizes this point. Chain-store displays and publicity are within eye reach of every independent merchant, who "in his own town can see an expertly run store, and at no expense to himself."

Three Things Essential

A bright future for the independent dealer, as Mr. Cunningham reads it, "rests on the assumption that the average independent merchant will learn to do the things without which there is no hope of salvation for him; namely:

"1. Cut out the slackness, which is the distinguishing mark of most retail stores today.

"2. Use his eyes and his head.

"3. Be willing to work with something like the intensity which is the rule in the chain and department store organization."

Which seems to go to the root of the whole matter.

We began by quoting the disturbing utterances of Walter Chrysler and the president of Pierce-Arrow. Against that viewpoint might be set the declaration of Alvan Macauley of Packard, that:

"Our position has been, and is, that we will not merge or consolidate with anyone. We have made our own way from the beginning. We have created a position for ourselves and a reputation that is distinctive and unique. We do not intend to surrender either. We do not intend to lose our identity through any merger, combination or consolidation now or hereafter."

This robust self-reliance is likewise expressed by Robert C. Graham:

"The Grahams are in control of the Graham-Paige factory, and we mean to stay just that way. I believe that the independent has a place in the industry, and an important place."

The small plant is holding its own against larger and more ponderous units. Its survival, apart from the resourcefulness of the individual, is conditioned by several things.

Professor Carver of Harvard puts the case this way: "We, as consumers, must learn that bigness is not synonymous with efficiency. We must give the small concern as much capital as it needs." He is quite certain that "the small manufacturer will never be crowded out of certain local fields where the freight tariff protects him, and where he can buy power as cheaply as the big concerns can manufacture it for themselves. There are, in other words, certain definite limitations upon the power of large concerns to crowd out a smaller concern. The small concern, therefore, will survive."

Competition there will be despite our increasing population; economic pressure there will be as there has always been; new methods and practices there will be from the harvesting of raw materials to the finesses of credit selling, yet there will always be a rugged and distinctive individualism profitably projected in the face of the most resourceful mass competition. Jones' sausage flourished and still flourishes with large packing interests on every side. And with all the trouble in the textile industry, Cannon towels and Pequot sheets have advanced to new levels of consumer preference. Fifteen years ago radiator valves accounted for less than one per cent of the radiator business. The amazing success of George D. Hoffman in developing and promoting his radiator valve is commercial history.

I put the original question to Mr. Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of General Electric: "Has the boy of today nothing to look forward to except to become a cog in a great corporation?"

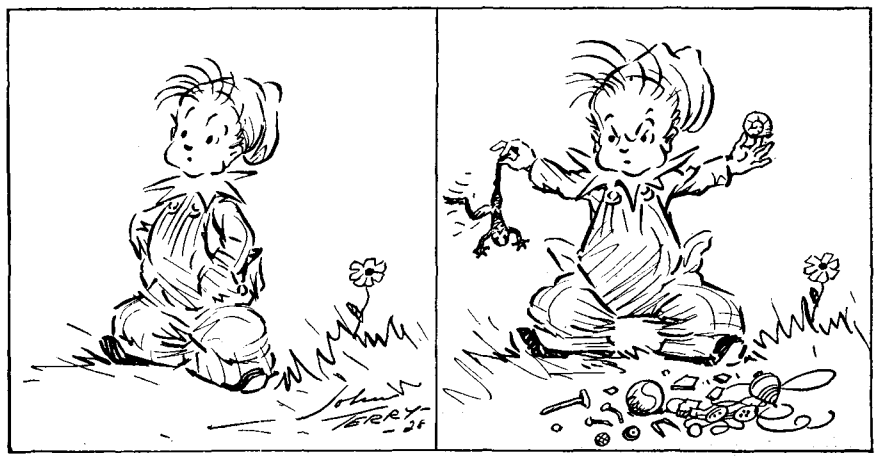
Intelligent Individualism

He said, in effect: "Broadly speaking, there are two kinds of men. One, the specialist-minded, who loves research, or selling, or cost accounting. He doesn't care how or when or where the article is manufactured or how or when or where the enterprise is financed. He is happiest with his specialty. He will find his place in the large corporation which can set up research laboratories and which needs highly technical cost accounting. The large enterprise is a godsend to this type.

"The other type is that of the individualist. He is not happy unless he has a hand in everything. He wants to make, to sell, to keep the books, to make the collections and to do his own financing. He will always be a factor, and a mighty factor, in the nation's economic life.

"What type of boy have you in mind?" he added with a smile.

Industrial and commercial independence will endure just as long as there is intelligent individualism which demands it. The social consequences of this proprietorship attain an important magnitude. It will be a sorry day for the nation when Main Street closes up shop. I recall at this point a remark once made by Herbert Hoover: "This individualism, which is distinctly American, is only in part an economic creed. It aims to provide opportunity for self-expression not merely economically but spiritually as well."



"Bertie, show Mother what you carry in your pockets!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A GREAT financier . . . a novelist whose readers number millions . . . a woman star of the stage or screen . . . a ring champion . . . a master diver . . . a pioneer of the airways—

Collier's introduces to you *in person* every Sunday evening a famous and interesting man or woman—a leader who commands the world's regard. As guest speakers on Collier's Radio Hour these famous people come into your own circle bringing stimulating thoughts and new ideas.

Their talks are one of the big features that have made Collier's Radio Hour "the finest entertainment on the air."

Tune in every Sunday evening and meet them in person.

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING
8:15 Eastern Time 7:15 Central Time

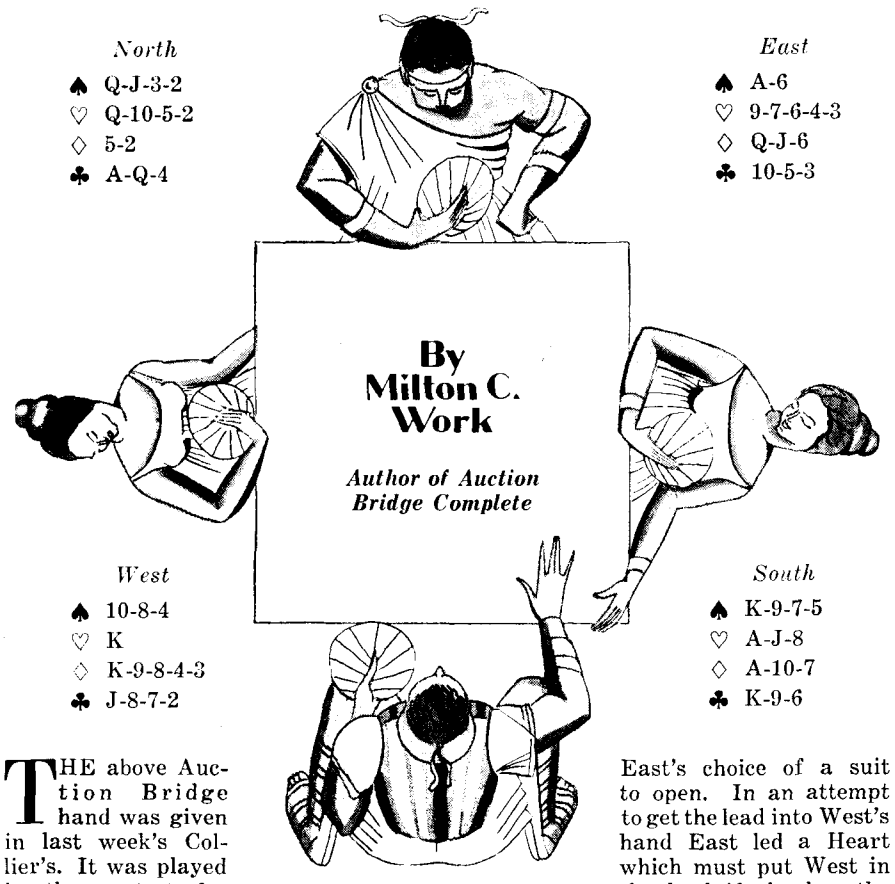
Broadcast through stations

WJZ WBZA WBZ WBAL WHAM KDKA WLW WJR KYW KWK WCCO WDAF KOA

Associated with the National Broadcasting Company

Collier's RADIO HOUR

How would You play it?



North
♠ Q-J-3-2
♡ Q-10-5-2
◇ 5-2
♣ A-Q-4

East
♠ A-6
♡ 9-7-6-4-3
◇ Q-J-6
♣ 10-5-3

West
♠ 10-8-4
♡ K
◇ K-9-8-4-3
♣ J-8-7-2

South
♠ K-9-7-5
♡ A-J-8
◇ A-10-7
♣ K-9-6

By Milton C. Work

Author of Auction Bridge Complete

THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's. It was played in the contest for the pair championship at Cleveland.

The Auction

Concerning the bidding, there is little to say. The Dealer of course bid an unquestioned one No Trump and there was no other bid. Possibly two No Trumps might have been called by North as a preëmptive bid. North, however, had a worthless doubleton; and if he should pass and East bid two of a Minor, North, with that bid passed around to him, could call two Spades.

In Contract South, even with four suits stopped, would not have dared to bid more than one No Trump with a count of only 15; 17 and four suits stopped is the minimum that justifies a two No Trump bid. West of course would have passed; but North, with a count of 11, would have been justified in jumping the one No Trump to two; and then South would have gone to three.

The Play

West's opening lead was the Four of Diamonds. East played the Jack, and the Declarer ducked. The initial lead having been the Four instead of the Trey, Declarer could not tell whether each of the adversaries originally held four Diamonds, or the lead had been from five and East held three.

To trick 2 East led the Queen of Diamonds, South again ducked, and West played the Trey, thus showing that her original lead was from a five-card suit. South perforce won the third lead of Diamonds. Of course he must establish his Spades and in doing so must lose to the adverse Ace. If that Ace be in the West hand, the adversaries will make two more Diamonds and save the game; but if it be in the East hand, it may be that West will not obtain the lead to cash her Diamonds and the game can be made. That, of course, was South's object in ducking the first two tricks.

And as East did hold the Ace of Spades, when the Spades became established, it was East who was in the lead.

The Declarer now could count three Spades, one Diamond, three Clubs and one Heart—one short of game. He naturally waited with anxiety to see East's choice of a suit to open. In an attempt to get the lead into West's hand East led a Heart which must put West in the lead if she has the Ace, or King and one. Even if West holds the King alone, it seems to East that it probably will win because Declarer, not knowing whether East or West has the King, probably will duck the first Heart lead. To deceive Declarer East led her third best, the Six. If East was leading her fourth best, she had three Hearts higher than the Six and consequently had the King, in which event playing small by South insured three Heart tricks; but if East was making a false lead from a hand composed of spot cards entirely and if West had the King, she would save game should she win with it and make her two long Diamonds. The Declarer could place the King with East if her lead was "honest," but if intended to deceive, the King probably was held by West. Declarer cleverly figured that if West had the King, the game could not be saved unless it was a singleton, and that the play of the Ace could do no real harm. If the King of Hearts was held by East, the Ace would make it a winner unnecessarily; but the game would be made nevertheless and so the trick lost would be merely a trick immaterial. If West had the King guarded, it mattered not what South played; but if West had the King solus, as was the case, the play of the Ace by South was the key to success.

South made the play and was fully rewarded for his astuteness as he found a lone King in the West hand and consequently was able to make in all four-odd—one more than game.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. 10-8-6-4-3	S. 7-5
H. 9-4-2	H. A-K-Q
D. K-J-5	D. Q-10-4
C. A-7	C. J-10-9-6-5

West	*South*
S. K-Q-J-9	S. A-2
H. 10-3	H. J-8-7-6-5
D. 9-7-6-3	D. A-8-2
C. K-8-4	C. Q-3-2

NO GIFT SO SENSIBLE AS A LIGHTER

NO LIGHTER LIKE

THORENS
(Swiss-Made)
IT ALWAYS LIGHTS

THE joy of giving reaches the heights when you have the comforting assurance that your gift will be appreciated.

So why debate further when there are Thorens Automatic Lighters at prices to meet every requirement of your Christmas list?

Your gift of a Thorens expresses true thoughtfulness. Not only is it beautiful in design but it is the only lighter that by actual test lighted 100,000 times without a single miss. It is a real automatic lighter in every sense of the word—made in Switzerland with the precision of a Swiss watch. No finger-tearing wheels to turn—just press the button—snap—there's your light. Press down the cover—twirl the button—and it's locked securely as a safe.

See the Thorens Christmas Assortment Today

The vogue for Thorens lighters in London, Paris and the capitals of Europe has limited the export supply of Thorens, but most better dealers can still show the full line in exceptionally beautiful cases of nickel, gold plate, sterling silver and the fashionable leathers. If you'll sign and mail the attached coupon we'll be glad to send you an illustrated booklet showing the different Thorens styles. Also the name and address of the nearest Thorens dealer who can fill your needs.

COUPON

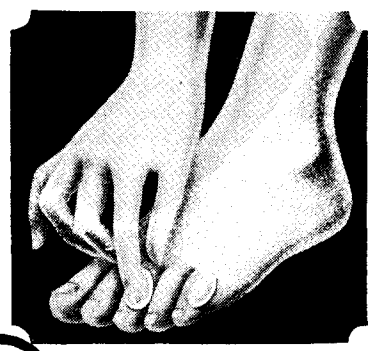
Thorens, Inc.
450 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Please send me illustrated circular and name and address of the nearest Thorens dealer.

*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City*_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your hand-written signature makes each Christmas greeting personal!
The oval-pointed Esterbrook No. 988 never tires the hand.
To help you find your pen, send 10c for box of samples. Free: fascinating booklet, "Personality in Handwriting". Esterbrook Pen Co. Dept. C6, Camden, N. J.
Esterbrook

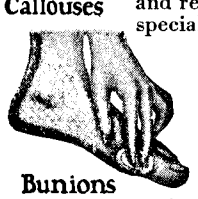


Corns

Pain ends instantly!

In *one minute* the most painful corns stop hurting when Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are applied. These small, thin, soft, protective, cushioning pads *remove the cause*—friction and pressure of shoes—and heal by the natural process of *absorption*. That is why doctors use and recommend them. Also special sizes for Callouses and Bunions. Try this new, scientific, safe, sure way. At all drug, shoe and dept. stores—35c box.

Callouses



Bunions

For free sample (mention size desired) and booklet, address The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

The Third Degree

Continued from page 7

wants to speak to her old man, and points out her old man, and it's the man I'm going to croak, and—I guess I turn white or something, because she asks me some questions and—well, the first thing you know, Cap, I've come clean to her."

"And what did she say?" he asked.

I looked him square in the eye.

"She knew, Cap—get this: she *knew* that I'd never turn wrong again. She didn't say much—she ain't that kind. She's a girl that can understand how a man, broke and nutty in love—oh, what the hell, Cap! I'm low. Get me? *Low!* But she—my God, she's a saint, and—she forgave me. And that's all."

"Oh, is it?" he said. "I want to know why you killed Yankee."

"AIN'T I told you?" I asked. "Him putting me up to killing my girl's father."

"Oh, did he know Mamie Manning was your girl?" asked the Captain.

"Why," said I, "nobody knew that I was going around with her. She—she's different from the girls of that mob, so—"

"Then if he didn't know it was your girl's old man, why get sore at him?" asked the Captain.

"Well," I said, "I sort of went off my nut, and—"

"The Bull and Corney and Whitey don't talk as though you were off your nut. You walked in cold-blooded was what they said. They was all facing the door when you come into Dago Red's, wasn't they?"

"Sure they were," I told him.

"Your girl stuck around with you a while this afternoon, didn't she?" he asked. "Don't lie, Smiley. The minute you were brought in we began looking you up, found out you had a girl, and I went to see her. Why did she stay with you?"

"Well, she was afraid I'd do something to Yankee," I said.

"Why was she afraid of that?" he asked.

"Well, like I was telling you, I was sore at him for framing me to kill her old man," I said.

"And it made you sorer when she told you what Yankee had done to her father, didn't it?" he asked.

"Sure it did," I said.

"Well, that was natural," he said. "I'm glad you come clean, Smiley."

He rose, threw his cigarette on the floor and stepped on it.

"Sorry, Smiley, but I guess it's the chair," he said.

"But, Cap, you'll let Mamie go?" I asked.

"Why, sure I will," he said. "Now that you've come clean I can see she had nothing to do with it. Say, what was it that Yankee had done to her old man?"

"Why," I said, "why—"

He jumped before I guessed what he was about. Both hands got my throat and he banged my head against the wall.

"Come clean, damn you," he yelled. "Yankee hadn't done a thing to Manning. It was the girl—the girl, Smiley, and you know it! That's why her father hated Yankee, and that's why he was laying for Yankee, and that's why Yankee wanted him killed. And when the girl told you—told you what Yankee had done to her—three—four years ago—when she was only fifteen—that's why you went and shot it out with Yankee. Don't lie to me, you rat! Come clean, Smiley, come clean, or, by God, I'll kill you right in this cell!"

He let go of me for a minute and I got my breath.

"You're a liar," I said. "That girl—Mamie Manning—she's the straightest kid—she's as straight as your wife, Corcoran—as straight as your daughter—as straight as your mother—if you think I'm going to hide behind her skirts—"

He dropped me. He walked to the cell door. Over his shoulder he tossed a question at me:

"Mamie forgave you all right, eh? And she believed you when you told her you'd never turn crooked again, eh?"

"Yes, she believed me," I told him.

"Yes, she *musta* believed you," he sneered, "taking your gat away from you so's if you changed your mind again you wouldn't have anything to croak her old man with."

"She didn't take it," I said. "I *gave* it to her so she'd *know* I meant what I said."

"Oh-ho," said Captain Corcoran. He laughed at me. "Well, Smiley, I'm much obliged to you. You gave Mamie the cannon and she went straight down to Dago Red's and killed Yankee—"

I could have cut my tongue out.

"She never went near the Dago's," I cried. "I was with her every minute until after supper."

"Then," said Corcoran, "if she didn't go there, and you was with her—who killed Yankee? You don't like to answer that one, do you, Smiley? Well, I'll answer it for you: Your girl took you up to her father, and you told your story and Mamie turned the gun over to her old man so's to keep you from doing anything rash. You and Mamie went for a walk. But Yankee Glotz was *killed with his own gun*. The murderer dropped it after the killing, and it's been identified as Yankee's gat. And Mamie gave the gun to old man Manning, and I guess anybody can add it up now, Smiley. The old man, thinking of what Yankee done to his daughter, and heated up with Yankee plotting to get him bumped off—"

"You're cookoo," I said. "Ain't the Bull and Corney and Whitey all told you I done it?"

"AND why wouldn't they?" he said. "If they don't pin it on you, maybe it'll be pinned on them. But their backs are to the door. That I know. It opens. Yankee climbs to his feet, goes for his gat, and drops dead. Dago Red has given up the gat that Corney and the rest say Yankee didn't have on him. The door slams. When the other three come out from under the table the killer's a mile away. But they find the killer's gun where he dropped it. It's Yankee's gun and they know Yankee gave it to you. That's plenty for them, even if they haven't seen the murderer. But they want to make it airtight for me. So the rest of it—the talk you gave Yankee—they make that up."

"Well," said I, "you're a smart copper, Corcoran, and you've third-degreed me to a fare-ye-well, but you've got no witnesses to what I've let slip, and I'll watch my step from now on. Corcoran, I was the one who killed Yankee Glotz."

"And if you said anything else, my lad," said he, "I'd let you fry. But a lad that'll take the chair to protect his girl and her old man—say, Smiley, because a girl of fifteen is attacked by a rat like Yankee don't mean that she's not all right. Now look here, you damned yegg, you're going to marry that girl."

"Goddlemighty, I will if I can," I cried. "But, Cap, her father—I won't let—"

"Why should he?" he asked. "I'll third-degree those other lads again. When they admit they didn't *see* the killer—"

"But everybody that was in here heard me admit it," I said.

"Sure, you admitted it. Because you thought that *your girl* had done it, Smiley."

"I won't stand for it," I said. "I ain't going to let it get known that she—that Yankee—"

He smiled at me.

"Your girl knew that you and Yankee had quarreled. She thought Yankee would kill you. So she went gunning for Yankee. *That's* what you thought, and that's why you stood for the frame. Why, Smiley, you come out of this fine. And listen, Smiley, a lad like you—with guts and everything—*I'll* get you a job, Smiley. Then you and that little gal—"

"But her old man," I cried.

"Her old man?" he said. "Why, listen, Smiley, if a thing like Yankee put his hand on *my* daughter, *I'd* kill him. Listen, Smiley, many a time us cops are roasted because we don't discover what gangster killed what gangster. I guess we can stand one more roast. You tell old man Manning to sit tight. Nobody knows but you and me, and I ain't going to tell."

I LOOKED at him. He was smart, this Corcoran. Maybe, having third-degreed the truth out of me, he'd double-cross me, grab Mamie's father—

"You ain't going to tell?" I asked.

"No," he said. "I couldn't be best man at a lad's wedding and then try to put the lad's father-in-law in the chair, could I?"

"No," said I, "you couldn't do that, Captain. But say, if you knew all along—"

"Who? Me?" he said. "All I knew was that Dago Red said he'd been in the room a second before the shot was fired, and that he noticed how the lads was sitting. He's in the room a second after the shot and the killer has gone. These lads are on the floor, but their chairs are still placed back to the door. How could they see you? And when three crooks all tell the same *story*—and when your girl says she was with you all afternoon—well, either she's lying or you're protecting someone, Smiley. And I ain't going to let any lad send himself to the chair for what he ain't done. The third degree, Smiley, is to find out the *truth*."

He walked to the cell door. At the top of his lungs, he yelled:

"Bring those three yeggs here! Framing a decent lad that stands for it because he's afraid that if he brings his girl to prove an alibi something will be pinned on her. Bring the rats in! Dago Red told me how they was all sitting with their backs to the door, and he wasn't gone from the room long enough for them to turn around or for Smiley and Yankee to say two words. Framing a lad so's it won't be pinned on themselves, maybe. Bring the rats in!"

He turned to me. He flung the cell door open.

"On your way, lad," he said. "But come down tomorrow and I'll have that job for you. And Thursday's my night off. We'll have the wedding supper—lad, when you've tasted Mrs. Corcoran's steak and kidney pie—"

So I went out to meet my Mamie.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now see the
MEDITERRANEAN
at $9 per day
everything included

Never before such value! 46-day cruises, including Holy Land and Egypt. Also Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Monaco, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Sicily. TOURIST Third Cabin, made popular by the college crowd and American vacationists, on the famous cruising liners *Adriatic* and the new *Laurentic*, sailing Jan. 10, Jan. 19, Feb. 28, March 9.

For full information address No. 1 Broadway, New York, our offices elsewhere, or any authorized steamship agent.

WHITE STAR LINE
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

Right This Way—
SPARE TIME CASH!

W. E. Cummings, Mont.

"Ladees an' Gentlemen! Step right this way an' watch your spare hours turn into Extra Cash!" It was such a call that W. E. Cummings of Montana answered five years ago. Since then he has earned thousands of dollars in spot cash commissions and bonuses, taking care of his own townsfolks' new and renewal subscriptions to COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, THE MENTOR and FARM & FIRESIDE. Hundreds of other men and women are making easy spare time cash in this pleasant way. If you would like your free hours to pay from $1.50 to $2.00 extra, sign and mail this coupon TODAY!

John Duncanson, Desk C-19
Chief Subscription Staff
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

I want to know the inside "dope" on how Mr. Cummings makes his spare time pay. Please send, without obligation to me, FREE supplies and instructions.

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....State.....

Around the Triangle

Continued from page 11

"Miss the kids?" he asked.

"I don't know. Do you?"

"Sort of," he admitted. "Still, it's a relief to be able to read without musical accompaniment." He grinned at her. "Want to go to a movie?"

"No." Nice Sam—dear Sam! She got up and ran her fingers through his red hair as she passed and went into her own room. What a fine person he was! What a happy marriage theirs had been!

Her breath caught, and she put out a hand and grasped the edge of her dressing table. *Had been!* She slipped into the cushioned chair before the mirror and rested her chin in her hands. What was the matter with her? What—tomorrow, she was going to Tony Ingalls' studio to sit for her portrait. There was nothing extraordinary about that! Sam had been pleased when she told him. . . .

"I've been thinking about what you said," she told Tony Ingalls the next afternoon. "That I was serene. It's funny, because I'm not. And I think I used to be. I'm—puzzled. It's just as if I woke up one morning and didn't belong any more!" She paused, confused, a little embarrassed, by her speech.

HE LOOKED at her earnestly. "That's funny," he said. "Funny, because I think I understand. I've felt that. Sometimes I think that life goes in—in cycles. We spin about in one for a period of time, and then suddenly we're shot through space into another. Catapulted, before we know that we're going!" He paused. "I started out in life to be an engineer!"

"What made you begin painting?"

He sat down at the end of the bench, smoothing a brush against the palm of his hand. "I was twenty-two," he said. "In Philadelphia. I'd been—"

The daylight was gone when he rose and faced the empty canvas. He laughed.

"Oh, well—we'll have to begin tomorrow. Got time to run over to Adolphe's for a cocktail? I'll walk home with you."

She played Russian bank with Sam that evening. Somehow, when he asked, naturally, how the portrait had gone, she was unable to tell him that the canvas was still untouched. It sounded so—well, odd. *We got to talking.* That was the simple truth. Yet now that she looked back on the afternoon, it seemed strange.

"Sam, do you ever hate the idea of growing old?" she demanded.

He laughed. "It's not a pretty idea. But we have a few years before us, old girl!"

"But what are we going to do with them?"

They were both startled at the intensity of her tone.

"Why . . . Helen!"

They stared at one another; then she flung down her cards and hurried around the table, buried her head against his shoulder.

The next day the portrait was begun, and there was no talking in the studio. Helen watched Tony as he measured her, analyzed her, stared at her without recognition.

"There! Tired?" He flung down the brushes, stretched his arms high above his tousled head, wriggling his fingers.

"A little."

They moved familiarly side by side to Adolphe's.

"I wish you'd come back and have dinner with us some night," Helen said. "I'd like you to meet Sam."

Tony Ingalls smiled. "Please—I'm sure I'd like him. But—" He threw back his head, in that rather boyish, abrupt way he had, when he was puzzled. "I like you so much as you are. Yourself, why should I have to mix you up with a husband and children and a household? It's another you."

"But it's the real me!" she objected.

"Not *my* real you!" He laughed at her. "We're all of us so many people. I think it's silly to mix things up. You're a complete personality to me now. You may not be what I think you are at all, but—it's so nice." He looked at her soberly. "We make life so complicated for ourselves, when it's really so simple. You know—I think you're one of the finest human beings I ever met. You think so straight. You—"

"Oh, you *don't* know me!" she interrupted. "Not at all! Why—"

"NOBODY really ever knows anybody else," he said. "There are so few people who even know themselves! *I* don't. I think . . . do you know Carol Thorndike?"

Carol Thorndike!

"I don't know anyone whose name brings such a—a picture," said Helen, and for an instant it was as though Mrs. Thorndike were there. For one summer, three years before, they had been neighbors. The Gilbert youngsters and the Thorndike children had been inseparable. (*Continued on page 52*)

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

Marriage for Two

Beginning the story of a romance that was born in hate and desperation and nourished on intrigue and suspicion

By
ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

Commander Byrd

15,000 lbs. of *Sauerkraut* with Byrd Expedition

NO one, certainly, must choose foods more carefully from a health and nutritive point of view than the head of an expedition to the far distant and bleak antarctic region. For such a long and hazardous undertaking every ounce of food must count. There can be no waste. The rations must contain the very elements that produce heat, strength, energy and life itself—protein, fats, carbohydrates, mineral salts, vitamins and calories, to keep the crew in condition to withstand the terrific hardships.

Commander Byrd, who has just sailed for the land of ice, recognized these facts and is taking many varieties of canned foods to the South Pole. The selection recommended by dietetic authorities of a famous university include beans, beets, peas, corn, fish, meats, milk, fruits, tomatoes, and others. *But in quantity more Sauerkraut, by far, was requisitioned than any other canned food—15,000 pounds of this great health dish, two pounds a week for each person.*

Commander Byrd is thus following the traditions of the sea, inaugurated about 150 years ago, when sailors learned that Sauerkraut, in addition to its nourishing qualities, prevented scurvy—a disease prevalent among seamen on long cruises. And the properties in Sauerkraut which overcome scurvy make it a preventive of many other ailments. It has lactic ferments to which Metchnikoff attached so much importance in keeping the intestinal tract free from disease producing germs; lime and mineral salts which make firm bones and sound teeth; iron for the blood; and vitamins so essential to development and health.

Emblem of First Quality

To get all the benefits of this great health food, however, as well as to thoroughly enjoy its delicious, zestful flavor, be sure you get First Quality Sauerkraut. The Emblem shown opposite is the mark of the National Kraut Packers' Association and guarantees a First Quality product made in sanitary plants in the most sanitary way and in accordance with the Government standards. It appears only on containers of Sauerkraut produced by the N. K. P. A. Look for it when you buy.

Our *free* booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food" tells all about the beneficial properties in Sauerkraut, quoting many of the world's most famous authorities. It also gives 49 tested recipes for preparing this delicious food. Send for the booklet today. Use the coupon.

15 Cents Worth of Sauerkraut Will Serve 4 to 6 Persons

THE NATIONAL KRAUT PACKERS' ASSOCIATION Clyde, Ohio

Send for Interesting Booklet FREE

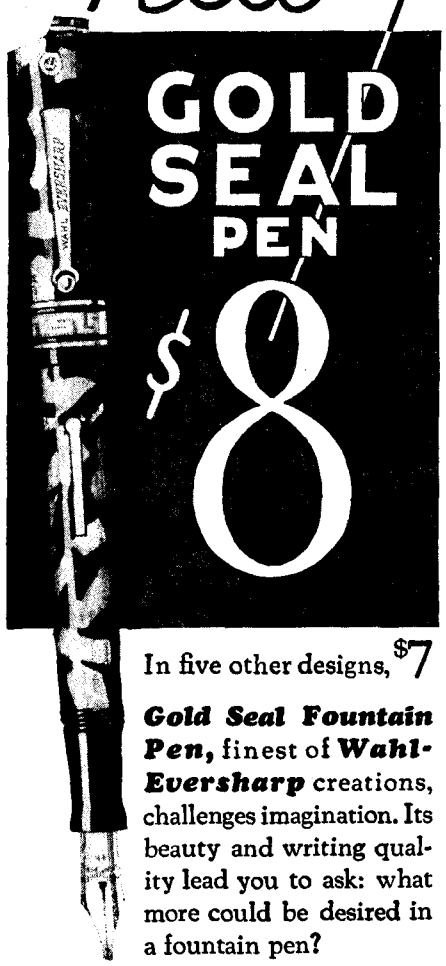
The National Kraut Packers' Association
Clyde, Ohio
Please send me postpaid your free booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with new tested recipes.

Name

Address

C-4 City and State

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



In five other designs, $7

Gold Seal Fountain Pen, finest of ***Wahl-Eversharp*** creations, challenges imagination. Its beauty and writing quality lead you to ask: what more could be desired in a fountain pen?

WAHL EVER-SHARP

Gold Seal Pen

Be a RADIO EXPERT

Radio, a new big industry wants trained men. The work is fascinating, interesting, pays big. We send you six outfits of Radio parts to give you practical experience building and repairing sets. Write for 64-page book "Rich Rewards in Radio." It tells you how you can learn at home in spare time to become a Radio Expert. No obligation. National Radio Institute, Dept. 44B9 Washington, D. C.

DO YOU WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then **become a foot correctionist,** and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. *Address*

Stephenson Laboratory, 4 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

Arlac Duroderma

do you cut Stencils?

Here is an easy cutting stencil which gives clean, clear-cut letters, bulletins and circulars, and accurate stylus reproduction of art, autographic and line work. We'll send you one—free.

Name _____

Address _____

No moistening
"O's" keep their centers
Easier proof reading
Durable for long runs

Please check machine you use
Mimeograph
Neostyle
Rotospeed
Lettergraph
Underwood

Arlac
Dry Stencil Corp'n.
432 4th Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa.
A few desirable territories for dealers.

(*Continued from page 51*)

"That's true," said Tony. "I think she knows herself to a greater extent than anyone I've ever seen. It's rather awful. Like knowing the last act of a play or the end of a story. It makes her—" He hesitated. "I was terribly in love with her," he said. "And she was so—so wise and impartial and fine and—terrible. It's an awful thing to know yourself as she does. It's like losing hope." . . .

Delayed, interrupted though it was, the portrait progressed.

"One more day and I'll be about done," the painter announced, examining it. "Do you like yourself, Helen?"

SHE moved to his side and looked at the canvas. "I wish I was half as lovely!"

He looked down at her, smiling. Then, quite naturally, as they stood there, his arm dropped about her shoulders. "I'm not satisfied with the mouth," he said. "It—" He turned again to her.

"Oh—*painting!*" he exclaimed irritably. "Painting your mouth, Helen Gilbert!" His fingers tightened on her shoulder, and suddenly he swung her about, bent down and kissed her. "My God, I'm crazy about you!"

"Tony!"

He held her a little away from him, so that he could look down into her face. "You lovely thing! What a lot of time we've wasted—painting and talking!" Vaguely she was conscious of thinking that Sam did not kiss her like this. That excited, half-laughter of his voice as he murmured confused words, that blaze of his gray eyes, before which her own fell . . . years ago, she had known all this. "I love you—and I love you—and I love you!"

As one waits to hear the splash of a stone after it has been dropped into a deep well, Helen waited for the "No" that was rising, somewhere within her, to become articulate.

"No, Tony."

"*Yes!*" He laughed, with that happy, ringing note of triumph in his laughter. "You've known, ever since we met at Clara's a month ago, that this would happen! Haven't you?"

"No," she said.

He kissed her again swiftly. "Funny one! Adorable one! Why did we wait so long? Why—"

"I'm glad that we did," said Helen soberly. "Because—now there's nothing more."

"Now there's everything more!" he contradicted her. "Now—Helen, I'm sure that every little star, every little everything was made as a sign that we love each other!"

She moved away from him quietly with every nerve in her body tingling. "I didn't know," she repeated. "I guess I don't know very much. Probably my daughter would have known. But now that I *do* know—that's that."

"Helen, you're crazy!" He followed her, took her hands in his. "Don't you love me?"

She didn't look at him as she answered, "Of course I don't love you. I love my husband—and my children."

"Oh, my God! You love— Look here!" He was half laughing; he gathered her into his arms as though she were a scarf blowing in a wind. "You love your husband and your children! Does your husband kiss you like that?"

She caught her breath painfully. "He used to," she said simply.

Tony Ingalls laughed again. "He used to! And you're content to live on memories—like an old woman! You don't want life any more! You—oh, my dear!"

She was motionless, unresponding, in his arms, and after a moment he released her and stood, half resentful, half incredulous, staring at her.

"If you want to finish the portrait," she told him evenly, "you'll have to promise—"

He turned away angrily. "Oh, I'll promise anything if you feel that way about it!"

At the apartment her mail lay waiting on her desk. Letters from Anne and Sam, junior. Some of the students were going to Paris for a summer course at the university—Paris!—Anne was paving the way for her demand tactfully, surely. And young Sam: "I've made up my mind to go to camp next summer. A bunch of the fellows . . ."

Sam, junior, had made up his mind!

She did not move when she heard the outer door bang behind her husband.

"Hey, Helen!"

"Yes?"

"Duffus has just asked me to go up to his camp in the Maine woods for a couple of weeks. He's all in. And—" He lighted a cigarette, moved nervously about the room. "I think I'll go, Helen, if you don't mind. I feel stuffy. Sometimes—" He paused and ran his fingers through his red hair.

"Why don't you?"

"Sometimes—lately—" he began, and paused again, his eyes seeking hers.

"I think it would be fine for you. When will you go?"

"Tomorrow, I—" He looked at her, shrugged, and wandered vaguely into the living-room.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when the telephone rang.

"I can't get any peace!" Tony's voice plunged abruptly, characteristically, over the wire. "I was a beast this afternoon, Helen! I'm sorry. You will come tomorrow? You aren't angry with me?"

"Yes. No." She answered him in monosyllables. "Good night."

Sam was playing solitaire when she reëntered the living-room.

"I ran into Carol Thorndyke today," he said. "Had tea with her. Rather a decent place for a speakeasy. An old house up on Madison Avenue—"

She nodded. "I've been there with Tony Ingalls. He's a friend of hers. How is she looking?"

"All right." He laid out his cards, played one slowly.

Tony had been in love with Carol Thorndike. Funny for her not to prefer Tony to Ronny Thorndike? She wondered whether Tony had kissed her. She shut her eyes and remembered Tony's kisses. Tomorrow at three . . . but he would not kiss her again. Not now especially, when Sam was going away.

"DID you sleep?" he greeted her, when she opened the studio door. "*I* didn't!"

She looked at him pleadingly. "Oh, Tony—"

"I'm not going to bother you. Helen—sit here for just a minute! I can't paint today. I'd spoil it all."

She sat down uncertainly in the low armchair in which she posed, and he sat at her feet on the floor.

"I'm in love with you," he told her quietly. "I can't help that, can I, Helen?" He looked up into her face. "Divorce your husband and marry me!"

She put out her hand, and he clutched it, pressed it against his cheek. "I couldn't do that, Tony."

"Why couldn't you!" His voice rose protestingly. "You're not in love with him! What's life for, anyway?"

She closed her eyes. "I'm awfully—fond of him," she said. "And there are the children."

"That's finished!" pronounced Tony decidedly. "You've outgrown it. You were a child when you married—you're a woman now. You've done what you set out to do and done it well. Your children are practically grown up. It's your turn to live!"

She couldn't find an argument; it seemed true—everything that he said.

"Oh, my dear!" His voice burned. "The only thing that counts is whether you love me too! Helen—darling. . . ." He scrambled to his feet and pulled her out of the chair toward him. "Damn all promises, anyway! What do they matter? I love you!"

Her inertia vanished; in his arms she felt alive, glowing. "Oh, Tony, *don't!* I tell you I don't know! I—"

"We'll go to Paris and you can get your divorce there! Paris, Helen! Think of it—you and me with all Europe and the summer before us! Italy—Spain—" He was laughing excitedly. "Look, darling, let's go find out about boats, now!"

"Not—not yet!" She pulled away from him. Half frightened, half appalled though she was, she found that she was laughing. His enthusiasm, his excitement were contagious; her heart raced.

"You darling!"

"Let's—let's go out, anyway." She wanted the security of the street, of other people about them.

"We'll get our tickets! How long will it take you to pack?"

"Tony, you're crazy!" She laughed as she looked at him. How gay, how young he seemed, with his gray eyes shining. She noticed how swiftly he did things; she'd loved him for it.

"Let's be crazy, beloved! Let's show the world!"

They didn't buy tickets; they went instead to Adolphe's, and Helen leaned back in the shadows, laughing and listening to Tony Ingalls.

"But I can't go until after Sam comes back, Tony! I'll have to—tell him."

Tell Sam. Her laughter faded. This wasn't just a delightful game that they were playing; it was reality.

"Why do you have to tell him?"

"Oh, Tony!" She put out her hands hopelessly. "He happens to be my husband!"

HER husband! If only Sam were *different!* She was so undyingly fond of him. But to spend all the rest of her life—when they couldn't even talk together any more!

"If he had one spark of—of—" She spoke her thoughts aloud, defensively.

"Perhaps he has—for someone else," Tony answered. "You two are finished! You can't expect to revive things. My dear, after eighteen years—!"

"But he *hasn't* for anyone else, Tony! I know. . . . Why, Tony Ingalls, what do you mean? If I thought—if there was anything left—why, *Tony!*"

He picked up her hands and kissed them, bending forward so that she could no longer see his amused gray eyes. "You angel! Don't let's talk about him! Ten days—we can stand that somehow. And then. . . ."

She looked at him uncertainly, but he went on talking, and again she found herself caught up by the magic of his words. Madrid, Venice, Vienna. . . .

The familiar living-room, when she got home, arrested her thoughts of Tony! Sam's chair, the photographs of the children. . . . She thought again of Sam. The first time he kissed her! It was so long ago, so incredibly in the past. She hadn't realized. . . . Tony was right. One couldn't revive things that were gone.

Paris, Rome, Madrid. . . . Her thoughts darted off again. She'd need her marriage certificate. She stood up abruptly, one finger pressed against her lips. Where, after eighteen years, would her marriage certificate be?

The children's birth certificates, the deed to the Connecticut house—of course they would all be together. In Sam's safe, in his study. She snapped on the lights and knelt before the steel box. This way—and that way—the door swung open and a litter of papers tum-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here's an Amazing New Business THAT PAYS UP TO $1,000 A MONTH

A SURPRISING new profit opportunity is now offered to every ambitious man and woman! A sensational new kind of food business has been invented that can be operated by anyone in either full or spare time. Now, almost incredible as it may sound, $400 to $1000 a month is possible in even the smallest cities.

We supply you with equipment and plans for making and selling a delicious new *greaseless* doughnut that is cooked in a remarkable electrical device. Easy to digest and more toothsome than old-style doughnuts ever were. This delicious new daintyBrown Bobby—costs less tomake and sells four timesas fast. No wonder so many people without one bit of experience are literally cleaning up fortunes with this new money maker.

You can open a shop; rent cheap floor space in a grocery, delicatessen, lunch counter, drug store, etc. Or start at home—and make good profits your very first week!

$3,000 in 3 Months
"I made $3000 in 3 months from my greaseless doughnut business!" Thos. Minch, Fla.

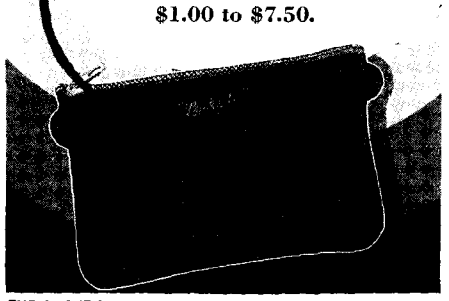
Men and Women Start in This Business Daily
You cannot afford to delay. Details will gladly be sent without obligation of any sort. Such an amazing money maker may never be offered you again. Write at once for full plans and details.

FOOD DISPLAY MACHINE CORPORATION
500-510 N. Dearborn St., Dept. 18-29 Chicago

LOOK FOR THE NAME
"Locktite"
REG. U.S. PAT OFF.

On Tobacco Pouches and Cigarette Cases. Only genuine Locktites have Talon Hookless Fasteners.

$1.00 to $7.50.

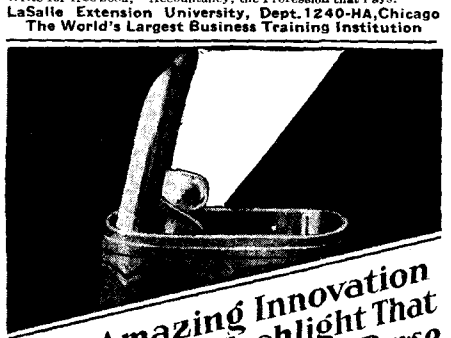


THE LOCKTITE CO., INC. · · · GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 9,000 Certified Public Accountants in the United States. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Training under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., and a large staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1240-HA, Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution



This Amazing Innovation is A Caseless Flashlight That Fits Your Vest Pocket or Purse

only 39¢ Complete

The most practical improvement ever made in flashlights. Lasts several months in ordinary usage, yet so small it can be carried with you daily for emergency uses. Choice of five rich shades of colors in bindings. Light snaps on and off as lid is opened and closed. Sold by practically all dealers.

BURGESS SNAP-LITE FLASHLIGHT

Actual Size

Burgess Battery Company Chicago

bled to the floor. Untidy Sam! She began sorting them precisely.

Funny Sam! She'd never suspected him of so much sentiment! Letters from Anne—from herself—these were from his mother. And these—

Helen Gilbert looked uncertainly at the unfamiliar handwriting on the gray paper. Unfamiliar, yet she felt that she had seen it somewhere. . . . Only half curious, without removing the elastic, she glanced across a folded sheet.

". . . forgotten that life could hold such happiness! For sixteen years I have been an automaton, running my household, bringing up my children, being polite to my husband. I wasn't living—and I didn't even know it! Oh, dearest one—"

THE packet dropped from her fingers, and she felt shivers ripple along her spine. *For sixteen years.* . . . There was something uncanny, something almost supernatural, about it! Half reluctantly, her right hand crept forward and closed over the letters. Then a date seemed to leap out, to face her, significantly. *September 12, 1926. . . . When we are together . . . what life is for . . . love you so . . . Carol. . . .*

CAROL!

Almost fiercely Helen Gilbert snatched up the letter and began to read it from the beginning.

"Beloved: I love you so! I can't say it enough! There aren't enough moments in the day for me to think it enough! Did I ever love anyone before? I suppose I did. But I was too young to know. Young love—oh, my darling, they don't know what it's about. I'm almost happy. I sit here, evening after evening, and Ronny plays cards or reads, and I pretend that you're in the chair opposite mine, by the fire. The firelight shines on your beloved red hair. . . ."

Helen made a little sound, frightened, angry, hurt. This wasn't—funny. Carol Thorndike . . . and Sam! As though she had always known it, she began reconstructing that summer, three years before. Carol Thorndike, who was so beautiful, so glorious—Tony had said that she was wise and impartial and fine. *Tony!* What did he know! She felt a flare of resentment against Tony Ingalls, as though, obscurely, this were his fault. He was a child!

Then the undercurrent of her angry comment ceased abruptly, and she leaned forward breathlessly over a letter longer than the others.

"Oh, my dear!" it began, and there was somehow desperation in that beginning. "I've been thinking all day about our talk last night. Then this afternoon I got your letter. You are right, of course. It's funny, after all we've meant to one another, but I'm sufficiently feminine to wish that it had been I, instead of you, who said it. You're really—throwing me over, aren't you? Because I would have gone with you. My dear, I had even begun packing! Pathetic, isn't it? I'm looking at your letter. 'Now it seems the most important thing in the world,' you say. That's true, anyway! 'But aren't we just evading reality? You mustn't doubt that I love you.' (I don't; it's just that you don't love me enough!) 'But I loved my wife. I still have a great affection for her. What assurance have we that we aren't just recommencing the same old farce, with fewer bulwarks to support us? Before we had youth. And now, in five years— We've each come to a turning point, and instead of facing it and going on, we're trying to go back. What can we possibly give one another now that we haven't had before with someone else? Do we want to go round like squirrels in a cage, demanding the same old things, or have we courage to go forward and take the new things? Life offers them, Carol dear, but we have to work for them.'

Helen Gilbert was crying. Her heart was heavy with realization of Carol Thorndike's hurt. Hurt, like any child who cannot have what it wants. She was hurt too. She'd wanted Tony . . . and Europe . . . and romance. But Sam was right. There were other things. Years ahead—she wasn't at the end of her life, that she should snatch so desperately for something which she knew, something she had already had!

The letter she wrote to Tony Ingalls was oddly like the letter she had read and put so carefully back into the safe.

She took the morning train to Vassar. "Perhaps," she told Anne, "your father and I will come to Paris too." Perhaps. And perhaps Anne's father was even now on his way to Paris with Carol Thorndike! Yet she knew that he wasn't. He couldn't have done that without telling her. She spent the second week at Groton.

There were eight letters from Sam awaiting her at the apartment, eight letters and a telegram.

"Arrive five-thirty tonight. Get tickets for a show."

"I haven't got the tickets, Sam. I want to talk to you."

"Anything you say, old girl."

She waited until they had dined, were sitting companionably on the couch.

"Sam, I was going to run away. With Tony Ingalls." He listened, uncommenting, not looking at her. "There's just one thing I've got to tell you, and it's going to be rather hard." She took his hand, met his eyes squarely. "I read Carol Thorndike's letters to you, Sam. Every one of them." She felt him start, and she pressed his fingers quickly. "Wait, Sam! I know what a rotten thing it was to do. You've got to believe me when I tell you that it never occurred to me then that I shouldn't. It leaped out at me—a phrase that was so exactly what I'd been saying to Tony that it was like a message. And then after I'd read them all and realized . . . that I *hadn't* realized . . ." She paused.

"Hadn't realized what, Helen?" Their eyes met gravely, intensely.

"Oh, Sam!" Her hand was pressing his with all her strength. "I'd never noticed *you!* I'd never thought that you might be dissatisfied too! And then to learn that you understood so much better than I; that you were so *right*—"

"Helen!" He leaned toward her solemnly. "Is that—is that the only reason you didn't go with Ingalls?"

SHE shook her head. "I don't know. I—I *hope* I'd have realized it myself, that I was just feeling what—oh, ever so many people of my age—*our* age—*feel! I*—"

He interrupted her. "You're sure of that, Helen?"

"Oh, my dear!" She looked up at him, and her eyes were radiant. "Sambo—can you doubt it?"

He held her close, warmly, companionably, there by the fire.

It was perhaps a month later that Sam Gilbert stopped into the law offices of William Gilbert. The secretary moved out of the room, smiling approvingly at the two tall, red-headed brothers. Said Sam:

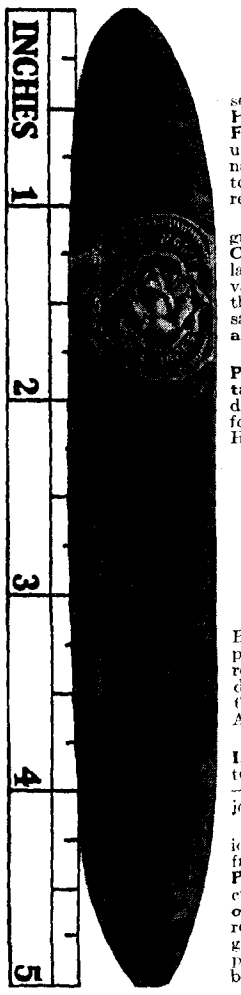
"Helen and I are going abroad next week. I've been clearing out a bunch of junk—these belong to you, I believe." He tossed a flat packet of gray papers, girded by rubber bands, to the desk.

"What—oh." William Gilbert's hands picked up the packet slowly, turned it over. Then he looked up at his brother and smiled rather ruefully. "Thanks, Sammy. I'd almost forgotten—guess it's about time I got rid of these."

Sam's hand was resting on his shoulder. "They've had their day, I imagine," he remarked, cheerfully.

You'll Prefer
ROSE MARIE PERFECTOS

to any 15c cigar you've ever smoked and you can buy them for only



4c each

How can we afford to sell you these **Imported Hand-Made, Long-Filler** cigars at such an unheard-of price—is a natural question for you to ask. Here are the reasons.

Because the tobacco is grown in the celebrated **Cagayan Valley.** Here lands are much less in value and nature supplies the fertilizer. The annual saving is about **$200 per acre.**

Because **"Rose Marie Perfectos"** are **Import tax free.** The regular duty is about 16c each for same size—made in Havana.

$4.00 per 100 PLUS postage

Because low living expenses in the Philippines reduces the cost of production approximately 65%—compared with American countries.

Because we are **Direct Importers** and are able to save you another 50% —the profits which go to jobbers and retailers.

Because we are anxious to win more new friends for **"Rose Marie Perfectos."** Satisfied customers mean **repeat orders.** Only then do we reap a satisfactory margin of profits. This repeat business grows day by day.

Try Them at Our Expense

We will send you 100 **"Rose Marie Perfectos'** for only **$4.00** plus a few cents postage. The authorized retail price is **$8.00 per 100.** You save $4.00. So **smoke 10 on us.** Forget the price. Judge them on the taste and the pleasure they give you. If you are not **100% satisfied,** send the other 90 back. And without any "ifs," "ands" or "buts" we will **cheerfully refund your $4.00.** What a difference **"Rose Maries"** will make in your smoking budget. **Order this very day.** Simply mail the coupon.

National Cigar Co., 408-Z
969 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Send me 100 **"Rose Marie Perfecto"** Cigars. I will pay postman **$4.00** plus postage. It is agreed that if the **first 10** are not satisfactory I may return the other 90 and get back my $4 without question. (**Mild—? Medium—? Strong—?**) Check preference.

NOTE—If you will send check or M. O. you will prevent delays and **save 12c** C. O. D. charges. If you are east of Pittsburgh, remit $4.25 ($4 plus 25c postage). If west of Pittsburgh, remit $4.40.

Name.....

Address.....

PATENTS Write for our Free Guide Book "HOW TO OBTAIN A PATENT" and record of invention Blank. Send model or sketch & description of your invention for our Inspection and Advice free. Terms Reasonable. Prompt Service.
VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., 631 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

In Service since 1910

Eighteen years at the Sports Desk of a great newspaper! This Vul-Cot has carried more than 20 tons of newspapers, cigarette stumps, scrap paper and whatnot—and is still good as new! A Vul-Cot for every worker saves time, and interruptions. Vul-Cot in olive green, maroon, oak, walnut, mahogany—and Nacolacquered pastel tones. At stationery, house-furnishing and department stores.

VUL-COT
-the-national wastebasket
Guaranteed 5 years
National Vulcanized Fibre Co.
Wilmington, Del.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Start Now

Here's your chance to have a lot of fun winning prizes and earning money. A place is open for you in the Crowell Club of Junior Salesmen—the liveliest and peppiest bunch of boys in America.

Earn Money—Win Prizes

Crowell Junior Salesmen are boys, like yourself, who make good use of their spare time after school. They deliver three of the best known magazines to regular customers. When they started they had no experience. We taught them how to get their customers. They always have their own spending money jingling in their pockets and, also, win dandy prizes selected from our Big Book of Prizes containing over 300 articles.

Mail the Coupon

Just dig up your pencil stub and print your name and address on the coupon and mail it today. You will then be started in business for yourself, and made happy by cash profits as well as prizes. Membership in a great Organization is open to you! Join now!

Jim Thayer, Dept. C-37
The Crowell Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: Start me on the road to money and prizes.

Name .....

Address .....

Town.....State.....

The Shepherd of Guadaloupe

Continued from page 17

belongings, drive to Las Vegas with her bags and send a truck back for her trunks. Then she would wire to Ethel and take the night train to Denver.

Whereupon she plunged into the packing—no slight task—and before very long she discovered that ever and anon she would stop a moment to do nothing but stare at the wall. When she realized this and divined why, she was angered with herself. Her natural instinct was to fly to Clifton. How wonderful if only she could have yielded to it! But he had failed her—he would not welcome her; and besides, that would aggravate a situation already grave. She must dismiss Clifton from her mind for the present.

THE effort seemed to rend her. Poor boy! The war had ruined him, and his homecoming had been forlorn, miserable, unbearable. Small wonder if he had transgressed loyalty! Still she could not conceive of him boasting about her being his wife. Some day she would get at the bottom of what really had been said and done. A thrilling idea began to form and would not be denied—Clifton had beaten Malpass for her sake. She simply had to be cold and unreceptive to that incalculably far-reaching possibility. By Malpass' own lips—swollen and discolored—she had learned that he had been beaten by Forrest, and it was enough.

As luck would have it, Virginia's mother came in to see her, unsuspecting, and quite surprised to find her in the midst of packing.

"Mother, I'm going to Denver a little ahead of my invitation," she explained, relieved that Mrs. Forrest manifestly did not yet know of the upheaval.

"Dear me. Always on the go! Will you never settle down?" she complained mildly.

"I guess I'm about settled now, Mother," said Virginia, "if you only knew it."

"It would please me to see you married."

"To the same individual Father picked out for me?"

"No. I wouldn't want you to tell it, but I don't believe Malpass could make you happy."

"You're an angel to say that, Mother. I promise you I'll get a husband—pretty quick," returned Virginia gleefully.

"I wish you would be serious, Virginia. I came in to tell you I'd like to go to Atlanta soon. And if you are leaving I think I'll go."

"Mother, I approve of that. And I might run down to Atlanta to see you this winter."

This delighted Mrs. Forrest, and finally Virginia made the visit a certainty, provided her mother kept it a secret, and furthermore would not be distressed or influenced by any circumstance that might arise on Virginia's account in the meantime.

"You're mysterious, dear," smiled her mother. "But I'm so glad you will come that I'll agree to anything."

Three hours later Virginia was aboard the train. While in the dining car she had a last glimpse of the slope above Cottonwoods and the dark spot that was the Padre Mine.

Strange now to consider the events of the day. Not the gratifying downfall of Malpass, not her father's rage and her expulsion from home, not the crystallizing sense of melancholy in Clifton's disloyalty, but the astounding developments at Padre Mine dominated her thought.

Virginia went back to her Pullman, and seated at her window she watched the end of that eventful day darken over the ranges.

The more she pondered over Jake's discovery at the mine, the stronger grew her conviction that deception and dishonesty on a large scale had been perpetrated there. Padre Mine bore the earmarks of having been the keystone of some gigantic plot of Malpass', through which he had made a fortune. Virginia was interested only in the deception. The question hammered at her—if she could prove Jake's contention would she not have power to break the hold of Malpass upon her father?

Doubts and misgivings faded like misty clouds before the sun. The matter clarified with analysis. Once upon coming back home from school, four years and more ago, she had been elated by the wonderful development of the mine. Her father was soaring to the clouds. She had ridden up to the mine, to find there hordes of Mexican laborers, dust, noise and confusion, every indication of a marvelous strike. Money appeared to be as abundant as the sage. This was the period when her father had bought her all the fine horses available.

Two years later, upon another of her infrequent visits home, she was astounded to hear that the Padre Mine had failed. It was a subject about which no one risked speaking to her father. Virginia knew him well enough to be sure that he had suffered poignant disappointment, the more so since he had allowed himself to become obsessed and confident. His reaction had not been to questionable dealing. Jed Lundeen might be deceived once by one man, but never again. No matter what his subjection to a shrewder intellect, and notwithstanding the fact that he had driven hard bargains himself, he would never stand to be cheated.

Hope of reinstating herself in her father's regard came as an afterthought, following the first and passionate desire to circumvent Malpass, and then it was more for her mother's than her own sake.

Presently the porter brought her a telegram, which he informed her had been given the conductor as the train pulled out of Las Vegas. It was from Ethel. She said she would be "pifli-cated with joy" to see Virginia, that she should have her baggage put off at Colorado Springs, and meet her at the station there. This appeared to be more good fortune for Virginia. The quiet of the resort would be preferable to Denver. Virginia had her berth made up, and went to bed dreaming before she fell asleep.

NEXT day the hours grew tedious. Virginia had to change trains at La Junta, and at length arrived at Colorado Springs. As the train pulled in, Virginia espied Ethel through the window. How the bright eager little face warmed her! True friends were rare. She had come to a juncture of her life when she could appreciate their value.

Then presently the porter was handing her down the step to the platform. Ethel let out a squeal of rapture and rushed to embrace her.

Ethel studied her face with the keenest of loving, remembering eyes from which nothing could escape. "You've lost your bloom and your round schoolgirl cheeks. You're pale, honey. There's something dark in your eyes. It's not my old roguish Virginia.... Yes, you're older."

"I shore reckon I needed you," murmured Virginia, fighting a silly and almost irresistible longing to cry.

But before she dared yield to the luxury and wholesomeness of such relaxation there was the hotel to reach, and the gauntlet to run of idle guests to whom a newcomer was an event, and the gracious Mrs. Wayne and her friends to meet, and moment after moment to endure.

Ethel's room at last!

"Lock the door—savior," cried Virginia, her voice rich and full and breaking. She threw her gloves, her coat; she tossed her hat; and all the while she avoided the wondering, dreading eyes of her friend.

"Virginia! You scare me stiff. What has happened?"

"I am—an outcast," sobbed Virginia, but with Ethel's arms around her.

At length the paroxysm was over, and Virginia felt better for it.

"When have I cried like that?" she asked, raising her flushed and wet face from Ethel's shoulder.

"Never since I knew you," replied Ethel, still awed and shaken. "It broke my heart, Virginia. But how happy it makes me to know you've come to me in your trouble! . . . Now, tell it, darling. I'm a punk fair-weather friend, but try me in the storm."

"I'M AN outcast," replied Virginia mournfully, and wiping her tear-splashed eyes she faced Ethel bravely, and yet with shame.

"Outcast!" ejaculated her friend.

"Yes. My father turned me out. I have no home and very little money. I sent my horses away to try to save them. I've got my clothes and jewels. And here I am, Ethel."

"Tell me—a little at a time," rejoined Ethel, gasping. "Turned you out! The damned old hard-shelled crab! Because you wouldn't marry Malpass?"

"No. Because I—I married someone else," whispered Virginia, hanging her head. It was not easy to confess, even to gentle, worshipful Ethel.

"Virginia!" And Ethel plumped down to her knees, rapt and wild, her eyes staring, her hands clasping Virginia's, her whole being shot through and through with vitalizing current.

"Married!—Married to whom? . . . I'd die if it were anyone but Clifton!"

"It was Clifton, dear."

"Oh, thank heaven! I liked that boy as if—as if he were ten brothers of mine all in one. . . Dear old sad-eyed, silent, suffering Cliff! He was a hero. And to think you've been and gone and done what I prayed for! It's just marvelous. You're the most satisfactory girl in all the world. You keep romance alive. What's all this bunk about modern girls and money, luxury, jazz and loveless marriage? . . . And that old father of yours threw you out?"

"Almost. He said the Lundeens were through with me."

"Humph! And what did Mr. slick-haired, goofy-eyed Malpass say to your marrying Cliff? I'll bet he threw a fit."

"It was he who told Father. He raved. He foamed at the mouth. Oh, he was not human.... Ethel, he had to be brought home—carried in. Cliff had beaten him with a whip. His clothes were slashed to ribbons. Bloody! Black and blue! Ugh! Cliff beat him nearly to death."

"Virginia Lundeen! You *tell* me!" screamed Ethel frantically.

Thus inspired and impelled, Virginia, without realizing it in the least, fell to a Homeric recital of her story. She was to learn quickly, however, that her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

powers of narrative were supreme. Ethel quivered and shivered and wept over that rendezvous with Clifton in the garden; she went into ecstasies over the secret marriage; and when the sordid sequel ended—the passionate, vivid description of Malpass' denunciation—*he would drag her through the mud!* And her father's brutal hands at her throat, to prove which Virginia had but to show the discolorations on her neck, Ethel became a clenching-fisted, blazing-eyed little fury.

SHE launched out into an incoherent tirade that did not lose force until she lost her breath. And then she burst into tears. Virginia in turn ministered gentle consolation.

"And now what?" queried Ethel, recovering belligerently.

"Well, as I said before, here I am," replied Virginia, smiling.

"Of course, for the present. And it's great for me. But what are you going to do?"

"Ethel, I haven't any idea. Except I intend to investigate the Padre Mine failure," rejoined Virginia, and she gave Ethel minute details of her trip to the mine with the cowboys, and Jake's discovery.

"You bet," exclaimed Ethel, her eyes wide and shining. "When we get to Denver you must consult a mining engineer. And if he gives you any encouragement take him back to Las Vegas. I'll come with you. We'll put over on Malpass. Gee, wouldn't it be great if we could prove he's crooked? In court, I mean. Wouldn't we make your father crawl?"

"I don't care about that, though it would be a satisfaction," continued Virginia. "I just want to free him from Malpass."

"Strikes me one's as bad as the other," said Ethel bluntly. "What you want is to see justice done. To yourself and your mother and the Forrests."

"Father has been led or forced into dishonest dealing. But even if he gets out of the clutches of Malpass I doubt that he would ever square up with the Forrests."

"That'll be left for you, Virginia. And I should think you'd get much joy out of it."

"I would indeed. But you know Clifton refused assistance from me."

"That's different. He couldn't refuse *now*."

"Couldn't he? Much you know Cliff!"

"But you're his wife."

"Yes," mused Virginia.

"Don't you love him?" went on this indefatigable and relentless romancer.

"Terribly."

"Well then, it's perfect. Cottonwoods will belong to both of you. And I s spend half my time there."

"Ethel, come down to earth. . . . C ton doesn't care for me."

"Bunk!"

"But I tell you he doesn't. He sy pathized with me. Was sorry. Want to help me out of my plight. I'm sur he doesn't believe he'll live long. I didn't matter to him. So he asked me to marry him."

"Listen to her! . . . So he was very kind and practical. No sentiment. Just made himself convenient for a damsel in distress. Jollied you a little about dying soon, huh. . . . And you let him get away with it?"

Virginia stared at her volatile friend, on the verge of both shock and anger.

Ethel laughed at her. "Couldn't you see poor, proud Cliff was madly in love with you?"

"No, you incorrigible little matchmaker, I couldn't."

"You were as blind as a bat. Cliff didn't want you to know. Why, I'll bet right now he's hugging you to his breast, figuratively speaking."

"Ethel! You're a crazy, lovesick schoolgirl!" cried Virginia.

"You bet your life I am. That's why I know things. . . . Didn't I see Clifton Forrest looking at you when you didn't know it?"

"I don't dare believe you," protested Virginia.

"Suit yourself. But I could save you a lot of agony."

"YOU'LL only make agony for me. Suppose I listened to you—believed you, and then it turned out you were mistaken?"

"I couldn't be. I'm sure death on these affairs of the heart. Have seen so many, then had one of my own. But for the sake of argument, to salve your wounded feelings, we'll assume I am wrong. We'll assume a lot of rot. Clifton home, broken in body and spirit. Haunted by the war. Penniless and unable to do a man's work. Occupied with his pangs and his lonely soul. Turgid ebb and flow of misery stuff. Too sick to be lovesick! . . . Do you follow me, darling?"

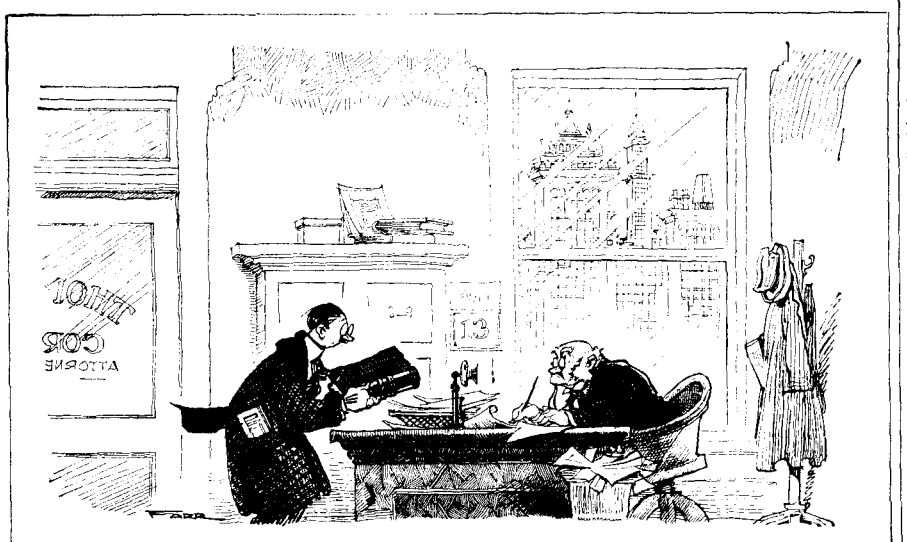
"I—I think so, though it is a bewildering process."

"Very well. The rest is simple. You'll stay with me in Colorado for a while, until that scandal blows over. Then go back home and waylay Cliff at every turn."

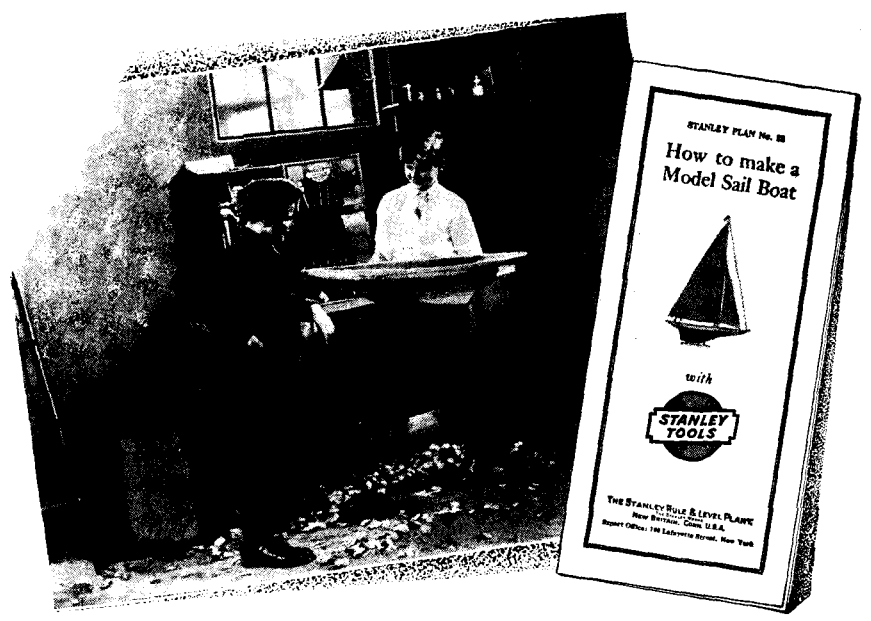
"Waylay him? But I couldn't. . . . Even if I could what use would it be?"

"Oh, Lord! . . . Well, maybe that's why I love you so. Virginia, you don't have to do anything to make people love

(*Continued on page 56*)



"Can I sell you a treatise on organization efficiency?"
"Drop back Thursday."
"Sorry, I'll be out of town Thursday."
"So will I."



Your boy is safe when he is working with tools and wood

Set No. 904; 12 tools—oak cabinet. Price $15.

Set No. 907; 7 tools in cardboard box. Price $5. This set includes plans for making a tool cabinet.

Set No. 902; 20 tools—oak cabinet. Price $25.

Fun for him—plus something more—this working with tools and wood.

A chest of tools will keep your boy's mind occupied profitably. Your boy's spare time deserves your thought—your guiding influence.

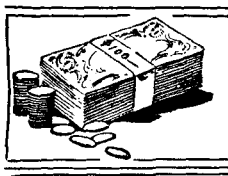
And—did you ever stop to think—how few toys make *lasting* gifts? Tools, with Stanley Plans to get him started right, will keep him interested all year 'round—and many years to come.

There are 25 Stanley Plans: boats, dog houses, tables, chests, work benches, etc. They sell for 10c each at your hardware dealer's. There is, also, our new book "How to Work with Tools and Wood". Your hardware dealer has this, too. You can get it for $1.

On the left are three typical Stanley Tool Chests. There are 16 altogether, ranging in price from $5 to $95. Ask your hardware dealer for catalog showing them all. Or write to us for a free copy of Catalog No. Sn35. The Stanley Works, Advertising Dept., New Britain, Conn.

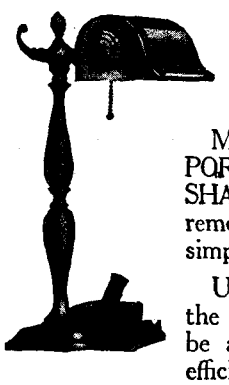
STANLEY TOOL CHESTS

The all-year-'round Xmas gift



WANT SOME EXTRA CASH?

You can have it in exchange for a little of your spare time as local subscription representative of COLLIER'S. No experience or investment necessary. WRITE TODAY for particulars regarding our 25% interest offer. *Chief of Subscription Staff*
THE CROWELL PUBLISHING CO., 250 Park Avenue, New York



The BETTER GIFT

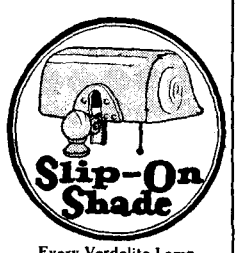
Faries VERDELITE Lamps are most practical as Christmas gifts because of their beauty and utility.

Made of brass in attractive finishes, by the *originators* of PORTABLE ELECTRIC LAMPS with GREEN GLASS SHADES. The exclusive patented Slotted Shade may be removed for replacement without unwiring the lamp, by simply lifting it out of position.

Use an ordinary blue daylite bulb in the Verdelite Shade and the result will be a natural daylight glow, far more efficient than other methods of lighting.

Consult your dealer or write today for Booklet C-12 in colors.

Faries Manufacturing Co., Decatur, Ill., U. S. A.



Every Verdelite Lamp is labeled for your protection

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On Colt's "proving ground" where accuracy and certainty of firing are determined, wonderful targets are made daily with every type and model of Colt Revolver and Automatic Pistol.

The Final Aim of every Colt

AFTER each COLT Revolver or Automatic Pistol has successfully passed nearly two hundred gauge and visual inspections it reaches the COLT shooting gallery.

The ultimate aim of COLT fire arms manufacture is smooth-working, unfailing accuracy. This final test knows no compromise. Each and every COLT, regardless of model and caliber, is tested by a master hand—several rounds fired both single and double action with various types of ammunition. Here takes place the final adjustment of action, sights, trigger pull, etc. Target hits are carefully checked to prove perfect scoring ability. Safety devices are tested. The proven COLT is then cleaned, reinspected, thoroughly oiled and packed—as perfect a fire arm for your specific need as though specially "tailor made" to your particular specification.

If you would like to start or join a local Revolver Club, send us your name. Women, too, may enroll. A Postal brings our Catalog No. 31. Spend that penny.

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
HARTFORD, CONN.

Phil. B. Bekeart Co., Pacific Coast Representatives, 717 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

COLT · The World's Right Arm

MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn $15 to $25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
270 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.

More Men Needed in Radio

Radio industry has grown so fast Radio expert says there are four good jobs for every well-trained man. Men who haven't made right connections and young men starting out should consider Radio for life's work. "Rich Rewards in Radio," points out opportunities in this new industry; also explains how others have become successful Radio Experts through practical Home Course. Write for a free copy to National Radio Institute, Dept. 44B9, Washington, D. C.

big growth making many big jobs

Amazing New Glass Cleaner Offers $15 a Day PROFIT!

HERE'S an absolutely new, money-making proposition that will bring you big profits—*easy profits*—QUICK PROFITS! You can make $50 a week in spare time—$100 in full time—taking orders for JIFFY GLASS CLEANER—a new, pure, harmless liquid that easily and instantly cleans glass surfaces without water, soap or chamois. Think of it! Unequaled for cleaning windows, mirrors, windshields, show cases, eyeglasses, etc.

Anyone, Anywhere, Can Earn Big Money

All you do is demonstrate to housewives, automobile owners, stores, garages, etc., and take orders. We do not sell dealers. All business from your locality must come through you, and you alone get the profit on every order. Every demonstration brings you two to four orders. Just moisten a cloth with Jiffy Glass Cleaner, rub over the surface of the glass and then polish with a dry cloth. Instantly removes all dust, dirt, grease and grime without streaking. After one application windows shine, gleam and sparkle like crystal—and stay clean twice as long.

Albers Made $47 in a Day!

Henry Albers, Ohio, made $47 in one day and he says that $100 a week is easy for him. Men and women everywhere are making amazing profits with Jiffy Glass Cleaner and my 350 other fast-selling products. Chris. Vaughn, Ohio, made $125 in a week; L. C. Van Allen, Ill., averages more than $100 a week; Mrs. K. R. Roof, S. C., earned $50 in her first week's spare time; Mrs. B. L. Hodges, N. Y., earns $18 to $20 a day; H. C. Hanson, N. D., makes $75 a week in spare time. You can make this big money, too!

Send No Money

I don't want you to send me a cent. All I want you to do is let me show you how you can make $50 to $100 a week, without experience and without taking any course of training. I agree to furnish everything you need, to tell you what to do and say in this easy, fascinating work. You positively take no risk whatever. You can't lose a penny and yet you have a wonderful chance to reap big profits quickly. You can make $10 to $20 a day right from the start.

Mail Coupon NOW

Introduce Jiffy Glass Cleaner in your locality while it's new. This is your chance to make more money than you've ever made before. Send coupon for full details—without cost or obligation to you! *Act quick* for big profits. Send coupon TODAY!

THE JIFFY GLASS CLEANER CO.,
8856 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send me full details of your money-making proposition without cost or obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

.....
(Print or Write Plainly.)

...inued from page 55) you. All that ...cessary is for you to happen across ...r horizon. Once ought to be enough. ...not once then twice. Three times ...uld be an avalanche. And after that ...'d only have burials."

"You might help me if you could be ...rious," returned Virginia plaintively.

"I may be slangy, honey, but I'm in ...ead earnest."

"You're very blind and loyal, Ethel. It's well for me that I can keep my head. . . . Now let's forget my troubles and plan to have a good time."

Virginia spent three weeks with Ethel at Colorado Springs and did not know where the days fled.

There were a few social exactions. They passed most of the daylight hours outdoors, hiking, motoring, climbing the foothills, playing golf. Saddle horses were to be had for the asking, but Virginia could not be induced to ride.

SHE enjoyed most an afternoon in the Garden of the Gods. A motor car was not available at the hour, so the girls, bent on a lark, hired an old relic of a Westerner, a driver of a dilapidated open vehicle with a horse that matched both man and hack. He took them for tourists and proceeded to acquaint them with himself:

"My name air Josh Smith an' I hail from Indianer. Fust come west in '68. Was a lad then an' the redskins made me an orphan. Reckon thet everythin' the West could give I got—'cept six feet of ground, an' I near got thet a hundred times. Helped to build the Santa Fe. I been teamster on the plains, freighter, scout, cowboy, miner, gambler en' most everythin'."

"My, Mr. Smith, but you've seen a lot," said Ethel, with a mischievous wink at Virginia.

"Right smart, though I've knowed fellers who'd seen more."

"And how old are you?"

"Reckon I don't know. But I'm over eighty."

"Were you ever married?"

"Haw! Haw! Lots of times, on an' off," he replied, plying his whip to the almost motionless horse.

"Well, that's fine. Then you didn't find marriage a failure, like so many people of today?"

"No, indeed. Marriage is all right, if you kin change often enough."

"That's an original idea," went on Ethel, unmindful of a dig from Virginia's elbow.

"Air you married?"

"Oh, dear, yes. At least I was. And I've four children. My husband deserted us, and now I have to—to travel around and write for newspapers to make a living."

"You're purty young lookin'. No one would guess thet. . . . An' your quiet friend hyar—is she married, too?"

"Oh, dear, *no*. She's deaf and dumb, and doesn't care much for men. She's very rich. I'm her traveling companion. She pays me for it."

"Wal, by golly! Deaf an' dumb? I'll never grow too old to get a stumper. Who'd have thunk it?"

"Isn't she handsome?" went on this incorrigible little devil, despite sundry covert kicks and cuffs. "Oh, you can say what you like about her. She can't hear and I won't tell."

"Handsomest gal I've seen this summer, an' thar's some peaches hyar durin' July an' August. I ain't seen one though with the shape your friend's got. Tehee, tehee, tehee! She'd drive any young buck to drink. I shore wish I was young again."

Ethel by this time was bursting with glee, and Virginia, too, could scarcely contain herself; but their arrival in the Garden of the Gods changed the direction of the old Westerner's mind to the natural spectacles of the wondrous rock formations out of which he made his living.

"See thet rock?" he queried, becoming professional. "Thet's the Elephant. Thar's the bulk of the body, haid an' ears an' trunk. One tusk missin'."

"Oh, it's a perfect elephant," declared Ethel, clapping her hands. As a matter of fact it did not resemble an elephant more than any other of the many rocks near at hand.

Next came the Tom Cat, and close to him the Mud Turtle. Following them in succession were a remarkable assortment of stones evidently, to this old man, admirable statues of the creatures he named.

"An' thar's Apollonaris Belvedeerie," he announced grandly, waving his whip at a huge red crag, fluted and draped, and, without a distorting name, a beautiful thing to gaze upon.

"But last summer you told me that one was Ajax defying the lightning," rejoined Ethel, in demure amaze.

"What? Was you out hyar with me last summer?" he queried sharply.

"To be sure I was. I'd never forgot you."

"Wal, mebbe 'tis Ajax. I see these doggone gods so doggone much."

They rode on, and he seemed a little less declaratory about the significance of cliffs and stones. Nevertheless he had a label for each and every one. Virginia had been there before, and of course the garden was like an old book to Ethel.

"Now looka thar," suddenly spoke up their guide, once more animated. "That's the Wild Stallion. Thet one fetches all my patrons. It's shore the beautifullest picture of a great wild hoss turned into a stone god. See his noble haid an' his flyin' mane, an' thet wind hole which is his eyes."

This was too much for Virginia. The rock designated resembled nothing alive, let alone the wondrous beauty of a wild horse.

"That?" she burst out. "It's a dumpy red rock. No more."

In his amazement the imaginative guide dropped his whip. His lean jaw dropped too.

"Hey, wasn't you deaf and dumb?" he ejaculated.

ETHEL vented a silvery peal of laughter and leaped gayly to the ground. Virginia followed, though less actively.

"No, I wasn't deaf and dumb," she retorted. "And I'm no tourist, either. I live on a ranch so big you could lose your old garden in it. . . . Aren't you ashamed trying to fool people about these rocks?"

"Wal, by gum."

"Wait for us, driver," said Ethel. "And think up some more fakes. You sure are the bunk."

"Reckon I been buncoed, too," he returned, grinning. "I'll bet four bits them four kids of yours is bunk. . . . Haw! Haw!"

Ethel mumbled something that Virginia was unable to distinguish.

"Come, you kid," she called to Virginia. "I'll beat you to the top of the slide."

Next day they went to Denver. And Virginia was once again in contact with the theaters, the motion pictures, the department stores and the restaurants of a city. While there she ascertained the name of a well-known mining engineer and contractor, with whom she made an appointment.

She found Mr. Jarvis a middle-aged man, a Westerner, shrewd and plain, and one inclined to inspire confidence.

"My errand may be absurd," she explained, "but then again it may be important. That is for you to say."

"I'm at your service, Miss Lundeen," he replied, with interest.

Thereupon Virginia related as briefly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as possible the circumstances connected with her last visit to Padre Mine.

"Now what I want to know," she concluded, "is whether or not you suspect there might have been something queer about that mine."

"Queer indeed," he returned, almost with amazement. "If the facts you have outlined so clearly can be substantiated, it will lay bare something more than queer."

"And what may that be?"

"Nothing more or less than a plain crooked mining deal."

"AS I suspected," returned Virginia, breathing quickly. "The gold was brought to the mine, planted there, and then blown up, so that it'd be scattered everywhere. All to deceive my father into believing it was a rich mine?"

"Exactly. May I ask, did he sell the mine?"

"No."

"Then he invested money in the operating of it?"

"Yes. I have no idea how much. But altogether I imagine several hundred thousand went into that mine."

The engineer lifted his brows in surprise. "So much! Well, this is worth digging into. Of course the mine is abandoned now?"

"Yes, for two years and more. Now, Mr. Jarvis, if you will give me reasonable assurance that you can prove whether or not this was a crooked deal, I will engage you to investigate."

"If the mine is as accessible to me as to your cowboy prospector I can give you absolute proof."

"Can it be done quickly?"

"How far from town is this mine?"

"I can take you there in less than two hours from Las Vegas."

"Then half a day will be ample."

"Very well. Consider it settled," rejoined Virginia, rising. "I'll be going home soon. I'll choose an opportune time—for I want it to be secret, so we are not intercepted—wire you to come on, meet you upon your arrival and take you directly to the mine."

(To be continued next week)

In This Issue

THE THIRD DEGREE. By Arthur Somers Roche. You can make a man talk but what he says is his own business . . . . . Page 5

THE STOREKEEPER'S CHANCE. By Merle Thorpe. What Big Business is doing to and for the little fellow. Page 8

AROUND THE TRIANGLE. By Phyllis Duganne. The story of a woman who went adventuring for love—and found it on the way back. Page 10

THE KID'S CLEVER. By Gus Edwards. Beginning the story of the man who picks talent from the cradle . . Page 12

BARBER SHOP BLUES. By Oscar Graeve. A story of love and its guardian, faith . . . . . Page 14

YOU HAVE TO BE HUNGRY. By Grantland Rice Page 16

THE SHEPHERD OF GUADALOUPE. By Zane Grey. A new novel of the West with synopsis . . . . . Page 17

HOLD YOUR BREATH! In Pictures . . . Page 18

FLOUNDER, FLOUNDER IN THE SEA. By Paul Annixter. An intense and thrilling story of Spanish gold in the ocean's depths . . . . . Page 20

IT ISN'T CRICKET. By Uncle Henry . . . Page 22

MASTER OF SINISTER HOUSE. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. The final chapter and complete synopsis of an absorbing novel. Page 24

A LITTLE LIE OR TWO. By Howard Vincent O'Brien. A short short story . . . . . Page 26

THE ROAD TO JUSTICE. By William G. Shepherd Page 28

COLLIERGRAPHS . . . . . Page 33

TOM MASSON SAYS . . . . . Page 34

OUR ETHEREAL HADES. By Jack Binns . . Page 38

TO FIT THE CRIME. By The Gentleman at the Keyhole. Page 40

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? By Milton C. Work Page 49

EDITORIALS . . . . . Page 58

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY

Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. 2 Published at Springfield, Ohio

Thomas H. Beck, *President* — George J. Kennedy, *Vice President* — William P. Larkin, *Vice President* — Albert E. Winger, *Treasurer*

Manuscripts submitted to Collier's The National Weekly, should be accompanied by sufficient postage for their return if found unavailable. However, the publisher can accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

Thousands of Business Executives Were Trained by this Great School

CHECK over the list of executives of almost any large corporation and you will find a surprising number who owe a great measure of their success to the training they received from the International Correspondence Schools.

We refer not only to civil engineers, electrical engineers, mechanical engineers, architects and chemists, but likewise to men engaged in purely commercial occupations.

A very large proportion of these students enrolled because they knew of friends who had taken I. C. S. courses. Some were college men who needed additional training to meet the practical problems of business and industry. Many enrolled at the suggestion of employers who, at one time, were students of the I. C. S.

The textbooks for the business courses of the I. C. S. were written and compiled by men of outstanding prominence and attainments in business management and commercial work.

The list includes such men as A. Hamilton Church, author of "The Making of an Executive"; Frank Parker, B.S., LL.B., Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Finance, University of Pennsylvania; Harry T. Collings, A.M., Ph.D., Professor Economics, University of Pennsylvania; John G. Herndon, Jr., A.B., Tax Consultant, formerly with National City Company, Philadelphia, and Guarantee Trust Co., of New York; J. Lee Nicholson, C.P.A., the late authority on Costs and Cost Accounting; John Cummings, Ph.D., Statistician and Economist; W. Carlton Harris, A.B., LL.B., Professor of Finance, University of Pennsylvania; and N. H. Prouty, C.P.A., associate, National Association of Cost Accountants.

No wonder, then, that the man who takes a business course with the I. C. S. has an advantage over the untrained man. He has a knowledge of business procedure that can be matched only by years of close observation in actual business practice. The very fact that he has the ambition to study at home stamps him as a man of character and steadfast purpose.

You will find that successful executives invariably give preference to such qualities when selecting men for important positions.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Scranton, Pennsylvania

Founded 1891 — *More than* 3,500,000 *students*

MAIL THE COUPON FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Box 4142, Scranton, Penna.
"The Universal University"

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject *before* which I have marked X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

☐ Business Management
☐ Industrial Management
☐ Personnel Management
☐ Traffic Management
☐ Accounting and C. P. A. Coaching
☐ Cost Accounting
☐ Bookkeeping
☐ Secretarial Work
☐ Spanish ☐ French
☐ Salesmanship
☐ Advertising
☐ Business Correspondence
☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering
☐ Stenography and Typing
☐ English
☐ Civil Service
☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Common School Subjects
☐ High School Subjects
☐ Illustrating ☐ Cartooning

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

☐ Electrical Engineering
☐ Electric Lighting
☐ Mechanical Engineer
☐ Mechanical Draftsman
☐ Machine Shop Practice
☐ Railroad Positions
☐ Gas Engine Operating
☐ Civil Engineer
☐ Surveying and Mapping
☐ Plumbing and Heating
☐ Mining
☐ Steam Engineering
☐ Radio
☐ Architect
☐ Architects' Blueprints
☐ Contractor and Builder
☐ Architectural Draftsman
☐ Concrete Builder
☐ Structural Engineer
☐ Chemistry ☐ Pharmacy
☐ Automobile Work
☐ Airplane Engines
☐ Navigation ☐ Agriculture
☐ Mathematics

Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

Occupation.....

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor

A Hundred Years Behind the Times

ALMOST a month after its successors have been chosen, the members of the Seventieth Congress are assembling for their last regular session.

The meeting of such a body after another Congress has been lawfully elected is an insult to common sense and representative government.

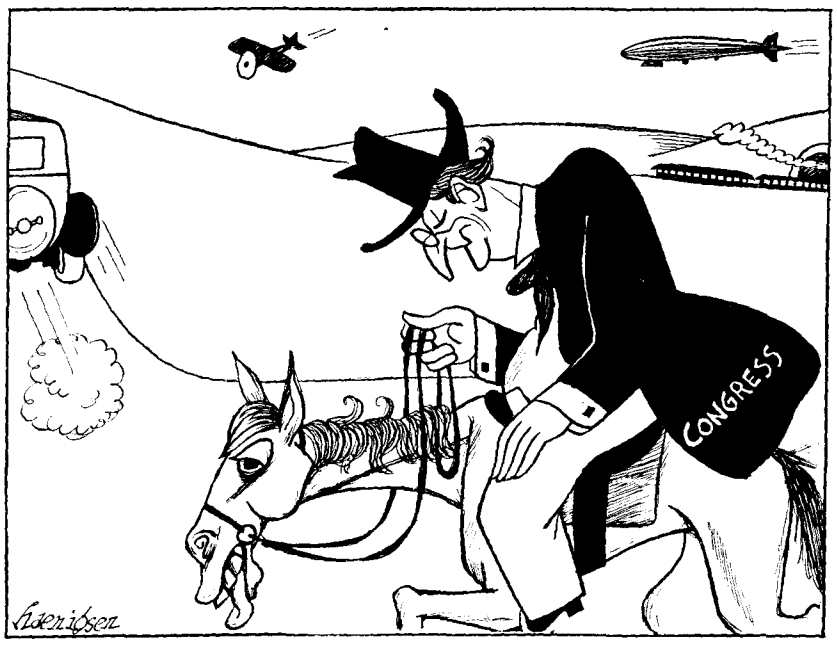
Many of the men gathering together in Washington were defeated at the polls in November. Yet these rejected men now take their places in the Capitol and begin to act as though they were able to speak the present will of the people.

Congressional inertia is the sole excuse for this absurdity.

The Constitution says that "The Congress shall assemble at least once in every year, and such meeting shall be on the first Monday in every December, unless they shall by law appoint a different day."

Full power was accorded from the very first to hold the session at times when the sitting Congress might fairly reflect public opinion.

You might almost think that the members of Congress had not yet heard of the election results, to judge from their behavior in this matter. You might think that the radio and the daily newspaper, the telegraph, the telephone, the airplane, the motor car and the railroad were secrets still unknown to our lawmakers. Certainly the present schedule of congressional sessions



was designed for the day when none of these existed.

When the December session was provided ninety-five per cent of the people lived on farms and travel was by horse.

The farmer members naturally wanted to stay at home until their harvests were gathered. A full month was needed before the more distant members riding on horseback or in carriages could reach the Capital.

It is an anachronism to continue the December sessions a hundred years after the need for them has passed away.

This is the age of speed. Swiftness of pace is the keynote of our life. The most distant member now needs not more than five days to travel from his district to Washington. The news of election which used to require months for tabulation is broadcast within a few hours.

The world has moved on with incredible swiftness but Congress in this respect is just the same.

The meeting of the dead Congress offers, however, certain advantages to the "lame ducks" among its members.

The representatives and senators who were defeated in November represent nothing except themselves in December.

Fear of the disapproval of the voters at home means little to the man who was recently rejected. So the short session is hunting time for the advocates of private bills and of other measures not too obviously in the public interest.

Worse than these abuses, petty in themselves, is the greater matter of the weakness of the belated Congress.

The lawmakers who were chosen on November 6th won't meet until December, 1929, unless they are called to special session by the new President. Full thirteen months will elapse between election and their first regular meeting. Yet they are expected to express the will of the people —if they can remember it.

The present Congress, however, can do much to justify its own existence if it revives the sleeping legislation proposed to eliminate these ancient absurdities and indefensible delays.

The Shadow of a Man

PERHAPS the die-hards among the Drys who believe that time will bring its own remedy for a distressing situation will find hope in Oaxaca City in Mexico. For almost three quarters of a century there has not been a legal bullfight in Oaxaca City or State. And the people have become so indifferent to bullfighting and so ignorant of it that efforts to violate the law have practically ceased.

Oaxaca has no bullring. It is the only city in Mexico that lacks one, and the state is the only one in the republic with a law prohibiting bullfighting. One man with an aversion and an iron hand brought it about.

Benito Juarez detested the sport and when he was governor of the state he put through and enforced the law. Now new generations have grown up which do not miss bullfighting because they never knew it. There were some illegal performances, of course, but the bullfight bootleggers have gone out of business because nobody showed much interest in their wares and nobody mourns their passing.

The Monumental Liar

A PROPHET may be without honor in his own country but apparently a teller of tall tales does not lack the esteem of his neighbors. A monument is to be raised to the mythical Baron Munchausen in his "native" city of Bodenwerder on the Weser in Germany. It will represent the gifted raconteur seated on the famous horse that kept on drinking after it had been cut in two.

The Village Mother

WHAT a warm glow Theodore Roosevelt, that noted foe of race suicide, would have experienced could he have read recently of the inscription over the tomb of Antonia Fernandez Lopez in Ferrol, Spain. "Here," it reads, "lies the mother of a whole village." She was survived by five children, thirty grandchildren, forty-eight great-grandchildren, and fifty-two other relatives. The total is the complete population of the village.

Managing Women

THERE'S cheery news for feminists in the achievements of women in the Philippine Islands. It is not alone in the United States that women have forged ahead in new fields.

The island government reports that today we find Filipino women as managers of large farms and plantations, as heads of firms dealing in textiles and native cloths, jewelry, embroideries, pawnshops, rice and foodstuffs, bakeries, real estate.

The retail business in native and foreign fruits in the markets of Manila is controlled by a woman. The three largest institutions of learning for women are managed by women.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STRIPPING THE MOLDS FROM INGOTS THAT ARE TO BE ROLLED INTO PLATES AND SHEETS

Checking rust-fire's toll

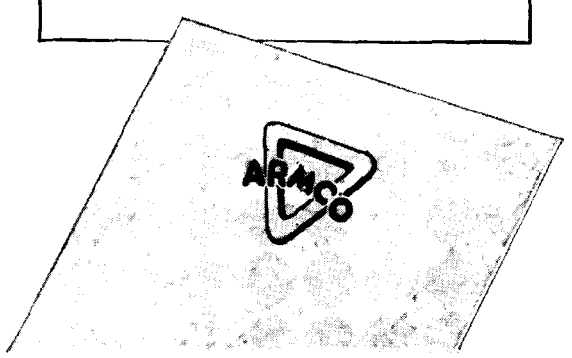
DUST is a fire that lays its waste unseen. But it takes heavy toll from industry . . . destroying busy equipment . . . running up huge repair bills . . . wasting men's time . . . eating into profits. And all so needlessly!

For there is an easy way to check this loss. More and more keen executives in every line of business are adopting it. They are specifying *Armco* ingot iron wherever sheet metal and plates are used.

Armco ingot iron is your best weapon in stamping out rust-fire. It is the purest iron made . . . practically free from the elements that hasten rust in other low-cost metals. *Armco* ingot iron outlasts steel and other irons by long years of service.

Save replacement and upkeep expense by using *Armco* ingot iron in all equipment exposed to moisture or corrosives . . . roofing, siding, tanks, stacks, mine cars, boiler tubes, pipes, etc. *Armco* ingot iron even costs less to install because it is unusually ductile and easy to handle.

ARMCO
INGOT IRON
RESISTS RUST



The Armco Triangle stamped on every sheet identifies the genuine. Look for it when you build or repair!

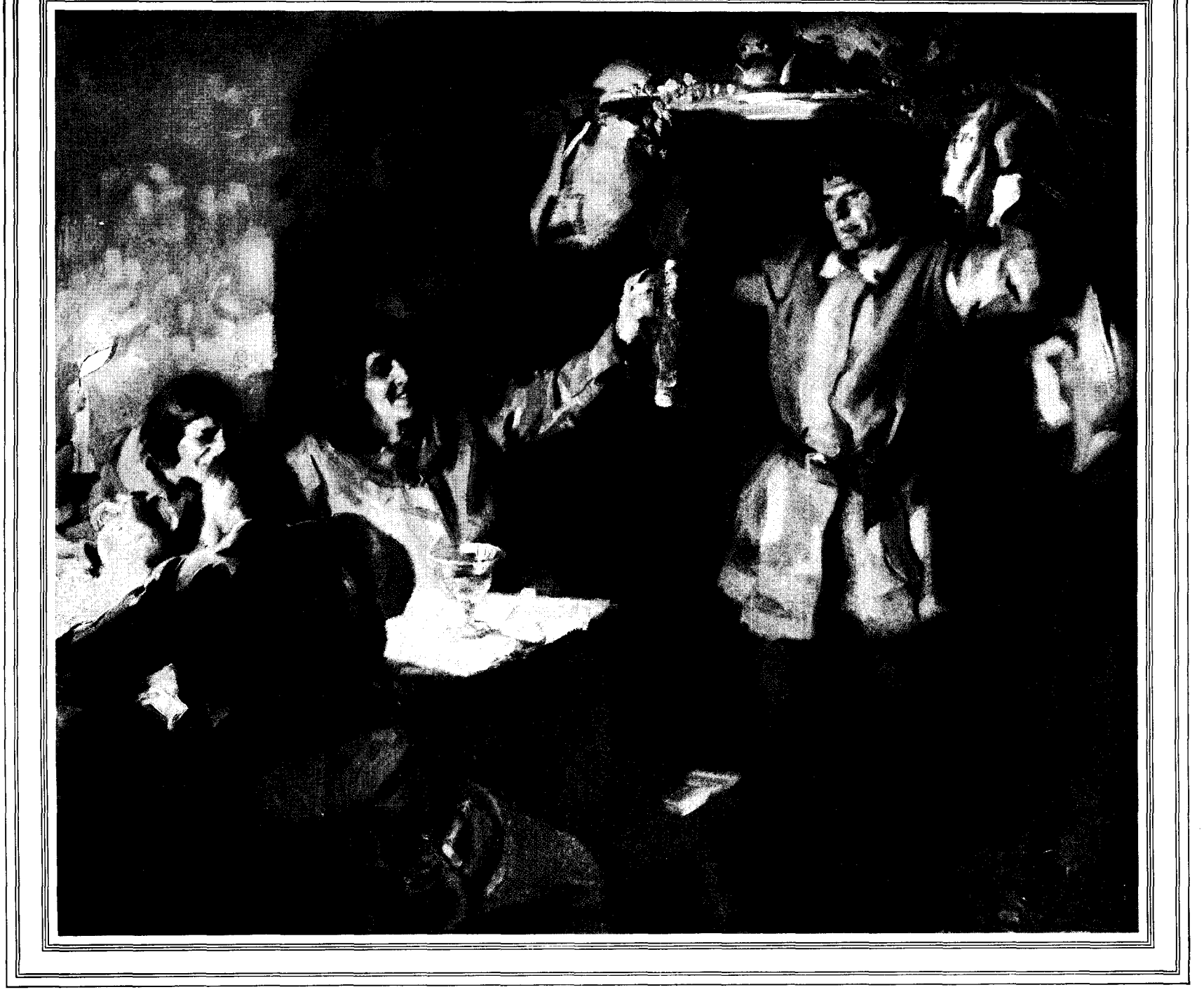
***And in the* HOME** Home owners and builders, too, are saving the cost and annoyance of frequent repairs. They are insisting on *Armco* ingot iron for gutters, downspouts, metal lath . . . and other metal parts about a house. When you build or repair, look for the sheet metal shop that displays the Armco Sign.

AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY
Executive Offices: MIDDLETOWN, OHIO
Export—The Armco International Corp.
Cable Address: "Armco—Middletown"

RUST-FIRE! *The only difference between rusting and burning is time—both are oxidation. You can feel and see the fire produced by rapid burning. But when metal rusts, the process is too slow to see. Rust is the evidence of this fire.*

MADE BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF IRON AND STEEL SHEETS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



God rest Ye, Merrie Gentlemen

LANCASTER is beaten. The white rose mocks the red. Another winter . . . another Christmas . . . and England lies under forgetful snow.

Yew logs blaze beneath tavern rafters. All night the sound of singing comes from the castle. The boar's head is crowned with rosemary. The spiced brown bowl is passed from hand to hand. Lancaster or York? Who cares? Noel.

* * * *

Another Christmas. The old words, the old songs come back. In thirty million homes the old customs are renewed. Holly and mistletoe, carols beneath the sky, and gifts exchanged, symbolic of the day of peace.

And what more ideal gift than the New Frigidaire? What better way to say the old, old phrase, "Merry Christmas"? For the New Frigidaire contributes to the happiness and safety of every member of your family, every day in the year. It is beautiful, powerful, incredibly quiet. It assures the constant low refrigerating temperatures which safeguard health and prevent food spoilage. It freezes an abundant supply of sparkling ice cubes. It provides delicious frozen salads and desserts. It brings a new convenience and a new economy into housekeeping, and it does all this, day after day, month after month, quietly, surely, automatically.

Let the New Frigidaire do for your family what Frigidaire is already doing for more than 750,000 others. And let it carry your Christmas greeting down through the months and years to come. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

THE NEW FRIGIDAIRE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED